THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE SECOND,

CONTAINING

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.
THE SCORNFUL LADY.
THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne and Company,

FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND CO.; WHITE, COCHRANE, AND CO.; W. MILLER; J. MURRAY; R. H. EVANS; R. SCHOLEY; J. MAWMAN; AND GALE AND CURTIS, LONDON:

AND FOR

JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO.; AND DOIG AND STIRLING; EDINBURGH.

1812.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

THE Comedy of WIT WITHOUT MONEY appears, from internal evidence, to have been produced by Beaumont and Fletcher jointly, though we have no certain data to prove their co-operation. It was not printed till fourteen years after the death of the latter, and then came forth in quarto, with this title: "Wit without Money; a Comedie, as it hath beene presented, with good applause, at the private house in Drury-Lane, by her Majesties Servants. Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gent. London, printed by Thomas Cotes, for Andrew Crooke and William Cooke, 1639." With this quarto the text has been carefully collated in the present edition. The whole play was printed in all the old copies in prose. The greater part is certainly intended for blank verse, and, as such, was first printed by Seward; but he, wishing to make the lines perfect, run into the opposite extreme, and has produced some which certainly consist of ten syllables, but contain contractions which no mouth could utter.—See the note of the last editors, at the end of this comedy. In the month of August, 1639, this play was, with numerous others, appropriated to the Cockpit Theatre, by the Lord Chamberlain. A second quarto, of no value, was printed in 1661. When the King's House in Drury Lane was burnt down in January, 1671-2, this was the first play that was acted by the company, and Mr Dryden prefixed a prologue on the occasion. About the year 1708, it was published without a date, and acted at the Queen's Theatre, in the Hay Market, "with alterations and *amendments*, by some persons of quality." The Play, thus metamorphosed, was dedicated to Mr Thomas Newman, the prompter of the play-house, and was accompanied with the following prologue, in which Fletcher is mentioned as the sole author:

By various ways we study still to please,
With labour strive what once we did with ease;
And since the writers of this modern age
No more delight, or draw you to the stage,
Old FLETCHER's labour'd scenes we now revive,
Whose wit and humour shall immortal live:
In his just characters you still may view
How in yourselves old follies you renew;
How Vice does lord it, modest Virtue starves,
Ignorance rules, and patient Merit serves;
How Miss endeavours to undo her cully,
And then's both stript and ruin'd by her bully;

How tricking sharpers do the town surround;
Bubbles their fathers' ill-got gold confound.
Parsons ne'er practise what they daily preach,
Not by example, but by precept teach:
No pangs of conscience does the lawyer dread,
But for his fee will for both parties plead.
But these bold truths to speak I should forbear,
Since you your vices will no longer hear;
From satire change to a more humble strain,
Your smiles to court, your favours to obtain:
Let your encouragement this day be shown,
That with success our labours we may crown.

The alterations, or, as they are modestly termed, *amendments*, are of very little importance, and consist chiefly in shortening and modernizing the speeches, which are, in general, very carefully converted into prose.

In 1764, when the first edition of the Biographia Dramatica was published, this comedy was still represented on the London stages; but at present it is, I believe, entirely laid aside.

In point of merit, this has always been considered an excellent comedy. It is replete with sterling wit and sprightly repartee. We may, however, easily perceive, that the poets in this instance, closely followed the footsteps of a contemporary dramatist, then in the meridian of his reputation. Not only the principal character, Valentine, who is, in every respect, a *humour* personified, but the plot and characters throughout, betray a continued imitation of Ben Jonson's manner. This, with other circumstances, renders it highly probable that to Beaumont, the avowed intimate and admirer of that great poet, are principally to be ascribed the planning of the plot and the characters. The versification, however, has the general cast so peculiar to Fletcher, from which we may conclude, that the superstructure was chiefly his. Like the Scornful Lady, Wit at several Weapons, and some other plays, in which Fletcher was assisted by his severer friend, this is a legitimate comedy; whereas, the numerous pieces which the former produced after the demise of Beaumont have a great admixture of serious scenes; nor are the amorous dialogues so much confined to attacks and repulses of wit and raillery, as is the case in their joint productions, Fletcher would most probably have given a higher degree of importance to the characters of Francisco and Isabell, and, in this manner, a better contrast would have been produced between them and Valentine and the Widow. In the play, as it stands, the younger brother is of little consequence, and Isabell a mere duplicate of her sister. The comedy might have been intended as a counter-piece to the Scornful Lady, where the chief female character bears a great resemblance to Valentine, at least in her pretended indifference to the other sex. The other characters in Wit without Money are good sketches, and are, very properly, not finished to a degree which could impair the predominant interest

which the poets intended to be excited by Valentine. The Uncle and the Merchant are inseparable, as well as the three foolish suitors. In the latter instance, the authors have acted very judiciously; for the three fops appear far more contemptible than one could possibly have done. Shakspeare, for the same reason, introduced the two insignificant counsellors, Rosincrantz and Guildenstern, into Hamlet; for either of them singly could not have been of sufficient importance, without bestowing more wit upon him than would have been consistent with the character intended by the poet. Shorthose, the clown, is humourous enough, but has not those attributes which render his fellows, as delineated by Shakspeare, so superlatively diverting. Great praise is due to the general plot of the Comedy. It is by no means complicated, and the interest is not suffered to cool in the last acts, a failing of which our authors are often accused, and to which they too frequently must plead guilty.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Valentine, *a gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his estate*
Francisco, *his younger brother.*
Mr Lovegood, *their uncle*
A Merchant, friend to Mr Lovegood.
Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, } *companions of* Valentine, *and suitors to the widow.*
Lance, *a falconer, and an ancient servant to* Valentine's *father.*
Shorthose, *the clown, and servant to the widow.*
Roger, Ralph, *and* Humphry, *three servants to the widow.*
Three Tenants. *
Musicians, Servants.

Lady Hartwell, *a widow.*
Isabell, *her sister.*
Luce, *a waiting-gentlewoman to the widow.*

SCENE, London.

* All the editions have hitherto read *Three Servants*, which was evidently a mistake of the first quarto. In the first act, three tenants [illegible] V[illegible] appear, and th[illegible] ve not been placed in the list of Dramatis Personæ till the present edition.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.



A Street.

Enter LOVEGOOD *and Merchant.*

Mer. When saw you Valentine?
Lov. Not since the horse-race;
He's taken up with those that woo the widow.
Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.
Lov. Alas, he's sunk,
His means are gone, he wants, and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.
Mer. That's strange.
Lov. Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states:[1]
He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs—

[1] *States.*] *State* is frequently used in the same sense as *estate* by our old authors. Mr Gifford in a note on the Bondman of Massinger, very properly argues against placing a mark of elision before this word, and his remarks are strongly corroborated by its frequent occurrence in the present play, and others of these authors. In Cumberland, the word is still used for small land-holders, or for a kind of intermediate rank between esquires and farmers.

Mer. This is something dangerous.
Lov. No gentleman that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers; for those ways
He cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites[2] and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs;
God bless the founders![3] These he would have vented
Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage,[4]
And never thinks of state, or means, the groundworks;
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
And starve their understandings.
Mer. That's most certain.
Lov. Yes, if he could stay there.
Mer. Why, let him marry,
And that way rise again.
Lov. It's most impossible;
He will not look with any handsomeness
Upon a woman.
Mer. Is he so strange to women?
Lov. I know not what it is; a foolish glory
He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits;
And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,

[2] *Kites.*] Sharpers. The word occurs again in this sense further on.

[3] *God bless the founders.*] This is an allusion to the custom of blessing the founders of colleges, convents, and hospitals, which our authors (from their university education, perhaps,) are peculiarly fond of introducing.

[4] *Into more manly uses, wit, and* carriage.] *Carriage* was a very usual word for behaviour, conduct. Mr Sympson set out on his task of commenting these plays with such entire ignorance of old language, that he did not even understand this word, and proposes to read—courage.

Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or smooth,
As his impression serves; for he affirms,
They're only lumps, and undigested pieces,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections,
And then they show.—The lovers! let 'em pass.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN.

Mer. He might be one; he carries as much promise.
They are wondrous merry.
Lov. Oh! their hopes are high, sir.
Fount. Is Valentine come to town?
Bel. Last night, I heard.
Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions;
For this widow is as stately, and as crafty,
And stands, I warrant you—
Hare. Let her stand sure;
She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine. [*Exeunt.*
Mer. This widow seems a gallant.
Lov. A goodly woman;
And to her handsomeness she bears her state,
Reserved and great;[5] Fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.
Mer. I would Valentine had her.
Lov. There's no hope of that, sir.
Mer. O' that condition, he had his mortgage in again.[6]
Lov. I would he had.
Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do:

[5] *And to her handsomeness she bears her state reserved, and great Fortune has made her mistress of a full means.*] Thus this passage stood in the old editions. The pointing in the text is Seward's.

[6] He had *his mortgage in again.*] *He had,* in old phraseology, often signifies, *he should have.*

(However, let the money be paid in ;)
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations.
The mortgage shall be render'd back ; take time for't.
You told me of another brother.

Lov Yes, sir ;
More miserable than he, for he has eat him
And drank him up ; a handsome gentleman,
And a fine scholar.

Enter LANCE *and three Tenants.*

Mer. What are these ?

Lov. The tenants ;
They'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared.
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him ;
He's deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an't please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home,
And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,
When we meet next——

Lov. Do but persuade him fairly ;
And for your money, mine and these men's thanks too,
And what we can be able——

Mer. You're most honest ;
You shall find me no less ; and so I leave you.
Prosper your business, friends ! [*Exit Mer.*

Lov. Pray Heaven it may, sir.

Lance Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that— I'll not spare him——
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,

Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his state still.
Must we turn tenants now (after we have lived
Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd
Good yeomanry) to some of the city,
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard,
And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gardens?
Must it be so?

Lov. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Lov. Entreat him lovingly,
And make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.

Val. (*Within.*) And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him presently.
Say I want money too: I must not fail, boy.

Lance. You will want clothes, I hope.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. [*Entering.*] Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Lov. He comes: be diligent, but not too rugged;
Start him, but not affright him.

Val. Phew! are you there?

Lov We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?
Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,
Nor master of these troubles.

Ten. We beseech you,
For our poor children's sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but children
Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? Other men,

With all their delicates, and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of garlic,
A piece of cheese would break a saw, and sour milk,
Can mount like stallions; [7] and I must maintain
These tumblers!

Lance. You ought to maintain us; we
Have maintain'd you, and, when you slept, provided for you.
Who bought the silk you wear? I think our labours;
Reckon, you'll find it so. Who found your horses
Perpetual pots of ale, [8] maintain'd your taverns,
And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes, [9]
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties?
We had no hand in these; no, we're all puppies!
Your tenants base vexations!

[7] *Can mount like stallions.*] These words are not to be found in the first quarto.

[8] *Who found your horses perpetual pots of ale.*] Ale is frequently given to horses, particularly when they have been urged to more than usual exertions. This was unknown to the modern editors, and a number of sage conjectures are the consequence of this ignorance. Mr Sympson would read—— "perpetual oats and hay!" Mr Seward, "Who found *you* horses;" and the last editors content themselves with placing a comma after *horses.* They all agree that Valentine was supplied by his tenants with *ale* :—a singular present to a gallant of those days.

[9] *Half-crown boxes.*] The price of admission varied considerably in the different theatres. Those who frequented the upper galleries of some of them paid only two-pence, as we learn from the Bellman's Night-walks, by Decker, 1616:—"Pay thy two-pence to a player, in his gallery thou mayest sit by a harlot."—Some play-houses provided seats even for one penny, and, as appears from bishop Hall's Satires (Book I. Sat. iii.) even for a half-penny; while the lowest price at others seems to have been sixpence; as was the case at the Hope. Ben Jonson, in his highly humourous induction to Bartholomew Fair, bargains with his audience that "it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpenny-worth, his twelve-penny-worth, so to his eighteen-penny, two shillings, half-a-crown, to the value of his place."—Wit without Money was acted, as is

Val. Very well, sir.

Lance. Had you land, sir,
And honest men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourself, and your poor tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you hunt next?
You had a thousand acres, fair and open:
The King's Bench is enclosed, there's no good riding;
The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take heed, sir)
And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth [1] they're made of.

Val. You're short and pithy.

Lance. They say you're a fine gentleman,
And excellent judgment they report you have; a wit:
Keep yourself out o' th' rain, [2] and take your cloak with you,

mentioned before, at the private house in Drury Lane, where the highest price, from the passage in the text, appears to have been the same as at the Hope. In the Scornful Lady, which was performed at the Blackfriars, eighteen-pence is mentioned as a price of admission.—See that Play, Act IV. sc. I.—See also the present Comedy, Act IV. sc. V.

[1] *What* broth *they're made of.*] Mr Sympson reads, with Mr Seward's concurrence,

You'll quickly find what both *they're made of.*

"What *broth* they're made of," as Mr Mason observes, signifies, "what stuff they're made of;" "but as Lance is speaking of *bogs*, he uses the word *broth*, as a more ludicrous expression."

[2] *A wit: Keep yourself out o' th' rain*, &c.] A proverbial expression, equivalent in meaning to another frequently used by old authors, "if he has wit enough to keep himself warm."—Shakspeare's Much Ado about Nothing. The ensuing words, "and take your cloak about you," probably alludes to the popular song, "Take your old cloak about you," quoted in Othello, and printed by Percy, Ritson, &c.

Which by interpretation is your state, sir,
Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have money,
And may have means.

Val. I pr'ythee leave prating!
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go,
Go, get you home; there whistle to your horses,
And let them edify! Away, sow hemp,
And hang yourselves withal![3] What am I to you,
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?

Lov. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you,
To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings.
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.

3 Ten. Your father's worship would have used us better.

Val. My father's worship was a fool!

Lance. Hey, hey, boys!
Old Valentine, i'faith; the old boy still!

Lov. Fie, cousin!

Val. I mean besotted to his state; he had never
Left me the misery of so much means else,
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.
If you will talk, turn out these tenements:[4]
They are as killing to my nature, uncle,
As water to a fever.

Lance. We will go;
But 'tis like rams, to come again the stronger:
And you shall keep your state!

Val. Thou liest; I will not.

Lance. Sweet sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and so good morrow! [*Exeunt* Lance *and Tenants.*

[3] And *hang* ——] Thus the old quarto. The subsequent editions read, "To *hang yourselves withal*,"—an unnecessary alteration.

[4] *Tenements.*] The reading of the old quarto is here restored, which, in the other copies, is altered to "tenants."

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding.
Now to your business, uncle.
Lov. To your state then.
Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more;
'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me.
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,)
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers [5] Out upon't!
Caveat emptor! Let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.
Lov. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad then,
And so I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund!
How near the first inheritance, without fears!
How free from title-troubles!
Lov. And from means too.
Val. Means? Why, all good men's my means,[6] my wit's my plough,
The town's my stock, taverns my standing house,
And all the world knows there's no want;[7] all gentlemen

[5] For *being quell'd by carriers.*] That is, to avoid being quelled by carriers.—*Mason.* The Sunday seems to have been kept with little veneration in our authors' days, as appears from this and other passages. Play-houses and all other places of amusement were frequented on that day; and, during a long period of Queen Elizabeth's reign, players were restricted from playing on any other day of the week.

[6] *All good men's my means.*] This is the reading of the quarto and the folio; the modern octavos (more grammatically, but less poetically) say, *All good* men are *my means.*

[7] —— *Taverns my standing-house,*
And all the world knows there's no want.] That is, in taverns. The modern editions improperly read "*tavern's,*" but the plural

That love society love me; all purses
That wit and pleasure opens are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepared,
And I go I care not whither. What need state
here?

Lov. But, say these means were honest, will they
last, sir?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Should I take aught of you? 'Tis true, I begg'd
now,
Or, which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
And, which is worst of all, I lost my way in't.
Your mind's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly;
Your very thoughts are hinds [8] that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble: Were my way
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I'd shift it. [9]
Are my acquaintance graziers? But, sir, know,
No man that I'm allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first: nor is this forced,

was undoubtedly intended, as Mr Mason observed. The emphasis should be placed on the word *there*, for it refers to taverns.

[8] —— *are hinds.*] The first quarto reads, "Your very thoughts are *hid*," which was properly corrected subsequently.

[9] *'Tis true, I'd shift it.*] The reading of the second folio is here adopted, as affording a better sense than that of the quarto, in which the passage is exhibited thus: "Were my way so full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I shifted;" from which the modern editors endeavoured to extract sense, by placing a mark of interrogation after *this*. The whole passage is somewhat obscure, in consequence of the poet sometimes dropping his agricultural metaphors, and at other times resuming them. Nearly the same reading is proposed by Mr Mason, but he wishes to alter the following line thus:— "*Were* my acquaintance graziers;" connecting it with the former.

But the mere quality and poisure[1] of goodness:
And do you think I venture nothing equal?
Lov. You pose me, cousin.
Val. What's my knowledge, uncle? Is't not worth money?
What's my understanding, my travel, reading, wit,
All these digested; my daily making men,
Some to speak, that too much phlegm had frozen up;
Some other that spoke too much, to hold their peace,
And put their tongues to pensions; some to wear their clothes,
And some to keep 'em? These are nothing, uncle!
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deservers—not examining
How much, or what's done for them—it is wicked,[2]
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

as parts of one sentence. There is no absolute occasion for such a variation, as the question says the same thing, and coincides with that commentator's general explanation, which is the following: "Valentine means to say, that his uncle's thoughts were merely slaves, employed constantly on the meanest subjects. Were my ways, says he, so full of dirt, I would change my plan; but my friends are of a different stamp, and make it equal whether their own uses or my necessities be first served."

[1] *Poisure.*] Weight; a word formed (perhaps by our author, for I have not found it elsewhere) from the French.

[2] *Not examining how much, or what's done for them.*] I believe Valentine means to say, that it is wickedness to examine how far you extend your bounty to those who are worthy of it.—*Mason.* Mr Mason's interpretation is undoubtedly right.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat, sir, and my master's love.

Val. Commend us to thy master, and take that,
And leave 'em at my lodging.

1 *Ser.* I shall do't, sir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2 *Ser.* 'Please you, sir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me. Drink that, and commend me to thy master.— [*Exeunt Servants.*
Look you, uncle, do I beg these?

Lov. No, sure; it is your worth, sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray satisfy me,
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starved inheritance, with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by the ounces?[3]
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains, and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds, and their issues,
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And, if 'twere possible, to spend it then too,
For all your beans in Rumnillo.[4] Now you know me.

[3] This alludes to the practice of burning odoriferous woods, which was one of the most expensive luxuries in the houses of the great. The custom originated in the east, where the wood of aloes often forms one of the principal articles in the enumeration of the superb presents of one monarch to another.

For all your beans *in* Rumnillo. *Now you know me.*] This is

Lov. I would you knew yourself; but, since you're grown
Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.
Val. How?
Lov. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover;
I'll find the means.
Val. Pray save your labour, sir;
My brother and myself will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe for him;[5] I love him better.
He has wit at will, the world has means; he shall live
Without this trick of state; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.
Lov. My last offer,
And then I'm gone.
Val. What is't? and then I'll answer.
Lov. What think you of a wife, yet to restore you?
And tell me seriously, without these trifles.
Val. An you can find one that can please my fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn.

certainly entirely unintelligible. Mr Seward very plausibly reads, "For all your beasts in Rumney," and says, "The uncle is before described as a great grazier; his beasts are therefore more likely to be mentioned as the chief of his wealth than his *beans*. *Rumney* Marsh, in Kent, is remarkably famous for fatting cattle; I think, therefore, my conjecture was probably the true reading."
Rumnillo might, however, have been a cant termination for the same name, or perhaps an arbitrary denomination for the uncle's estate. At all events, I have thought it proper to leave the original text undisturbed, submitting the alterations of later editors to be approved, or rejected, by my reader.

5 —— for *him.*] Old quarto, *from* him.

Lov. Speak your woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is, self-commendations
(For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome);
One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For she that hears herself commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked);
One without substance of herself;[6] that woman
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton;
Though she be young, forgetting it; though fair,
Making her glass the eyes of honest men,
Not her own admiration; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if
There may be such a woman.

Lov. Yes, there may be.

Val. And without state too?

Lov. You're disposed to trifle.
Well, fare you well, sir! When you want me next,
You'll seek me out a better sense.

[6] *One without substance of herself, that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass,* &c.] This is the pointing of this puzzling passage in the old quarto. That in the text is adopted, with a trifling alteration, from the folio 1679, and renders the meaning tolerably plain, with the exception of the words, "that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton." Were we warranted to read "wantonness," the difficulty would be in a great measure removed; the author's intended meaning being apparently, "that woman, without the pleasure of her life, that is wantonness," which, in the line before, is called "the substance of a woman." The editions of 1750 and 1778 propose different modes of punctuation. One without substance of herself, evidently means, a woman who has nothing of the usual composition of woman. It should be recollected that Valentine is requiring impossibilities. Since this note was written, I find that Mason proposes nearly the same pointing; but would explain, "without the substance of herself," *without self-sufficiency;* and the next part of the sentence, "a woman with strong desires, but with virtue not to indulge them." The reader is left to choose between the two interpretations.

Val. Farewell, uncle,
And as you love your state, let not me hear on't.
[*Exit.*

Lov. It shall not trouble you.—I'll watch him still;
And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will.

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now;
Your sister has engross'd all the brave lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her!
Pr'ythee, speak softly; we are open to men's ears.

Luce. Fear not, we're safe; we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their language,
And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy;
You are as fair as she.

Isab. Who I? I thank you;
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd:
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a presence;[7] she spreads sattin,
As the king's ships do canvas, every where.

[7] *A woman of a presence.*] A fine stately form. The same meaning is implied in the following passage of Pericles:

——" Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?"

This sense of the word is probably derived from the more usual acceptation of " a presence," *i. e.* a state-room, or rather the room in which the sovereign gives audience.

She may spare me her mizen, and her bonnets,
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me;
I am a carvel to her.[8]
Luce. But a tight one.
Isab. She is excellent well built too.
Luce. And yet she's old.
Isab. She never saw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will serve again, and a right good merchant.
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philosophy,
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract
The spirit of men's estates; she has the light
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.
Luce. You are so bashful!
Isab. 'Tis not at first word "up and ride;" thou'rt cozen'd;
That would shew mad, i'faith! Besides, we lose
The main part of our politic government,
If we become provokers. Then we are fair,
And fit for men's embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried;
Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too

[8] *I am a* carvel *to her.*] *Carvel,* from the Spanish word *caravela,* an old-fashioned vessel, formerly much used in Spain, sharp before, ill-shaped every way, and all the masts stooping forwards. Their sails are all mizen sails, that is, triangular; they will lie nearer the wind than other sails, but are not so commodious to handle.—This is the explanation given by the Spanish Dictionaries. *Carvel* here seems to be used for a small ship, in the same sense as it is by Sir Walter Raleigh: "I gave them order, if they found any Indians there, to send in the little fly-boat, or the *carvel,* into the river; for with our great ships we durst not approach the coast."—*Reed.*

Without [9] the loss of honour, and march off
With our fair wedding-colours flying!—Who are
these?

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.
Isab. Pr'ythee peace then!
A well-built gentleman.
Luce. But poorly thatch'd. [*They retire.*
Lance. Has he devour'd you too?
Fran. He has gulp'd me down, Lance.
Lance. Left you no means to study?
Fran. Not a farthing:
Dispatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.
Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten shillings.
Lance. You're fit for great men's services.
Fran. I am fit, but who will take me thus?
Men's miseries are now accounted
Stains in their natures. I have travelled,
And I have studied long, observed all kingdoms,
Know all the promises of art and manners:
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies!
Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, Lance?
Lance. I'll sell the tiles of my house else, [1] my
horse, my hawk;
Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, Master
Francis,
That I should see your father's house fall thus!
Isab. An honest fellow!
Lance. Your father's house, that fed me,

[9] *Without.*] Old quarto—*with* the loss of honour.

[1] *I'll sell the tiles of my house else.*] A proverbial expression, which occurs in another play of these authors, and for which Mr Theobald, with little discernment, proposed to read, "I'll sell the *titles* of my house else."

That bred up all my name!
Isab. A grateful fellow!
Lance. And fall by——
Fran. Peace; I know you're angry, Lance,
But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother,
And, though you hold him slight, my most dear brother!
A gentleman, excepting some few rubs [2]
(He were too excellent to live here else)
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
The issues [3] of a noble and manly spirit,
As any he alive. I must not hear you:
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,
And to that tie of blood link my affections.
Isab. A noble nature! Dost thou know him, Luce?
Luce. No, mistress.
Isab. Thou shouldst ever know such good men.
What a fair body and a mind are married there together!
Did he not say he wanted?
Luce. What is that to you?
Isab. 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.
Luce. How she changes!—[*Aside.*]
Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too—
Isab. 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,
Among ten thousand thousand—Is there no knowing him?
Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,

[2] *Some few rubs.*] *Rub* seems here to signify *spot*; perhaps from the term "a rub at bowls," when a bowl touches the jack.

[3] *The issues.*] The article is accidentally omitted in the old quarto.

Leaving no print of what they are, or poise,[4]
Let them complain!

Luce. Her colour changes strangely. [*Aside.*

Isab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;
Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge him,[5]
Keep him from cold? Believe me, he's well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble lineage.
Mark him, and mark him well.

Luce. He's a handsome man.

Isab. The sweetness of his suff'rance sets him off;
Oh, Luce—But whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I would he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come, sir, I'll see you lodged; you've tied my tongue fast.
I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!

[*Exeunt* LANCE *and* FRANCISCO.

Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow!
Why, this would move a stone. I must needs know—
But that some other time.

Luce. Is the wind there?
That makes for me. [*Aside.*

Isab. Come, I forgot a business. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Or* poise.] "Fellows who leave no print of what, or of what *weight* they are." *Poise*, and *poisure*, in a preceding scene, are synonymous.

[5] *Will that* fledge him.] Clothe him. A young bird is said to be fledged when he first gets his feathers.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter Lady Heartwell *and* Luce.

L. Hea. My sister, and a woman of so base a pity!
What was the fellow?
Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.
L. Hea. Poor?
Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from whence neither.
L. Hea. What could she see?
Luce. Only his misery;
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.
L. Hea: Did she change much?
Luce. Extremely, when he spoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear her love) framed such a commendation,
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.
L. Hea. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,
That she must dote upon afflictions?
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?
Did she speak to him?
Luce. No, he saw us not;
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.
L. Hea. Was he young?
Luce. Yes, young enough.
L. Hea. And look'd he like a gentleman?

Luce. Like such a gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

L. Hea. My sister, and sink basely! This must not be.
Does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose.

L. Hea. Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this private;
But still be near her lodging. Luce, what you can gather
By any means, let me understand.—I'll stop her heat,
And turn her charity another way,
To bless herself first.—Be still close to her counsels.—
A beggar, and a stranger! There's a blessedness!
I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, sister,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.—
And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.—
This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* VALENTINE.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!
This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
And stands so much upon her excellencies!

Bel. She has put us off this month now, for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her,
Not say "good morrow," nor "good even," till that's past.

Val. She has found what dough you're made of, and so kneads you.
Are you good at nothing, but these after-games?
I've told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, these widows!

Hare. If we had 'em.

Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.
There be three kinds of fools,—(mark this note, gentlemen,
Mark it, and understand it.)

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An innocent, [6] a knave-fool, a fool politic:
The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.

Bel. Will you allow no fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you reasons why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you're those fools, I did allow those reasons,
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to woo a widow? [7]
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

[6] '*An* innocent.] A natural fool; in which sense the term occurs too frequently in old writers, to render any example necessary in this place.

[7] *To* woo *a widow?*] Mr Mason wishes to read "to *wed* a widow?" because Valentine, in the next speech, repeats these words. The proposed emendation is very plausible, but there is no absolute necessity to disturb the text; nor is it varied in the play, as it was altered in 1708.

Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why, there you're fools still; crafty to catch yourselves,
Pure politic fools; I look'd for such an answer.
Once more hear me: It is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the state you have be yours or no,
Or those [8] old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows
Are long extents in law upon men's livings,
Upon their bodies winding-sheets; [9] they that enjoy 'em,
Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?

Bel. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain truth; but, if you'll needs
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves,
(Not any part concerns your understandings,
For then you're meacocks, [1] fools, and miserable)
March off amain, within an inch of a firecock, [2]

[8] Or *those*———] Old quarto—*Are* those.

[9] *Widows are long extents in law upon* news, *livings upon their bodies winding-sheets.*] Thus this passage is exhibited in the old copies. The present alteration is the most fortunate one which has been proposed, and was made by Mr Theobald, who, in point of conjectural criticism, was, notwithstanding the general obloquy thrown upon him, superior to most of his opponents and coadjutors. Mr Seward expunges the second *upon*, as an interpolation, not considering the intended parallel, implying that "widows are long extents in law upon the livings or estates of men," alluding to their jointures, "and winding-sheets upon their bodies;" which meaning is corroborated by the ensuing lines.

[1] *Meacock.*] A cowardly wretch. So, in Glapthorne's Hollander, "They are like my husband; mere *meacocks* verily."

[2] *Within an inch of a* firecug.] Such is the reading of the old copies. Theobald ingeniously conjectured the real word to have been *firelock*. I think it more probable that *fircug* was a cor-

Turn me o' th' toe like a weather-cock!
Kill every day a serjeant for a twelvemonth;
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the rolls!
And these will make a show.
Hare. And these are trifles?
Val. Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings;
For here you venture but your persons, there
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made: Methinks
A man, an understanding man, is more [3] wife
To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.
What do we get by women, but our senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?
And, when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n cowards!
What benefit can children be, but charges,
And disobedience? What's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years? "I pray die, father!"
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years once,
There drops a son by th' sword in his mistress's quarrel;
A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away with a supple-ham'd serving-man;

ruption of *firecock*, by which the cock of a gun may have been denominated. Seward can see no danger in "marching near a firelock, unless in the instant of discharging." This learned commentator ought surely to have been better acquainted with his authors, (and he seems not to have known any of their contemporaries but Shakspeare,) than to expect such logical minuteness in their phraseology.

[3] *More* wise *to me.*] Thus the old copies. Corrected by Sympson.

His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,
And learns to spin men's hair off; there's another:
And most are of this nature. Will you marry?
Fount. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.
Val. And this same widow?
Fount. If I may; and, methinks,
However you are pleased to dispute these dangers,
Such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtful.
Val. Not half so killing as for you. For me,
She cann't, with all the art she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the antidote against a widow;
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little flesh, it were too much else;
And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else;
And, to all this, contempt of what she does:
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
Hear her without a faith, so pity her
As if she were a traitor; moan her person,
But deadly hate her pride: if you could do these,
And had but this discretion, and like fortune,
'Twere but an equal venture.
Fount. This is malice.
Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you,
Grows great with jointures, and is brought to-bed,
With all the state you have, you'll find this certain.
But is it come to pass you must marry?
Is there no buff will hold you?[4]

[4] *Is there no* buff *will hold you?*] "The sheriff's officers were formerly clad in *buff*." This is repeated frequently in the notes to our dramatic authors; and there can be no doubt of the justness of the explanation. But it seems to have been taken for granted,

Bel. Grant it be so?

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil; take a maid,
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth
nothing:
There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing.*
A maid makes conscience
Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets;[5]
A maid's content with one coach and two horses,
Not falling out because they are not matches;
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,
With one faith, one content, one bed;

that the colour of their jerkins was referred to; whereas it appears more probable that buff-leather, the leather of a buff, or buffalo, was the material of which their dress was composed. Hence the frequent quibbling upon the long duration, or durance, of such a suit, and the office of its wearers, to place persons in confinement, or durance. So in the Comedy of Errors:

"A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him,
A fellow all in *buff*."

And in King Henry IV. P. I.

"Is not a *buff* jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance*?"

In Westward Hoe:—"Where didst thou buy this *buff*? Let me not live but I will give thee *a good suit of durance*."

A dress of such strong leather might afford more than one convenience to persons liable to frequent assaults upon their bodies. The Scottish phrase. "stript to the buff," *i.e.* to the skin, which is frequently compared to leather, seems to corroborate the above explanation.—See Dr JAMIESON'S Dict. *voce* buff.

In the text, the durability of the stuff affords the allusion, (which will require no further illustration,) without mentioning the use made generally to fortify the body of a bailiff. The same dress was also used to clothe and fortify the bodies of soldiers.

[5] *Pins and puppets.*] Mr Seward, for the sake of his metrical arrangement, wishes to read "pins and puppet shows." His coadjutor, Mr Sympson, proposes to read "pins and pin-puppets;" and says, "The fashionable pin cases, in our author's days, were made in the shape of little puppets; and though that custom is discontinued, we still retain the word *pin poppets* to this very day in the north of England." This explanation applies tolerably well to the text, but hardly seems to warrant the tautological reading he has offered.

Aged, she makes the wife,[5] preserves the fame
and issue;
A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.
Val. You're my friends,
And all my loving friends; I spend your money,
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still.
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal,[6]
For which I'll do you this commodity.
Be ruled, and let me try her; I'll discover her;
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
'Till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy—
Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.
Val. 'Tis done then.
I must want nothing.
Hare. Nothing but the woman.
Val. No jealousy; for, when I marry,
The devil must be wiser than I take him,
And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;
And when I'm whetted well with wine, have at
her! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Aged, she makes the wife.*] Thus the 1st quarto. The folio reads "the wise." The old reading is sufficiently plain: "When aged, she performs the office of a wife, preserving the reputation of the family, and caring for the issue." The editors of the edition of 1750, as usual, rival each other in the beauty and eligibility of their alterations; and Mr Mason would for *aged* substitute the elegant oath, "egad!"

[6] *And then you seal.*] No explanation of this passage has hitherto been offered, though as difficult as many which have drawn rhapsodies of thirty or forty lines from my predecessors. The only conjecture I can offer is, that Valentine, when he has intoxicated his companions, makes them seal bonds for money, or acquittances for sums received from them.

SCENE III.

A Room in Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter Isabella *and* Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?
Luce. No surer than I heard.
Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's brother?
Luce Yes, Shorthose told me so.
Isab. He did search out the truth?
Luce. It seems he did.
Isab. Pr'ythee, Luce, call him hither. If he be no worse, I never repent my pity.

Enter Shorthose.

Now, sirrah, what was he we sent you after,--the gentleman i' th' black?
Short. I' th' torn black?
Isab. Yes, the same, sir.
Short. What would your worship with him?
Isab. Why, my worship would know his name, and what he is.
Short. He's nothing; he is a man, and yet he is no man.
Isab. You must needs play the fool.
Short. 'Tis my profession.
Isab. How is he a man, and no man?
Short. He's a beggar; only the sign of a man;

the bush pull'd down, which shews the house stands empty. [7]

Isab. What's his calling?

Short. They call him beggar.

Isab. What's his kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Isab. His worth?

Short. A learned beggar, a poor scholar.

Isab. How does he live?

Short. Like worms, he eats old books.

Isab. Is Valentine his brother?

Short. His begging brother.

Isab. What may his name be?

Short. Orson. [8]

Isab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isab. Once more,
Tell me his name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Isab. What?

Short. Francisco.

Isab. Where lies this learning, sir?

Short. In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth. [9]

[7] A bush was formerly placed over the door of a tavern; from whence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," introduced in the epilogue to As you Like it, and in a variety of other plays. From the text, it would seem that the want of a bush showed that the public-house was empty, though the sign-board remained.

[8] *Orson.*] Alluding to the story of Valentine and Orson, which still retains too great a portion of popular fame to render any further explanation necessary. The clown quibbles upon the similarity of sound between *Orson* and *whore-son*.

[9] *In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth.*] In our authors' time, the booksellers dwelt, for the most part, round about St Paul's cathedral, and sheltered their books in a subterranean church under it,

Isab. I mean that gentleman, fool!

Short. Oh, that fool? he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to London; in the country, Shorthose, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb; here every tavern teaches you; the pint-pot has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave acquaintance, that gives you ale, so fortified your mazard,[1] that now there's no talking to you.

Isab. He's much improved; a fellow, a fine discourser!

Short. I hope so: I have not waited at the tail of wit so long, to be an ass.

Luce. But say now, Shorthose, my lady should remove into the country?

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old charneco[2] is, nor no an-

called St Faith's. At the fire of London, the loss to persons in that profession, and in that place only, was estimated at an immense sum. *Reed.*

[1] *Mazard.*] The same as mazer; a term still used among the vulgar for the face. Formerly, the head seems to have been signified by it, as appears from the text, and the following passages in Decker's plays:—"Break but his pate, or only his *mazer*, because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine."—*Honest Whore.* "Zounds! What, do you mean to crack my *mazer*?"—*Wonderful Year.* The word is evidently to be derived from *mazer*, a bowl. —See Cotgrave, voce *Tate* and *Tatte*.

[2] *Charneco.*] A kind of wine formerly popular, but which seems to be now unknown, so denominated from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it was made. Numerous quotations have been collected by Warburton, Steevens, Reed, &c., where this wine is mentioned, from which the following is selected:—"The only medicine for the phlegm is three cups of *charneco* fasting."—*Wit's Miserie; or, the World's Madness*, 1596.

chovies, nor Master Such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady Such-a-one's chief chamber maid.

Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthose, nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady.

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of "Drawer, carry this pottle to my father Shorthose."[3]

Isab. No plays nor gally-foists;[4] no strange

[3] *Carry this pottle*, &c.] In our authors' time, it was customary to send wine, as a present, from one room in a tavern to another, even to strangers. As to the manner of drinking healths in those days, the following passage, quoted by Mr Reed from Barnaby Rich's Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Crie, 1623, p. 24, and entitled, "The ruffianly Order of Drinking Healths used by the Spendalls of this age," may explain it once for all: "He that begins the health hath his prescribed orders: first, uncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves for audience. Silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breathe out the name of some honourable personage, that is worthy of a better regard than to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time, amongst a company of drunkards; but his health is drunke to; and he that pledgeth, must likewise off with his cup, kisse his fingers, and bowing himselfe, in signe of a reverent acceptance: when the leader sees his follower thus prepared, hee sups up his broth, turnes the bottom of the cup upward, and, in ostentation of his dexterity, gives the cup a phillip, to make it cry *twango*. And thus the first scene is acted. The cup being newly replenished, to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company; provided always, by a canon set down by the founder, there must be three at the least still uncovered, till the health had the full passage; which is no sooner ended, but another begins againe, and hee drinkes an health to his lady of little worth, or, peradventure, to his light-heel'd mistress."

[4] *Galley foists.*] Cotgrave's continuator, Sherwood, explains galley-foist to mean *fuste*, a light galley of 16 or 18 oars of a side, with two men to an oar. Hence the term was applied to the lord-mayor's barge. The annual procession of this magistrate on the river might be called, for this reason, by the same denomination; and this would explain the amusement referred to in the text, and

ambassadors to run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil, and then come home again, and lie by the legend.[5]

Luce. Say she should go?

Short. If I say so, I'll be hang'd first; or, if I thought she would go——

Luce. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But, Shorthose, where thy heart is——

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise,[6] a loud one too, and from her own mouth; presently to be gone too. But why? or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first? She'll give him so much time.

Isab. Gone o' th' sudden? Thou dost but jest: She must not mock the gentlemen.

Luce She has put them off a month, they dare not see her. Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, wench? Gone on so short a warning!
What trick is this? She never told me of it:
It must not be!—Sirrah, attend me presently,
(You know I've been a careful friend unto you,)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not; we shall not go.

Short. Her coach may crack! [*Exeunt.*

also, in part, the difficult passage in the Fatal Dowry of Massinger: "You shall see him in the morning in the galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo."

[5] *Lie by the legend.*] A frequent and almost proverbial expression, which took its rise from the Golden Legend, containing the lives of saints, and which, being consequently the great repository of monkish fictions, was the favourite butt of the protestants.

[6] *Noise.*] Report.

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, *and* LANCE.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'st thou come to town,
To ask such an idle question?
Fran. Methinks, 'tis necessary,
Unless you could restore that annuity
You have tippled up in taverns.
Val. Where hast thou been,
And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st
Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow,
And of a handsome knowledge; who has spoil'd thee?
Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make himself sport,
And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him:
Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who.
Val. Well said, old Copyhold.
Lance. My heart's good freehold, sir, and so you'll find it.
This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother;
(For there's no hope of you) use him thereafter.[7]
Val. E'en as well as I use myself.—What wouldst thou have, Frank?
Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?
Lance. Hark what he says to you!
Oh, try your wits; they say you are excellent at it;

[7] *Thereafter.*] *i. e.* Accordingly.

For your land has lain long bed-rid, and unsensible.
Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me;
But what it may be, by this benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.
Val. A hundred pound? Dost thou know what thou hast said, boy?
Fran. I said, a hundred pound.
Val. Thou hast said more
Than any man can justify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee,
There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings
There may be now i' th' Mint, and that's a treasure.
I have seen five pound; but let me tell it,
And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first-fruits;
I will come down, and eat it out.
Fran. 'Tis patience
Must meet with you, sir, not love.
Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle-faddles.
Val. Leave thy prating!
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,
Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk,[8] two of the reverend!

[8] *Sparrow-hawk.*] Cotgrave explains *esparvier*, a spar-hawke, or sparrow-hawk, and (more generally) a short winged hawk. Nothing is, in general, more difficult than to explain the numerous allusions to the now-neglected sport of falconry in the old dramatists.

Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do?

Val. How?

Lance. To get money first, that's to live;
You've shew'd him how to want.

Val. 'Slife, how do I live?
Why, what dull fool would ask that question?
Three hundred three-pil'ds more,[9] ay, and live bravely;
The better half o' th' town, and live most gloriously:
Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,
Or when they pray for seasonable harvests!—
Thou hast a handsome wit; stir into th' world, Frank,
Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar.
Ask how to live? Write, write, write any thing;
The world's a fine believing world; write news.

Lance. Dragons in Sussex;[1] or fiery battles

[9] *Three hundred three-pil'ds more.*] The most splendid dress in our authors' days was made of three-piled velvets. Hence the allusion in the text.

[1] *Dragons in Sussex.*] In 1614, there was a discourse published, of a strange monstrous serpent, in St Leonard's Forest, and two miles from Horsham in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August, in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the place. But, from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as Ben Jonson, (by whom it is mentioned in his Masque, called News from the New World discovered in the Moon,) styles it, was couched under the account: " This serpent, or *dragon*, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart; a quantity of thickness in the middle, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The

Seen in the air at Aspurge?
Val. There's the way, Frank.
And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom
With a sharp prognostication,[2] that shall scour them
(Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties;[3]
Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

Lance. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple, and clap it on Paul's; and, after these, a *l'envoy*[4] to the city for their sins?

Val. *Probatum est;* thou canst not want a pension.
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,
There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals.
Are not these ready ways? Cosmography

scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. There are likewise, on either side of him, discovered two great bunches, so big as a large foot-ball, and, as some think, will, in time, grow to be wings," &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account itself, which is reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany. *Whalley.*

The "fiery battles seen in the air at Aspurge," I have not found mentioned any where. The story was probably one imported from Germany, for Aspurg may easily have been corrupted from Augsburg, or Habsburg.

[2] *Prognostication.*] An almanack. in these times was also called a prognostication. See the titles of some quoted in the notes on Shakspeare, ed. 1803. IX 386, XXI 422.

[3] *Like* leven *taffaties.*] This is the reading of the old copies. Mr Sympson's conjecture has been retained in the text, as being probably the original denomination of this stuff, which might, however, corruptedly, have been called leven taffaty.

[4] A *l'envoy.*] A kind of epilogue frequently added to ancient poems (to those of Chaucer, for instance,) which was originally invented by the troubadours.

Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid;[5]
I mean a midnight map, to 'scape the watches,
And such long senseless examinations;
And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentlemen.
I cannot stay long.

Lance. You have read learnedly!
And would you have him follow these chimeras?[6]
Did you begin with ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you;

5 *Draw me a map from the Mermaid.*] Seward proposes to read, "o' th' Mermaid." It would not, however, be easy, after a debauch at a public-house, to escape the watches by the possession of a plan of the house. A map of the circumjacent streets would be more likely to favour such an escape *from* the Mermaid. The famous tavern so called was the resort of the wits in those days, as White's was in the reign of Queen Anne. Its situation, as well as that of several other noted taverns of the day, we learn from the following curious enumeration, in an old poem, entitled, "Newes from Bartholomew Fayre;" printed in 4to. B. L., and quoted by Mr Reed, in a note on Mayne's City-Match:

"There hath beene a great sale and utterance of wine,
Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
In every country, region, and nation;
Chefely at Billingsgate, at the *Salutation,*
And *Bore's Head,* neere London Stone;
The Swan at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne;
The Miter in Cheape; and then the *Bull Head,*
And many like places that make noses red;
The Bore's Head in Old Fish Street, *Three Cranes* in the Vintree,
And, now of late, St Martin's in the Sentree;
The Windmill in Lothbury, *the Ship* at the Exchange,
King's Head in New Fish Streete, where roysters do range;
THE MERMAID IN CORNHILL, *Red Lion* in the Strand,
Three Tuns, Newgate Market, Old Fish Street at *the Swan.*"

See also Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, Vol. I.

6 *Megeras.*] Former editions; altered by Seward. Mason would read—vagaries.

I see my wants are grown ridiculous:
Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither.
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to yourself, sir;
A providence I wait on!

Val. Thou art passionate;[7]
Hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter SHORTHOSE, *with a bag.*

Short Rest you merry, gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you; I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you're not he;
You are a thought too handsome.

Lance. Who wouldst thou speak withal? Why dost thou peep so?

Short. I'm looking birds' nests: I can find none in your bush beard!—I'd speak with you, black gentleman.

F an. With me, my friend?

Short. Yes, sure; and the best friend, sir, it seems, you spake withal this twelve-months, gentleman. There's money for you.

Val. How?

Short There's none for you, sir. Be not so brief! Not a penny. La! how he itches at it! Stand off; you stir my choler.

7 *Thou art passionate.*] *Passionate* signifies here, in the old sense, *tender-hearted;* not, in the modern sense, *disposed to anger.* Ed. 1778.—It occurs in the same sense in King John:
" She is sad and *passionate* at your highness' tent."

Lance. Take it; 'tis money.

Short. You are too quick too: First, be sure you have it: You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short You are cozen'd too: 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, sir; I doubly thank you!

Short. Well, sir; then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd, and your laundress to wash your boots white.

Fran. Pray stay, sir: May you not be mistaken?

Short. I think I am: Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!

Fran. I would be loath to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear: Is not your name Francisco?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then: It may thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall. Do not you need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast; 'tis not fly-blown. You may pay for the poundage: you forget yourself: I have not seen a gentleman so backward, a wanting gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy, sir!

Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy. Be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain, if it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me: Tell o'er your money, and be not mad, boy.

Val. You have no more such bags?

Short. More such there are, sir, but few I fear for you. I've cast your water;[8] you've wit, you need no money. [*Exit.*

Lance. Be not amaz'd, sir;
'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restorative,
And in good time it comes to do you good.
Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it.—
[*To Valentine.*] Yours be too quick, sir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me; but from whom?

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it.
This can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a stranger,
Of whom can I deserve this?

Lance. Sir, of any man
That has but eyes, and manly understanding,
To find mens wants: Good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, Frank, there are more ways than certainties;
Now you believe. What plough brought you this harvest,
What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?
These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation
Of quarter-days; you see it show'rs in to you.
You are an ass! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this blazing star, and that bo-peep,
Whining and fasting, to find the natural reason
Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down!
What use of these, or what joy in annuities,

[8] *I have cast your water.*] In allusion to the old practice of judging a patient's state of health by an inspection of his urine.

Where every man's thy study and thy tenant?
I am asham'd on thee!

Lance. Yes, I have seen
This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard by—

Val. Yes, marry is there.

Lance. I think he's her servant;
I am cozen'd, if——After her! I am sure on't.[9]

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lance. She's a good woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lance. And young enough, believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, sir.[1]

Val. Frank, you shall lie with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money.

Lance. His money shall lie with me; three in a bed, sir,
Will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou shalt see what things——

Lance. Trust to yourself, sir.

[*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* LANCE.

Enter FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, *and* BELLAMORE.

Fount. Oh, Valentine!

Val. How now? Why do you look so?

Bel. The widow's going, man.

[9] *I am cosen'd* if after her, *I am sure on't*] So pointed in the old edition. The passage is here regulated as in the edition of 1778. In that of 1750. *else* is substituted for *if*. Mr Mason does not understand the passage as now pointed, and would read, "I'm cozen'd if not *after* her;" which he explains, by supposing that Lance recollects to have seen Shorthose *after* the widow, or following her as her servant.

[1] *I am* gladder *of all, sir.*] Mr Mason proposes to read *gladdest;* but the text is right, according to the phraseology of the old plays, and conveys the same meaning.

Val. Why, let her go, man.
Hare. She's going out o' th' town.
Val The town's the happier;
I would they were all gone.
Fount. We cannot come
To speak with her.
Val. Not to speak to her?
Bel. She will
Be gone within this hour: either now,[2] Val——
Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good Val.
Val. I'd rather
March i' the mouth o' th' cannon. But adieu!
If she be above ground—Go, away to your prayers;
Away, I say, away!—she shall be spoken withal!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter Shorthose, *with one boot on*, Roger *and* Humphry.

Rog. She will go, Shorthose.
Short. Who can help it, Roger?
Ralph. (*Within.*) Roger, help down with the hangings!

[2] Either *now, Val*—] The editors of the last edition retain this reading, with a full point after *Val;* but, in a note, propose to read, "at her now, Val!"—This is very plausible; but a dash at the end, implying that the sentence is left imperfect by Bellamore, renders the old reading preferable to any that can be proposed. The text has already been thus regulated by Mr Mason, as I have since observed.

Rog. By and by, Ralph:
I am making up o' th' trunks here.
Ralph. Shorthose!
Short. Well.
Ralph. Who looks to my lady's wardrobe?——
umphry!
Hum. Here.
Ralph. Down with the boxes in the gallery,
And bring away the coach-cushions. [*Exit*.
Short. Will it not rain?
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
To stop this journey?
Rog. Why go now? why now?
Why o' th' sudden now? What preparation,
What horses have we ready? what provision
Laid in i' th' country?
Hum. Not an egg, I hope.
Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys; there's the devil.
Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty; and then
We must come up again.
Hum What says the steward?
Rog. He's at his wit's end; for, some four hours since,
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.
Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey.
Oh, London, how I love thee!
Hum. I have no boots,
Nor none I'll buy: Or, if I had, refuse me
If I would venture my ability
Before a cloak-bag: men are men.
Short. For my part,
If I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at,
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,

Or any gentle lady of the laundry,
Chamb'ring,[6] or wantonness, behind my gelding,
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
As if I were a running frippery,[7]
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me.
I'll not be troubled with their distillations.[8]
At every half-mile's end! I understand myself,
And am resolv'd——

Hum. To-morrow night at Oliver's!
Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?

Rog. The well-brew'd stand of ale, we should have met at!

Short. These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
And make Tom Butcher weep! Æneas enters,
And now the town is lost.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
My lady's mad.

Short. I would she were in Bedlam.

Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em!

[6] *Chamb'ring.*] Intriguing. Chamb'ring and wantonness are, as Mr Malone observes, mentioned together in the sacred writings.

[7] *Flippery.*] Corrected by the editors of 1750.—Frippery signifies an old clothes shop. *Fripperie.* Fr. So in Monsieur d'Olive, by Chapman, 1606: "Passing yesterday by the *Frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder."—And more appositely in Massinger's City Madam:

"Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shews like *a walking frippery.*"

[8] *Distibations*] Corrected in the edition of 1750.

The stuff lies in the hall, the plate——

L. Heart. (*Within.*) Why, knaves there!
Where be these idle fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one boot?

L. Heart Why, where I say?

Ralph. Away, away! It must be so.

Short. Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the same.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. By my troth, mistress, I did it for the best.

Isab. It may be so; but, Luce, you have a tongue,
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if it were minc'd, Luce,
Would do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest, mistress——

Isab. 'Twill be your own one time or other.—Walter!

Walter. (*Within.*) Anon, forsooth.

Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—
You are so full of providence—and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach;
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service

To your good lady mistress—and my dog,
Good, let the coachman carry him.
Luce. But hear me!
Isab. I am in love, sweet Luce, and you're so skilful,
That I must needs undo myself—and, hear me,
Let Oliver pack up my glass discreetly,
And see my curls well carried.—Oh, sweet Luce!
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—
You know what, Luce.
Luce. Pray you, be satisfied.
Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you!
There is a Roger, which some call a butler,[9]—
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce:
Nay, do not stare; I have a tongue can talk too—
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door opens
To a long gallery: there was a night, Luce—
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?
Oh, do you blush, Luce?— a Friday night—
I saw your saint, Luce: "For t'other box of marmalade,
All's thine, sweet Roger!"—this I heard, and kept too.
Luce. E'en as you are a woman, mistress——
Isab. This I allow
As good and physical sometimes, these meetings,
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn served, and to your friend
To be a dogbolt![1]

[9] *Call a* butcher.] Thus the old copy. Properly corrected by Sympson. Roger is the butler, not the butcher of the family.

[1] *A dogbolt.*] A common term of reproach. So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, the Arte of Flatterie: "On me attendeth simple Sir John, (a chaplayne more meet to serve a thatcher, than in the church,) who is made a doulte and a *dogbolte* by every servinge-man."

Luce. I confess it, mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me,
And foolishly and childishly pursued it—
I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes,
For which mine honour suffers—your best ways
Must be applied to bring her back again,
And seriously and suddenly, that so I
May have a means to clear myself, and she
A fair opinion of me: Else, you peevish——

Luce. My power and prayers, mistress——

Isab. What's the matter?

Enter SHORTHOSE *and* LADY HEARTWELL.

Short. I have been with the gentleman; he has it;
Much good may do him with it. [*Aside to* ISAB.

L. Hea. Come, are you ready?
You love so to delay time! the day grows on.

Isab. I've sent for a few trifles; when those are come.
And now I know your reason—

L. Hea. Know your own honour then.—About your business;
See the coach ready presently.—I'll tell you more then; [*Exeunt* LUCE *and* SHORTHOSE.
And understand it well. You must not think me, sister,[2]
So tender eyed as not to see your follies:
Alas! I know your heart, and must imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your charity
Can coin such sums to give away as you have done;

[2] *My sister.*] So the old quarto. The other editions read "*your* sister," but the amendment in the text is less violent.

In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,
Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,
I am asham'd to find this in your years,
Far more in your discretion. None to chuse
But things for pity? none to seal your thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name?
Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
(A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)
No money, no, not ten shillings?

Isab. You search nearly.

L. Hea. I know it, as I know your folly; one that knows not
Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,
Unless it be i' th' stocks. What kindred has he,
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.

L. Hea. Or, say the man had virtue,
Is virtue, in this age, a full inheritance?
What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?
Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?
This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the town for?

L. Hea. Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am;
That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,
And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,
I'll sit and laugh at. For, sister, 'tis not folly,
But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.

L. Hea. I'm glad to hear you say so.

Isab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SHORTHOSE *and* HUMPHRY, *with riding-rods.*

Hum. The devil cannot stay her, she will on't.
Eat an egg now; and then we must away.
Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:—
May London ways henceforth be full of holes,
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths
So housel all our hacknies,[3] that they may feel
Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate;
May't rain above all almanacks, till
The carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger
Ride like Bike Arion[4] upon a trout to London!
Hum. At St Alban's, let all the inns be drunk,

[3] *So housel all our hacknies.*] *Housel* is undoubtedly the eucharist, and *to housel*, to administer the sacrament. But how this meaning can apply here, I do not see. Seward, however, is satisfied, and laments the prophanity of his authors. Cotgrave renders *apprivoiser*, to tame, reclaim, *housall*. This affords a very plausible explanation, and possibly the true one.

[4] *Ride like* Bike *Arion*—] Thus the quarto and folio. The modern editions omit the word *Bike*, without making any mention of such an omission. It is true that no sense of the ancient word *bike*, (a building, a hive of bees, &c..) is in the least applicable here, for which reason I must leave it to the sagacity of the reader. But the silent omission of this word and changing *upon* in this line to *on*, as well as *till* in a previous line to *untill*, merely to suit Mr Seward's rage for metrifying, is highly reprehensible. Arion's tale was a favourite subject for the pageants and exhibitions of the time. In a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, Merry Passages and Jeasts, (MS. Harl. 6395,) we have the following story, quoted by Mr Malone: "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water; and, among others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's backe; but, finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discourse verie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—Yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome!
Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with puritans;
No meat, but legs of beef!
Hum. No beds, but wool-packs!
Short. And those so cramm'd
With warrens of starv'd fleas, that bite like ban-dogs!
Let Mims be angry at their St Bel Swagger,[5]
And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,
And all my lady's linen sprinkled[6]
With suds and dish-water!
Hum. Not a wheel but out of joint![7]

Enter Roger, *laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh?
Rog. There is a gentleman, and the rarest gentleman,
And makes the rarest sport!
Short. Where, where?
Rog. Within here;
He has made the gayest sport with Tom the coachman,

[5] *Let Mims be angry at their St Bel Swagger,*
And we pass in the heat on't!] Mims is in the neighbourhood of St Albans, and some local custom, tumultuously celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this speech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our authors; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its memory, or discover its origin.—Ed. 1778.

[6] *Sprinkled.*] The modern editors silently add *o'er*, to make out a verse.

[7] Short. *Not a wheel but out of joint!*] All the editions concur in giving these words to *Shorthose*, notwithstanding the preceding speech belongs to him. We have ventured to place them to *Humphry*.—Ed. 1778.

So tew'd him[8] up with sack, that he lies lashing
A butt of malmsy for his mares!
Short. 'Tis very good.
Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!
And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red deer pies,
Made such an alms i' th' buttery——
Short. Better still.

Enter VALENTINE *and* LADY HEARTWELL.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!
Short. May he anger her into a fever![9]
[*Exeunt Servants.*
L. Hea. I pray tell me who sent you hither?
For I imagine 'tis not your condition,
(You look so temperately, and like a gentleman,)
To ask me these wild[1] questions.
Val. Do you think
I use to walk of errands, gentle lady;
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?
L. Hea. You have not known me, sure?
Val. Not much.
L. Hea. What reason
Have you then to be so tender of my credit?
You are no kinsman?
Val. If you take it so,
The honest office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.
L. Hea. Pray stay a little: proud?

[8] *So tew'd him up with sack.*] i. e. Stretched him, swelled him. To tew leather is a technical word for stretching it.

[9] *Fever.*] Old copies—leather.

[1] *Wild.*] Old copies—mude

Val. Monstrous proud!
I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;
But now I see 'tis true: You look upon me
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow,
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill;
Or such a one as should now fall and worship you,
In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady:
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To see a woman only great in goodness,
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune:
But——

L. Hea. You're a strange gentleman! If I were proud now,
I should be monstrous angry, (which I am not,)
And shew the effects of pride; I should despise you;
But you are welcome, sir.
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is
A lustre in us; and ev'ry good we have
Strives to shew gracious: What use is it else?
Old age, like sear trees,[2] is seldom seen affected,
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well;
And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.
But, to be place-proud——

L. Hea. If it be our own;
Why are we set here with distinction else,
Degrees and orders given us? In you men,

[2] *Old age, like sear trees*—] Seward proposes to add *which* after old age, to benefit the measure and sense. For the sense, there is no occasion for such an amendment, *which* being implied, though omitted, an elision very frequent in the old dramas.

'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right,
Affronts and loss of honour.[3] Streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,
About your ranks: Are we so much below you,
That, 'till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You'll make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay, worse than this too,
Proud of your clothes, they swear; a mercer's Lucifer,
A tumour tack'd together by a tailor!
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white; a varnish
That butter-milk can better.

L. Hea. Lord, how little
Will vex these poor blind people! If my clothes
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind must be my mercer's too? Or, say my beauty
Please some weak eyes, must it please them to think,
That blows me up that every hour blows off?
This is an infant's anger

Val. Thus they say too:
What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with velvet,
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curse you?

[3] *Affronts* and *loss of honour.*] The modern editions read, "Affronts *are* loss of honour." There is no occasion for any amendment. The widow says, "In you men, if you lose your right, 'tis held a coolness, an affront, and loss of your honour." *Affronts*, is a liberty in phraseology, quite within the licence of our authors, and of the period in which they wrote.

Can there be aught in this but pride of show, lady,
And pride of bum-beating, till the learned lawyers,
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks,[4]
Till all their cases[5] crack? Why should this lady,
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,
And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps[6] neglected,
Fashions conferred about, pouncings, and paintings,
And young men's bodies read on like anatomies?[8]

L. Hea. You're very credulous,
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, sir,
To her you know not; but you shall confess me,

[4] *Are thrust against the* bulks.] *Bulks* may either be used here in the usual signification of *bodies*, or refer to the bulks, or wooden frames, formerly common in the street, on which the porters rested their burdens.

[5] *Cases.*] Thus the first quarto. Subsequent editions read *causes* Both are sense, and therefore the oldest reading is here retained.

[6] *Napses*] So the quartos and folio. The alteration is Mr Seward's The word seems equivalent to *naperu*, signifying linen in general; not immediately from the Italian, as Johnson derives it in his Dictionary, but from the old French *naperie*, linen.—See *Glossaire de la Langue Romane, par* J. B. B ROQUEFORT, *Paris*, 1808, tome II., p 226

7 *Pouncings*] Dresses punched with a bodkin. They were fashionable in Chaucer's days; for in the Persones Tale, talking of the "superfluitee of clothing," he complains, that "ther is the costleye furring in hir gounes, so much *pounsoning* of chesel to maken clothes," &c.; and again: "If so be that they wolden yeve swiche *pounsoned* and daggled clothing to the poure peple, it is not convenient for hir estate, ne suffisant to bote hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the distemperance of the firmament."

[8] *Anatomies.*] Dead bodies in our authors' days were so denominated.

And find I will not start. In us all meetings
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts
at church,
Our very meditations, some will swear,
(Which all should fear to judge, at least unchari-
tably)
Are mingled with your memories; cannot sleep,
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,
How to surprise that greatness or that glory;
Our very smiles are subject to constructions;
Nay, sir, 'tis come to this, we cannot pish,
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.
Should we examine you thus, were't not possible
To take you without perspectives?

Val. It may be;
But these excuse not.

L. Hea. Nor yours force no truth, sir.
What deadly tongues you have, and to those
tongues
What hearts and what inventions! On my con
science,
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would ven-
ture
To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory
To say you had done so. All you think are coun-
cils,
And cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curses
Over God's creatures: next to the devil's malice,
Let us entreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman
Has a brave soul. [*Aside.*

L. Hea. Are we not gaily blest then,
And much beholden to you for your sufferance?[9]
You may do what you list, we what beseems us,
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.
Val. Oh, most brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women! [*Aside.*
L. Hea. You are no whore-masters! Alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious:
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plastering like old walls; they are not gentlemen,
That with their secret sins encrease our surgeons,
And lie in foreign countries, for new sores;
Women are all these vices; you're not envious,
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,
Eaters of others honours ——
Val. You are angry.
L. Hea. No, by my troth, and yet I could say more too;
For when men make me angry, I am miserable.
Val. Sure 'tis a man! she could not bear't thus bravely else.— [*Aside.*
It may be, I am tedious.
L. Hea Not at all, sir.
I am content at this time you should trouble me.
Val. You are distrustful.

[9] *For your* substance?] Thus the old copies. The alteration is Seward's, and seems indispensably necessary.

L. Hea. Where I find no truth, sir.
Val. Come, come, you're full of passion.
L. Hea. Some I have;
I were too near the nature of a god else.[1]
Val. You are monstrous peevish.
L. Hea. Because they are monstrous foolish,
And know not how to use that should try me.
Val. I was never answer'd thus. [*Aside.*]—Was you ne'er drunk, lady?
L. Hea. No, sure, not drunk, sir; yet I love good wine,
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.
Why do you ask that question?
Val. For that sin
That they most charge you with, is this sin's servant;
They say you are monstrous——
L. Hea. What, sir, what?
Val. Most strangely——
L. Hea. It has a name, sure?
Val. Infinitely lustful,
Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd your husband.
L. Hea. Let's have it all, for heaven's sake; 'tis good mirth, sir.
Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.—
Will she not cry nor curse? [*Aside.*
L. Hea. On with your story!
Val. And that you're forcing out of dispensations,
With sums of money, to that purpose.

[1] Of *a god else.*] The old quarto reads, "The nature a god else;" the folio, "O' god," which is adopted by the last editors. I am convinced that *of* was dropt accidentally in the quarto.

L. Hea. Four husbands! Should not I be bless'd, sir, for example?
Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill,
Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I'll make you merry then: you're a brave woman,
And, in despite of envy, a right one.
Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman
As any lord of them all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your sex.
L. Hea. It seems so, your commendations
Are so studied for.
Val. I came to see you,
And sift you into flour, to know your pureness;
And I have found you excellent; I thank you:
Continue so, and shew men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an husband,
An honest man, (you are a good woman,)
And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be too
An understanding man, and to that stedfast;
'Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry;
And then you're fix'd. Farewell!
L. Hea. Pray stay a little;
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.
Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Hea. As I live, a fine fellow!
This manly handsome bluntness shews him honest.
What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four husbands!
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature.
A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th' sudden.
Such a companion I could live and die with!
His angers are mere mirth.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Come, come, I'm ready.
L. Hea. Are you so?
Isab What ails she?
The coach stays, and the people; the day goes on;
I am as ready now as you desire, sister.
Fie, who stays now? Why do you sit and pout thus?
L. Hea. Pr'ythee be quiet; I am not well.
Isab. For heaven's sake,
Let's not ride stagg'ring in the night! Come, pray you take
Some sweetmeats in your pocket: If your stomach——
L. Hea. I have a little business.
Isab. To abuse me,
You shall not find new dreams, and new suspicions.
To horse withal!
L. Hea. Lord, who made you a commander?
Hey ho, my heart!
Isab. Is the wind come thither,
And, coward-like, do you lose your colours to 'em?
Are you sick o' th' Valentine, sweet sister? [*Aside.*
Come, let's away; the country will so quicken you,
And we shall live so sweetly!—Luce, my lady's cloak!—
Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,
I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,
You have so knock'd this love into my head,
That I shall love any body; and I find my body,
I know not how, so apt—Pray, let's be gone, sister;

I stand on thorns.

L. Hea. I pr'ythee, Isabella!
(I'faith, I have some business that concerns me)
I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me;
[*Gives her a ring.*
And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your tailor.

Enter SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH.

Isab. I had rather go; but———

L. Hea. Come, walk in with me;
We'll go to cards —Unsaddle the horses.

Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE; FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN *following.*

Love. Are they behind us?

Lance. Close, close: speak aloud, sir.

Love. I'm glad my nephew has so much discretion,
At length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!

Love. For his own sake, do you think?

Lance. Most certain, sir;
And in his own cause he bestirr'd himself too,
And won such liking from her, she dotes on him:

He has the command of all the house already.
Love. He deals not well with his friends.
Lance. Let him deal on,
And be his own friend; he has most need of her.
Love. I wonder they would put him———
Lance. You are in the right on't;
A man that must raise himself; I knew he'd cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has. He watch'd occasion,
And found it i' th' nick.
Love. He has deceiv'd me.
Lance. I told you, howsoe'er he wheel'd about,
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of these tame fools!
Love. 'Twas not well done,
Because they trusted him; yet——
Bel. Hark you, gentlemen!
Love. We are upon a business; pray excuse us.—
They have it home. [*Aside.*
Lance. Come, let it work. Good even,[2] gentlemen! [*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE.
Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.
Hare. And we are fools, tame fools!
Bel. Come, let's go seek him.
He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.[3]
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Good* on *gentlemen.*] Thus the old editions. Amended by Mr Theobald.

[3] *Before he colt us basely.*] To *colt* is to fool, to put a trick on any one. Falstaff says, "What a plague mean ye, to *colt* me thus?" And in our authors' Loyal Subject, "What, are we bobbed thus still? *Colted* and carted?"

SCENE III.

A Room in Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?
Luce. Am I sure I live?
And I have clapt on such a commendation
On your revenge——
Isab. 'Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.
Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.
Isab. He talks the best, they say, and yet the maddest!
Luce. He has the right way.
Isab. How is she?
Luce. Bears it well,
As if she cared not; but a man may see,
With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours.
And find who is her Valentine.
Isab. Come, let's go see her;
I long to persecute.[4]
Luce. By no means, mistress;
Let her take better hold first.
Isab. I could burst now! [*Exeunt.*

[4] *To* prosecute.] Corrected by Mr Seward.

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter VALENTINE, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,[5]
You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows! Was't not I
That undertook you first from empty barrels,
And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like bung-holes,
To utter sense? Where got you understanding?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourselves? Who fil'd you in fit taverns?[6]
Were those born with your worships? When you came hither,
What brought you from the universities
Of moment matter to allow you,[7]

[5] *You* pilchers, *you* shotten-soul'd *slight fellows.*] "A pilcher, or pilchard, is a fish resembling a herring, but smaller. The following words, *shotten-soul'd*, prove that Valentine alluded to fish; for a shotten fish is one that has spent his roe."—MASON.

I had hit upon this explanation before I met with Mr Mason's book, and discarded that of Mr Reed, in the edition of 1778, who adopts Warburton, in a note upon a passage in Shakspeare, where the word pilcher occurs. Mr R. takes no notice of the word shotten-souled.

[6] *To* rank *yourselves? Who* fil'd *you in fit taverns?*] Who gave you a proper rank in the taverns? A quibble upon *rank and file.*

[7] *Of moment matter to* allow *you.*] To *allow* frequently signifies to *approve.* Valentine asks what his companions brought from the university, of sufficient matter or consequence, which could in any degree prove their value, and procure them a favourable reception. I suspect we should read, "of moment *or of* matter."

Besides your small-beer sentences[8]——
Bel. 'Tis well, sir.
Val. Long cloaks, with two hand rapiers,
Boot-hoses,[9]
With penny-posies,
And twenty fools' opinions? Who look'd on you,
But piping kites,[1] that knew you would be prizes,
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that scented
Your want of Breton's books?[2]

Enter Lady Heartwell *and* Luce, *behind.*

Fount. This cannot save you.
Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps?
Bel You may talk
The stock we gave you out; but see, no further!
Hare. You tempt our patience! We have found you out,
And what your trust comes to: you are well feather'd,[3]
Thank us; and think now of an honest course;
'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,
Into your tumbling tricks; they're stale.

[8] *Small* bare *sentences.*] The reading of the old copies. Properly corrected by Theobald and Sympson.

[9] *Boot-hoses.*] Thick stockings, worn still by country people instead of boots. The *penny-posies* probably refer to foolish inscriptions upon garters.

[1] *Piping kites.*] Kites, as Seward observes, are sharpers; "and the epithet piping expresses the noise the kite makes in seeking the prey."

[2] Brittane's *bookes.*] Thus the folio. The author alluded to is undoubtedly Nicolas Breton, a fashionable writer in the days of Queen Elizabeth and James I., of whom an account is given in a note on the Scornful Lady, in this volume, Act II., sc. I.

[3] *Well feathered.*] Well clothed; alluding to the suit he had obtained from his foolish companions.

L. Hea. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he.

L. Hea. Be still, and mark him.

Val. How miserable
Will these poor wretches be, when I forsake 'em!
But things have their necessities. I'm sorry!
To what a vomit must they turn again now!
To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,
After I cast you off, you men of motley,[4]
You most undone things, below pity, any
That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;
My name shall bar that blessing. There's your cloak,

[*Takes off his cloak, &c., and throws it to them.*

Sir; keep it close to you; it may yet preserve you
A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;
Pray be cover'd!
And there's the sattin that your worship sent me,
Will serve you at a 'sizes[5] yet.

Fount. Nay, faith, sir,
You may e'en rub these out now.

Val. No such relic,
Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,
Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own,
Purchased and paid for without your compassion,
And Christian breeches, founded in Blackfriars,
And so I will maintain 'em.

Hare. So they seem, sir.

Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,
And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, sir;
A mark to know a knave by; pray preserve it.

4 *Men of motley.*] Fools, the dress of fools being of diverse colours, or motley.

5 *'Sizes.*] Assizes. The old quarto reads sizer.

Do not displease me more, but take it presently!
Now help me off with my boots!
Hare. We are no grooms, sir.
Val. For once you shall be; do it willingly,
Or by this hand I'll make you.
Bel. To our own, sir,
We may apply our hands.
[*Taking off* VALENTINE'S *boots.*
Val. There's your hangers;[6]
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm perfect;
And now the proudest of your worships tell me,
I am beholden to you.
Fount. No such matter!
Val. And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.
Which are the poorer, you or I now, puppies?[7]
I without you, or you without my knowledge?
Be rogues, and so be gone! Be rogues, and reply not!
For, if you do——
Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:
The air 's far sharper than our anger, sir;
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

[6] *Hangers.*] That part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended, was, in Shakspeare's time, called the hangers. So in Minsheu's Dictionary, 16:7: The *hangers* of a sword. G. Pendants d'espee, &c. "The hangers ran in an oblique direction, from the middle of the fore part of the girdle, across the left thigh, and were attached to the girdle behind." This is the explanation of Mr Malone, in a note on Hamlet, and is the most satisfactory one.

[7] *Poorer; ye are now, puppies;*] Thus the old copies. The emendation is a very happy one, and was claimed by Theobald, Seward, and Sympson, severally.

Hare. Pray have a care, sir, of your health!
[*Exeunt* BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* FOUNTAIN.

Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits!
'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely cold too;
Yet I'll not off, 'till I have shamed these rascals.
I have endured as ill heats as another,
And every way; if one could perish my body,
You'll bear the blame on't![8] I am colder here;
Not a poor penny left! [*Touching his pockets.*

Enter LOVEGOOD, *with a bag.*

Love. 'T has taken rarely;
And now he's flead he will be ruled.
Lance. To him, tew him,
Abuse him, and nip him close.
Love. Why, how now, cousin?
Sunning yourself this weather?
Val. As you see, sir;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.
Love. But, cousin,
Where are your clothes, man? those are no inheritance;
Your scruple may compound with those, I take it:
This is no fashion, cousin.
Val. Not much follow'd,

[8] *If one could perish the body, you'll bear the blame on't.*] "I have endured as ill heats, and in every way, as another; if any such heat could make my body perish in the present case, you would bear the blame of it." This is the only explanation which occurs to me; but I suspect the omission of a line. Seward proposes this alteration, which seems utterly unintelligible:

And *almost* every way *that* one *can* perish.
My body, you'll bear *cold, but they* the blame on't.

I must confess; yet, uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.
Lance. How came you thus, sir? for you're strangely moved.[9]
Val. Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for those fools
That first possess'd 'em, and to those knaves they're render'd.
Freemen, uncle, ought to appear like innocent
Old Adam; a fair fig-leaf sufficient.[1]
Love. Take me with you.
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?
Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings, that make friends!
Love. I thought, till now,
There had been no such living, no such purchase,
(For all the rest is labour,) as a list
Of honourable friends. Do not such men as you, sir,
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,
And those great gifts of nature, aim at no more
Than casting off your coats? I'm strangely cozen'd!
Lance. Should not the town shake at the cold you feel now,
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,
'Till you be summ'd[2] again, velvets and scarlets

[9] *Moved.*] Altered. Mr Theobald proposes to read *mew'd*, a term in falconry for *shedding of feathers*. The alteration is adopted by Seward and the editors of 1778. As the old reading affords sense, it has been restored in the text.

[1] *And to those knaves, they are rendred freemen, uncle, ought to appeare like* innocents, *old Adam, a faire figge-leafe sufficient.*] The slight alteration of a single letter, and the leaving out a comma, has been adopted from Mr Mason's Comments.

[2] *Summed.*] A term in falconry for full-plumed, as Mr Seward remarks.

Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance,
Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,
As though the term lay at St Albans?[3]

Val. Gentlemen,
You've spoken long and level; I beseech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,
That I am at the last, as also that my friends
Are flown like swallows after summer?

Love. Yes, sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier,
To raise me up again above your rents, uncle?

Love. All this I do believe.

Val You have no mind to better me?

Love. Yes, cousin,
And to that end I come, and once more offer you
All that my power is master of.

Val. A match then:
Lay me down fifty pounds there.

Love. There it is, sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this,
As due unto my merit, without caution
Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hoped for.

Love. How?

Enter LUCE, *who lays a suit and letter at a house door, and retires hastily.*

Val. Without daring,

[3] *As though the term lay at St Albans.*] I have not been able to find any passage which could explain the allusion in the text. See p. 56 in this volume.

When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,
To which you're prone in sack, uncle.
Love. I thank you, sir.
Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while:
Away, I say, sir! Let him go forward with
His naked fashion; he'll seek you to-morrow.—
Goodly weather,—sultry hot, sultry: how I sweat!
Love. Farewell, sir. [*Exeunt* LOVE. *and* LANCE.
Val. 'Would I sweat too! I'm monstrous vex'd, and cold too;
And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in.—
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge[4] with me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter-wear. [*Observing the bundle of clothes.*] What art thou?—
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left 'em:
And if I should utter—What's this paper here?
[*Reads.*
"*Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving gentleman, Valentine.*"
Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full of gold too!
Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again;
In the next house I'll shift. [*Exit.*

[4] *Fadge.*] Suit with. In Decker's Fortunatus,
"I shall never *fadge* with the humour, because I cannot lie."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter FRANCISCO, LOVEGOOD, *and* LANCE.

Fran. Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.
Love. Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him:
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus.
The violence of his disease, Francisco,
Must not be jested with; 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong corrosives must cure him.
Lance. He has had a stinger, [5]
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.
Love. And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better;
'Twill make him feel it.
Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?
Love. It must needs, greedily;
For all his friends have flung him off; he's naked;
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging——
His spirit must be bow'd; and now we have him,

[5] *He has had a* stinger.] A provocation, a corrosive. Cotgrave explains *esguilloneur* a pricker, *stinger*, urger, incenser, provoker, instigator.

Have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,
(For all means are cut off,) or borrowing sixpence,
To shew his bounty in the pottage ordinary.

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him?
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune:
He spun it out himself, sir; there's no pity.

Love. Besides, some good to you now, from this misery.

Fran. I rise upon his ruins! Fie, fie, uncle;
Fie, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Love. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man!

Enter VALENTINE, *in brave apparel.*

Val. Morrow, uncle! morrow, Frank; sweet Frank!
And how, and how d'ye think now? how shew matters?—
Morrow, Bandog!

Love. How?

Fran. Is this man naked,
Forsaken of his friends?

Val. Thou'rt handsome, Frank;
A pretty gentleman; i'faith, thou look'st well;
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.

Love. New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.
Love. 'Tis not he;
Imagination cannot work this miracle.
Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, uncle;
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal,
(I thank you for't;) neigh'd at his nakedness,
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.
You see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle;
And tho' I have no state, I keep the streets still,
And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman;
Wear clothes to keep me warm, (poor things, they serve me!)
Can make a show too, if I list; yes, uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, uncle!
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?
Love. I am amaz'd!
Lance. I'll sell my copyhold;
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why should I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him?
No rat, nor no old woman?
Love. You are Valentine?
Val. I think so; I can't tell; I have been call'd so,
And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a serjeant fasting?
Did you ever know desert want? You are fools!
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
(He'd grow too rank else,) a small eclipse to shadow him;
But out he must break, glowingly again,
And with a greater [6] lustre,—(look you, uncle!)—

[6] *And with a* great *lustre.*] So the old copy. Theobald and Mason wish to read, with *as* great *a* lustre. The alteration in the text is less arbitrary.

Motion and majesty.

Love. I am confounded!

Fran. I am of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careless kinsman,
And turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle,
Taking some one by the hand he loves best.
Leave them to the mercy of the hog-market!
Come, Frank,
Fortune is now my friend; let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow, uncle! I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I shall be thus again.
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.

Love. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily:
Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,
He would rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.
Sow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick
As his new sattins do, and cloths of silver:
There is no striving.

Love. Let him play a while then,
And let's search out what hand——

Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Fount. Come, let's speak for ourselves; we've lodged him sure enough;
His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.
Bel. We can have no admittance.
Hare. Let's in boldly,
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,
We're all content.
Fount. Much good may do her with him!
No civil wars!
Bel. By no means. Now do I
Wonder in what old tod [7] ivy he lies whistling;
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him;
We have made that side sure. [We'll [8]] teach him a new wooing.
Hare. Say 'tis his uncle's spite?
Fount. 'Tis all one, [9] gentlemen;
'T has rid us of a fair encumbrance,

[7] *Tod.*] *i. e.* Bushy, thick. Ed. 1778. So in Rule a Wife and have a Wife:

"In what dark bush or *tod* of aged ivy"——.

It also occurs in Bonduca, Act I.

[8] *We'll.*] This has been introduced by former editors without giving any notice of the interpolation, which seems, however, necessary.

[9] 'Tis *all one.*] The first word has been unwarrantably omitted by modern editors.

And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are these?

Enter Isabella *and* Luce *apart.*

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser:
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so?
She's finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace; the three suitors!

Isab. I could so titter now and laugh: I was lost, Luce,[1]
And I must love, I know not what!—Oh, Cupid,
What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks![2]—
And we must into th' country in all haste, Luce. [*Laughing.*

Luce. For heaven's sake, mistress——

Isab. Nay, I've done;
I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall teach you!

Fount. 'Tis her sister.

Bel. Save you, ladies! [*Coming forward.*

Isab. Fair met, gentlemen!
You're visiting my sister, I assure myself.

Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.

Isab. Behold, and welcome.
You'd see her?

Fount. 'Tis our business.

Isab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her.

Luce. (*Apart to* Isab.) She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.

[1] *I was lost, Luce,* &c] These words allude to the accusations of the widow against Isabella, before she herself fell in love.

[2] *What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks.*] Similar to the proverbial saying of Hamlet: "Ay, springes to catch woodcocks."

Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand;
Nay, now I've found the scab, I will so scratch her!
Luce. She can't endure 'em.
Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly.—
Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party,
Gentlemen;[3] then make your own conditions.
Luce. She's sick, you know.
Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her.—
And take no idle answer, you are fools then;
Nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you all then;
But urge her still, and tho' she fret, still follow her;
A widow must be won so.
Bel. She speaks bravely.
Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law; I love men's company.——
And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,
Be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber;
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honest lovers.
Luce. This will kill her.
Fount. You've shew'd us one way, do but lead[4] the other.
Isab. I know you stand o' thorns; come, I'll dispatch you.
Luce. If you live after this[5]——
Isab. I've lost my aim. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Gentlemen.*] This word has been silently and unnecessarily transposed to the end of the line in the modern editions.

[4] *Lend.*] So the quarto. Corrected in the folio, 1679.

[5] *If you live after this*—] Luce means to say to Isabella that her sister would be ready to destroy her for what she was doing; and Isabella means to say in her reply, that if the widow did not feel it so severely, she would lose her aim, which was to vex her heartily.—*M. Mason.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?
Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em!
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?
Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;
I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.[6]
Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps!
Val. I shall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I've done.
Fran. Will you go with me?
For I would fain find out this piece of bounty.
It was the widow's man; that I am certain of.
Val. To what end would you go?
Fran. To give thanks, sir.
Val. Hang giving thanks! hast not thou parts deserve it?
It includes a further will to be beholden;
Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
Will go, there lies your way.
Fran. I hope you'll go.
Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
With mine own father, were he living, Frank;
I would to th' court with bears first. If it be
That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser,)
I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,

[6] *A jerker.*] A whipper, lasher. Fr *fouetteur*. Valentine means that he will make them not only judge, but punish themselves.

(For 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom;
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her;[7])
So lick'd, and stroak'd, fleared upon, and flouted,
And shewn to chamber-maids, like a strange beast
She had purchased with her penny!

Fran. You're a strange man!
But do you think it was a woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't;
Who can be there to do it else? Besides,
The manner of the circumstances——

Fran. Then such courtesies,
Whoever does 'em, sir, saving your own wisdom,
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,
Than with deserving slights,[8] or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve else:
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
"I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,
A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!"
Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
And we must grow by second means.—I pray, go with me,
Even as you love me, sir.

Val. I'll come to thee;
But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fopperies;
Dispatch those ere I come.

[7] —— *have* buckled with *her*.] This expression also occurs in Henry IV., p. I

"——the wretch whose fever-weakened joints
Like strengthless hinges *buckle* under life"

Explained by Dr Johnson, *to bend*, yield to pressure. It seems, however, to be a metaphor taken from fighting with buckles or shields, as in the text, where Valentine means to say that he has come to a close combat of wit with the widow. The same expression occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare, in the same sense:

"For single combat, thou shalt *buckle with* me."

[8] *Deserving slights*.] That is, by slights founded on an high opinion of our own deserts.—*Mason*.

Fran. You will not fail me?
Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.
Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter Lady Heartwell, Shorthose, Roger, *and several other Servants.*

L. Hea. Who let me in these puppies? You blind rascals,[9]
You drunken knaves!
Short. Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently.—
Gentlemen!
L. Hea. 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you bawling rogue!—
Short. I bawl as loud as I can. Would you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back?
L. Hea. Get 'em out, rascal, out with 'em, out!
I sweat to have 'em near me.
Short. I should sweat more
To carry 'em out.
Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.

9 *Who let me in these puppies, you blind rascals, you drunken knaves* several.] So the first quarto. Mr Seward,

Who let in these puppies?
You several *blind rascals, drunken knaves.*

We apprehend the word *several* to have been a marginal direction for the appearance of *several servants* in this place.—Ed. 1778.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' buttery, and make 'em drink?
L. Hea. Do any thing, so I be eased.

Enter ISABELLA, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Isab. Now to her, sir; fear nothing.
Rog. Slip aside, boy. [*To* SHORTHOSE.
I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.
Short. Away to tables[1] then. [*Ex. Servants.*
Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.
Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.
Bel. Methinks the house is handsome, every place decent;
What need you be so vex'd?
Hare. We are no strangers.
Fount. What tho' we come ere you expected us,
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?
L. Hea. You are merry, gentlemen.
Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry;
Come to laugh heartily,[2] and now and then, lady,

[1] *To* tables.] *i e.* To the game of back-gammon, says Mason. It is, however, more likely that trictrac was the game intended here, as will appear from a quotation in a subsequent note in this volume, on Act II. Scene I. of the Scornful Lady.

[2] *We come to be merry, madam,* and *very merry,* 'me live *to laugh heartily*] First quarto. Second quarto and folio, MEN LOVE *to laugh heartily.* Seward reads,

We come to b' merry, madam, very merry,
Love *to laugh heartily,* &c.

He must have possessed an uncommon share of gravity not to have laughed heartily at his own alteration. The reading in the text is very obvious, and the variation in the subsequent old co-

A little of our old plea.

L. Hea. I am busy,
And very busy too.—Will none deliver me?

Hare. There is a time for all; you may be busy,
But when your friends come, you've as much power, madam——

L. Hea. This is a tedious torment.

Fount. How handsomely
This title-piece[3] of anger shews upon her!—
Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself.

Bel. Nay, every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

L. Hea. I must go up, I must go up; I have a business
Waits upon me—Some wine for the gentlemen!

Hare. Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er saw your chambers yet.

Isab. (*Apart to them*) Hold there, boys!

L. Hea. Say I go to my prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.

L. Hea. This is boisterous!—or, say I go to sleep,
Will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous.
We know your dinner's ready, lady; you'll not sleep.

L. Hea. Give me my coach; I'll take the air.

Hare. We'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quick'ned stomach.

pies was occasioned by a line which seems to occur over the *e* in *'me*, so that they read *men*, and altered the word *live* to *love*, to make sense. That the transverse line over the *e* was not intentional, is evident from its appearing over almost every *e* in the page.

[3] Title-*piece*.] Quasi, *frontispiece*. So the first quarto: all the other copies read, LITTLE *piece of anger*, which Mr Mason prefers.

L. Hea. Let it alone, and call my steward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.—
These unmannerly rude puppies!—
[*Exit* LADY HEARTWELL.

Fount. We'll walk after you,
And view the pleasure of the place.

Isab. Let her not rest,
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you:
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.
Be bold, and prosper!

Bel. Nay, if we do not tire her!—
[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,
And, when I've done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,
And still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so!
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.
Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives occasion
For men to run mad after her?

Luce. I shall be hang'd.

Isab. This in me had been high treason:
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Re-enter LADY HEARTWELL.

L. Hea. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.
Isab Ha, ha, ha!
L. Hea Why do you laugh, sister?
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of you,
And well becomes your pleasure.
Isab What have you done with 'em?
L. Hea Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty.
Unmannerly rude puppies!
Isab. They are somewhat saucy;—
But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—[4] [*Aside.*
Why were they not beaten out?
L. Hea. I was about it;
But, because they came as suitors——
Isab Why did you not answer 'em?
L. Hea. They are so impudent they will receive none.
More yet! How came these in?

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

Lance. At the door, madam.
Isab. It is that face. [*Aside.*
Luce. [*Aside to* LADY HEARTWELL.] This is the gentleman.
L. Hea. She sent the money to?
Luce. The same.
Isab. I'll leave you;
They have some business.
L. Hea. Nay, you shall stay, sister;

[4] —— *hound 'em.*] *i. e.* Set them on.

They're strangers both to me.—How her face alters!

Isab I'm sorry he comes now.

L. Hea. I am glad he is here now, though.
Who would you speak with, gentlemen?

Lance. You, lady,
Or your fair sister there: here is a gentleman
That has received a benefit.

L. Hea. From whom, sir?

Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, madam:
Your man deliver'd it.

L. Hea. I pray go forward.

Lance. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not,
Without the tender of his thanks and service,
Pass by the house.

L. Hea. Which is the gentleman?

Lance. This, madam.

L. Hea. What's your name, sir?

Fran. They that know me
Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud
To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched
To hide a gratitude.

L. Hea. 'Tis well bestow'd then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,
For what desert I dare not know, unless
A handsome subject for your charities,
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,
Have shower'd upon my wants a timely bounty,
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

L. Hea. I'm sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.—
Fie, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;
The man's a pretty man. [*Apart to* ISAB.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear lady——

Isab. I pray no more, sir, if I may persuade you;
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,
And more than I expected.

Fran. But, good lady——

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it,
Besides the imputation of vain glory,
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it,
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,
I have my end: More to enquire is curious
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.

Fran. But. gentle lady, 'twill be necessary——

Isab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person—

L. Hea. A brave dissembling rogue! And how she carries it! [*Aside.*

Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,
Though I affect a good tongue well; or try you,
Though my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you:—

L. Hea. A plaguy cunning quean! [*Aside.*

Isab. For, so I carried it,
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bartered
The goodness I propounded with opinion.[5]

[5] *And* bartered *the goodness.*] The folio reads *bettered.* The sentence begins with the words, " 'Twas not to see your person," and is twice interrupted by the widow. The last part is properly explained in the edition of 1778: " Provided I carried my point, the end obtained was a sufficient reward, and which I was happy

L. Hea. Fear her not, sir.
Isab. You cannot catch me, sister.
Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?
Isab Let it suffice you have it; it was never mine,
Whilst good men wanted it.
Lance. This is a saint, sure!
Isab. And if you be not such a one,[6] restore it.
Fran. To commend myself,
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;
To doubt I may be worth your gift, a treason,
Both to mine own good and understanding.
I know my mind clear, and though modesty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,
Yet I must think something, and of some season,
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.
L. Hea. What ward for that, wench? [*Aside.*
Isab Alas! it never touch'd me.
Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money
I ever took upon a forced ill manners!
Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.
Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful taker?
Isab. Spend it, and say nothing;
Your modesty may deserve more.

to receive in exchange for the mere [opinion of the world, or] reputation of having effected it.' —I am not certain, however, whether Mr Mason's alteration should not be adopted. He proposes to read:

"My end's too glorious in my eyes, *to barter*
The goodness I propounded with opinion."

[6] *Such a one.*] *i. e.* A good man.

L. Hea. Oh, sister,
Will you bar thankfulness?
Isab. Dogs dance for meat;
Would you have men do worse? For they can speak,
Cry out, like wood-mongers, good deeds by th' hundreds!
I did it, that my best friend should not know it;
Wine and vain glory do as much as I else.
If you will force my merit, against my meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so;
And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation
May ripen strange persuasions.
Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,
And you a worse disposer, were my nature
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours
Were ever, in my thoughts, unspotted ermines;[7]
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense
Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are virtuous,
And so I shall preserve 'em.
Isab. Keep but this way,
And from this place, to tell me so, you've paid me:
And so I wish you see all fortune! [*Exit.*
L. Hea. Fear not;
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?

7 *Unspotted* crimes.] So the old copy. The amendment is Theobald's, who supports it by the following quotation from Monsieur Thomas, Act IV., Sc. I.;

——————*O that honesty,*
That ermine *honesty, unspotted ever.*

This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me; [8]
I shall look narrowly. [*Aside.*]—Despair not, gentlemen;
There is an hour to catch a woman in,
If you be wise. So I must leave you too.—
Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Exit.*

Lance. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This woman is a founder, [9] and cites statutes
To all her benefits.

Lance. I ne'er knew yet
So few years and so cunning: Yet, believe me,
She has an itch; but how to make her confess it——
For 'tis a crafty tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she dares not.
Carry yourself but so discreetly, sir,
That want or wantonness seem not to search you,
And you shall see her open.

[8] Or *to abuse me.*] This reading seems wrong. Could Isabella carry it so precisely on purpose to make her sister more watchful of her? The slight change I have made gives this sense: Your behaviour, which was intended to lull my fears asleep, shall not so abuse me, but make me more vigilant. Mr Sympson does not admit this, but would read,

Is this *to wake my fears, or to abuse me?*

But how could she ask so absurd a question?—SEWARD.

Mr Seward reads, "This is to wake my fears, *not* to abuse me." The text is right, according to the indefinite phraseology of the age, and the proposed alterations are both very tame.

[9] *A founder and cites statutes.*] That is, she is a *founder* of my fortunes, and mentions *statutes* to me which she expects me to conform to. *Founder* is used in the same sense in the Captain, Act I., Sc. I.:

——————*imagine me*
A founder *of old fellows!*—SEWARD.

This is a second interpretation of this annotator's. The first was quite inadmissible. Our authors were remarkably fond of this allusion to the founders of public institutions.

Fran. I do love her,
And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,
To wed her wit but one hour: Oh, 'tis a dragon,
And such a sprightly way of pleasure! ha, Lance?
Lance. Your "ha, Lance" broken once, you'd cry, "ho, ho, Lance!"
Fran. Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now,
When all's done; some such youth will carry her,
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some dunce,
That knows no more but markets, and admires
Nothing but a long charge at 'sizes. Oh, the fortunes!

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE *apart.*

Lance. Comfort yourself.
Luce. They are here yet, and alone too:
Boldly upon't!——Nay, mistress, I still told you
How you would find your trust; this 'tis to venture
Your charity upon a boy.
Lance. Now, what's the matter?
Stand fast and like yourself.
Isab. Pr'ythee, no more, wench.
Luce. What was his want to you?
Isab. 'Tis true.
Luce. Or misery?
Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no mercy
To look abroad but yours?
Isab. I am paid for fooling.
Luce. Must every slight companion that can purchase
A shew of poverty, and beggarly planet,[1]

[1] *A shew of poverty and* beggarly planet.] *i. e.* "Every man who appears by his dress to labour under the influence of a beg-

Fall under your compassion?
Lance. Here's new matter.
Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he stays yet;
Yet, as I live!
Fran. How her face alters on me!
Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.
Isab. I'm glad on't.
Fran. How do you, gentle lady?
Isab. Much asham'd, sir,—
(But first stand further off me; you're infectious)—
To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,
Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,
The gratitude you were so mad to make me,
Your trim council, gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*
Lance. What, lady?
Isab. Take your device again; it will not serve, sir;
The woman will not bite; you're finely cozen'd!
Drop it no more, for shame!
Luce. Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your waist-coateers,* your base wenches

garly planet;" not as Seward explains, "Each beggarly wanderer;" for the wandering of planets was certainly not in the mind of our authors. He is, however, not content with his own explanation, but reads, "A shew of poverty and beggary." Such a shew he certainly exhibited in most of his editorial lucubrations.

* *Waist-coateers.*] Strumpets. A kind of waistcoat was a dress peculiar to that class of females, and is alluded to frequently in these plays. See the Humorous Lieutenant, the Noble Gentleman, &c. In the Honest Whore, by Decker, Matheo says to Bellafront the heroine of the piece, after having invited her to supper to the Antilope, "You'd best come like a mad-woman, without a band in your *waistcoat*, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging." See also Massinger's City Madam, and Mr Gifford's note, vol. iv., p. 52.

That scratch at such occasions? You're deluded:
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyes above your pitch.[3]

Fran. I do acknowledge——

[ISAB. *gives him the ring.*

Isab. Then I beseech you, sir, what could you see,—
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil!)—
In my behaviour, of such easiness,
That you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me:
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, sir.

Isab. I took it up too,
Still looking when your modesty should miss it:
Why, what a childish part was this!

Fran. I vow——

Isab. Vow me no vows! He that dares do this,
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.
There, take your gewgaw! You are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiser, if you can; and so farewell, sir!

[*Exeunt* ISAB. *and* LUCE.

Lance. "Grow wiser, if you can!" She has put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?

Fran. Never;
Ne'er saw it afore, Lance.

[3] *And eyes above your pitch.*] In the edition of 1750, the word *eyes* appears as a substantive. It is certainly a verb, and Luce's meaning is, "She *looks* higher, or for a better match, than you." Ed. 1778. The meaning may, however, be, "Builds her nest above your pitch," from the sense of the word *eye* in falconry.

Lance. Thereby hangs a tale then.
What slight she makes to catch herself! Look up, sir;
You cannot lose her, if you would. How daintily
She flies upon the lure and cunningly
She makes her stoops![4] Whistle, and she'll come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happy.

Lance. Maids are clocks:
The greatest wheel, they shew, goes slowest to us,
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser,
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and marrow,
Young as her purpose, and soft as pity;
No monument to worship, but a mould,
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough,
You are stark blind if you hit not soon. At night,
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel
A flea in your shape bite her! "Drop no more rings," forsooth!
This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by!

Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.

Lance. Put yourself in
Good comfort! If she do not point you out the way—
"Drop no more rings!" she'll drop herself into you.

[4] *Stops.*] So the old quarto. Properly altered by Sympson, the allusion being to the technical term *stooping* in falconry, from which science all the metaphors of this speech are taken.

Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.
Lance. Let him alone,
And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic,
And let's be monstrous wise, and full of counsel
"Drop no more rings!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in the same.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

L. Hea. If you will needs be foolish, you must be us'd so.
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,
And impudently bold; press on my patience,
As if I kept a house for all companions,
And of all sorts; will have your wills, will vex me,[5]
And force my liking from you. I ne'er ow'd[6] you
Fount For all this, we will dine with you.
Bel. And, for all this,

[5] *'Will have your wills, 'will vex me.*] So the old copies. The modern ones place the word *you* before *have* and *vex*; an unnecessary alteration, as they are evidently meant to be understood only, by the signs of elision in the quarto and folio. In the same manner they make a separate sentence of it, placing a full point after *sorts*, and a mark of interrogation after *force my liking from you*; whereas the whole is one continued sentence, from the words *you came crowding*, and is pointed as such in the old copies.

[6] *Ow'd.*] *i. e.* Own'd you as my acquaintance.

Will have a better answer from you.
L. Hea. You shall never;
Neither have an answer nor a dinner, unless you use me
With a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

Enter ISABELLA, *followed by* SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH, *with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now!
Rog. Come, gentlemen,
March fairly.
Short. Roger, you are a weak serving-man;
Your white broth runs from you! Fie, how I sweat
Under this pile of beef: An elephant
Can do more! Oh, for such a back now,
And in these times, what might a man arrive at!
Goose grase you up, and woodcock march behind thee;
I am almost founder'd!
L. Hea. Who bid you bring the meat yet?
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours.
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it back,
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,
To send before I call'd!
Short. Faces about,[7] gentlemen;

[7] *Faces about.*] This expression the reader will find explained in a note on the Scornful Lady. The modern editors, not understanding it, and in their rage of correcting, read *face about.* The same rage has induced those gentlemen to make several *slight alterations,* in the course of a few lines hereabouts, equally bold, and more injurious to the sense.—They make the widow say, *And stay* MY *time too,* (meaning, *as long as I please,*) instead of YOUR *time,* (*the month I have commanded you to be silent.*) One of the lovers declares, according to them, *We dare to pretend* NO, (which

Beat a mournful march then, and give some supporters,
Or else I perish! [*Exeunt Servants.*

Isab. It does me much good
To see her chafe thus.

Hare. We can stay, madam,
And will stay and dwell here; 'tis good air.

Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.

L. Hea. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend on. Since you are churlish,
We'll give you physic: you must purge this anger;
It burns you, and decays you.

L. Hea. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady.

L. Hea. Good morrow, sir.—
How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly!
What slaves were these to use him so! [*Aside.*

Val. I come
To look [8] a young man I call brother.

L. Hea. Such a one

can on be understood, *We deny our wanting meat,*) instead of saying, with the old copy, *We dare to pretend* ON, (*we shall carry our demands* FURTHER.) And poor Lance is made most blunderingly to assert, when speaking of Isabella, *At night* HE *would venture forty pounds more, but to feel a flea in your shape bite* HER. Ed. 1778.

It is to be lamented that the last editors were not always so careful themselves in comparing the text from which they printed. Some of their oversights are mentioned in the notes, but the greater number corrected silently.

[8] *To look.*] Frequently, in old language, signifies *to look for.*

Was here, sir, as I remember, your own brother,
But gone almost an hour ago.

Val. Good e'en, then!

L. Hea. You must not so soon, sir; here be some gentlemen;
It may be you're acquainted with 'em.

Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount How glorious!

Bel. It is the very he! Does it rain fortunes,
Or has he a familiar?[9]

Hare. How doggedly he looks too?

Fount. I am beyond my faith! Pray, let's be going.

Val. Where are these gentlemen?

L. Hea. Here.

Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.

Bel. 'Morrow, madam!

L. Hea. Nay, stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but fastingly my fury.[1]
You think you have undone me; think so still,
And swallow that belief, 'till you be company
For court hand clerks and starved attornies;
'Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars

[9] *Familiar.*] A familiar spirit, a sort of attendant not uncommon in the days of James I.

[1] *But fastingly my fury.*] Mr Sympson reads, *but fasting on my fury.* My first conjecture was, BIDE *my fury;* but as *fly* is nearest the trace of the letters, and seems to me good sense, I think it most probably the original. Mr Theobald reads, *bide.* *Seward.*

And Mr Seward, *But fasting fly.* I have restored the reading of the quarto. Valentine says, "You shall await my fury without having dined, and therefore fastingly;" an uncommon adverb certainly, but not more so than many others coined by the old dramatic writers.

In penny rooms again,[2] and fight for apples;
'Till you return to what I found you, people
Betray'd into the hands of fencers', challengers',
Tooth-drawers' bills,[3] and tedious proclamations
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses—
(Stir not, but hear, and mark: I'll cut your throats else!—)
Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,
Ride you again, and run you into questions
Who built the Thames;[4] till you run mad for lotteries,
And stand there with your tables[5] to glean
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly
To serving-men for sound essays; till taverns
Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice, and glasses

[2] *Penny rooms.*] The same cheap accommodations in play-houses are mentioned in Decker's Gul's Hornebooke, 1609:—"Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the *penny*." See a former note on this play, p. 12.

[3] *Fencers', challengers', tooth-drawers' bills.*] It was usual, in our authors' days, to affix the bills of different trades, who stood in need of popularity, in public places, particularly in St Paul's Cathedral. Those of fencers, and those containing defiances for any trial of skill, chiefly in the noble science of defence, are admirably ridiculed in several of Ben. Jonson's comedies.

[4] Who built *Theamea.*] So the first quarto. We have, with Mr Seward, followed the second, only inserting the particle *the.* Ed. 1778. The allusion to the New River, projected in the time of James I., is sufficiently plain That to the *building of the Thames*, is not explicable as sense; but the authors most probably wish only to exemplify the absurd stupidity of the conversation among the three suitors, previous to their acquaintance with Valentine.

[5] *Tables*] *i. e.* Table-books, which were generally made of little squares of slate, and were carried by the gallants of the time. The custom of writing down witticisms, quaint phrases, and new-coined words, in order to retail them in private companies, is a constant butt for the satirists of the time.

That look like broken promises, tied up
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,
With half pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biscuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like corals, [6]
To bring the mark again; 'till this hour, rascals, [7]
(For this most fatal hour will come again,)
Think I sit down the loser!

L. Hea. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all:
You know you're welcome.

Hare. That was cast to abuse us. [8]

Bel Steal off: the devil is in his anger!

L. Hea. Nay, I am sure
You will not leave me so discourteously,
Now I've provided for you.

Val. What do ye here?
Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,
Her state and worth? Can you bring a fair certificate
That ye deserve to be her footmen? Husbands, ye puppies?
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-suckers!
Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,
And, when you're gone, seem to laugh at my fury,
And slight this lady! I shall hear, and know this;
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,

[6] *Corals.*] It seems to have been usual to apply coral to the gums in our authors' time

Decker, relating the knavish tricks of ostlers, speaks of "their rubbing the horses' teeth with a candle, (instead of *coral*,)" to prevent them from eating their hay.

[7] *Tell these hour rascals* so, *this most fatal hour will come again.*] Thus the old quarto. The emendation in the text was made in 1778.

[8] Humph. *That was cast*, &c.] The old editions give this speech to Humphrey.

As far as they are good, I dare preserve 'em.
Be not too bold; for if you be I'll swinge you,
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.
Your honours, now go! avoid me mainly!

[*Exeunt* FOUNT BEL. *and* HARE.

L. Hea. Well, sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And, with your nobleness, prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not trust myself with women.
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honestly; and so I thank you!

[*Exit.*

L. Hea. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And some means I must work to have thee know it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Hall in Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and Merchant.*

Lov. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up,
And her sister relieves Frank.

Mer. I'm glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune
To some fair end?

Lov. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,

They would strike it out o' th' flint but they would form it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* SHORTHOSE.

Mer. The widow, sure! Why does she stir so early? [*They retire.*

L. Hea. 'Tis strange I can't force him to understand me,
And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.—
Tell my sister I'll use my devotions
At home this morning; she may, if she please, go to church.

Short. Hey ho!

L. Hea. And do you wait upon her with a torch, sir.

Short. Hey ho!

L. Hea. You lazy knave!

Short. Here is such a tinkle-tanklings, that we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out. Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your chamber-pot, and burn a little rosemary in't: I must wait upon my lady. This morning-prayer has brought me into a consumption; I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

L. Hea. You drousy slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!

Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I have been, and haunted with the night-mare—

L. Hea. With an ale-pot!

Short. You would have little list to morning-prayers. Pray, take my fellow, Ralph; he has a psalm-book: I am an ingrum man. [9]

[9] *Ingrum.*] This is, as we conjecture, a vitiation of *ignorant*, similar to Dogberry's *vagrom* for *vagrant*. Ed. 1778.

Ingrant, a similar intended corruption, occurs in the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

L. Hea. Get you ready quickly,
And, when she's ready, wait upon her handsomely.
No more; be gone!
Short. If I do snore my part out—— [*Exit.*
Lov. Now to our purposes.
Mer. Good morrow, madam! [*Coming forward.*
L. Hea. Good morrow, gentlemen!
Lov. Good joy and fortune!
L. Hea. These are good things, and worth my thanks: I thank you, sir.
Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find: We came to gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.
L. Hea. How?
Lov. He's a gentleman,
Altho' he be my kinsman, my fair niece.
L. Hea. Niece, sir?
Lov. Yes, lady, now I may say so;
'Tis no shame to you! I say, a gentleman,
And, winking at some light fancies, which you
Most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried,
As nobly bred and managed——
L. Hea. What's all this?
I understand you not. What niece, what marriage-knot?
Lov. I'll tell plainly:
You are my niece, and Valentine, the gentleman,
Has made you so by marriage.
L. Hea. Marriage?
Lov. Yes, lady;
And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.
L. Hea. The men are mad!
Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things that fly away like shadows,
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?

You've wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.

Lov. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew,
Howe'er he wheel'd about like a loose carbine,[1]
He would charge home at length, like a brave gentleman.
Heav'n's blessing o' your heart, lady! We're so bound to honour you;
In all your service so devoted to you——

Lov. Don't look so strange, widow; it must be known;
Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?
Come, come, you cannot hide it.[2]

L. Hea. Pray be not impudent:
These are the finest toys! Belike I am married then?

Mer. You are in a miserable estate i' th' world's account else:
I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

L. Hea. And I am great with child?

Lov. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;

[1] *Cabine.*] A *carbine* is a term for a horse soldier, and used by our authors in another play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine reading, though Mr Theobald did, for I sent to him, and find it in his margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in use in our authors' time. I have Mr Sympson's concurrence, who says he had corrected it so at the first reading. *Seward.*

If it were not for the words, "He would charge home at length," I should suppose the old reading right, and that the *cabines* upon wheels, used in various parts of England by tinkers and other wandering tradesmen, were alluded to. Cotgrave, however, has the word *carbine* in the same sense as it is interpreted by Seward.

[2] *Hide it.*] Old copies—*hide 'um.*

And great joy [3] among the gentlemen;
Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance,
How long, and when he stay'd; could name the bed too,
Where he paid down his first-fruits.
L. Hea. I shall believe anon.
Lov. And we consider, for some private reasons,
You'd have it private; yet take your own pleasure:
And so good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!
L. Hea. No, no, pray stay.
Lov. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well!
Mer. You'll find him noble.—
This may beget——
Lov. It must needs work upon her. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and Merchant.*
L. Hea. These are fine bobs,[4] i' faith! Married, and with child too!
How long has this been, I trow? They seem grave fellows;
They should not come to flout. Married, and bedded!
The world take notice too! Where lies this May-game? [5]

[3] *And great joy.*] The modern editors silently read, "And *there's* great joy." There is no reason for the alteration, unless it be thought necessary to supply a word, whenever our authors, (who were by no means nice in this respect,) have left a line defective in a foot.

[4] *Bobs.*] Fooleries. So Don John, in the Chances, exclaims,

"Was ever man so paid for being curious,
Ever so *bobbed* for searching out adventures?"

[5] *May-game.*] Alluding to the Morris-dances and other games usual on May-day.

I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Must I be scratch'd I know not how?—Who waits
there?

Enter HUMPHRY.

Hum. Madam!
L. Hea. Make ready my coach quickly, and
wait you only;
And hark you, sir! be secret and speedy!
[*Whisper.*
Inquire out where he lies.
Hum. I shall do it, madam. [*Exit* HUMPHRY.
L. Hea. Married, and got with child in a dream!
'tis fine, i' faith!
Sure, he that did this would do better waking.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, LANCE, *drunk, and a Boy with a torch.*

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely! How dost
thou, Frank?
Peter Bassel, bear up!
Frank. You've fried me soundly. [6]
Sack do you call this drink?
Val. A shrewd dog, Frank;
Will bite abundantly.
Lance. Now could I fight, and fight with thee—

[6] *Fried me.*] Mason proposes to substitute *fired me.* But the word is no doubt one of the innumerable synonyms for getting drunk.

Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?

Lance. But that thou art my own natural master. Yet my sack says thou'rt no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawn'st thy land, which is a noble cause.

Val. No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;
Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands, boy,
Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy!
Hang fighting, hang't; 'tis out of fashion.

Lance. I would fain labour you into your lands again.
Go to; it is behoveful.[7]

Fran. Fie, Lance, fie!

Lance. I must beat somebody, and why not my master before a stranger? Charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lance. I will not be compelled, an' you were two masters: I scorn the motion!

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lance. I scorn sleep!

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance. I scorn meat: I come for rompering; I come to wait upon my charge discreetly; for, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again, here do I lie, St George, and so forth.

[*Lyes down.*

Val. And here do I, St George, bestride the dragon!
Thus, with my lance——

Lance. I sting, I sting with my tail.

7 *It is behoveful.*] Proper, for your interest. So in the gravedigger's song in Hamlet:

" To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my *behove*,
O, methought there was nothing so meet."

Val. Do you so, do you so, sir? I shall tail you presently!

Fran. By no means; do not hurt him!

Val. Take his Nellson:[8]
And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malligo![9]
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,
And charge again.

Lance. I play no more: you abuse me!
Will you go?

Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, brother;
For sleep I cannot; I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou'rt arrived, go bravely to the matter,
And do something of worth, Frank.

Lance. You shall hear from us.

[*Exeunt* LANCE *and* FRANCISCO.

Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure, had beaten me.

[8] *Nellson.*] Probably a cant term for a sword. I have never met with this expression in any other old play.

[9] *Malligo.*] The modern editors read Malaga, of which the reading in the text is evidently a corruption. The wine is mentioned by the same name, with others, in the following stanza of a gipsy song in an old play:

"Welcome, poet, to our ging,
Make rimes, we'll give thee reason;
Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason.
Peter-see-me shall wash thy nowle,
And *Malligo* glasses fox thee;
If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
Thou shalt not kiss a doxy."

Middleton and Rowley's Spanish Gipsey, Lond. 1661, sign. E. the plot of which play is taken from two novels of Cervantes,—La Gitanilla, and La Fuerza del Sangre.

He's the most tettish[1] knave!

Enter LOVEGOOD, *Merchant, and Boy,*[2] *with a torch.*

Lov. 'Tis he.
Mer. Good morrow!
Val. Why, sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.
Lov. You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.
Val. I made him a fine gentleman; he was
A fool before, brought up amongst the midst[3]
Of small-beer brew-houses. What would you have with me?
Mer. I come to tell you your latest hour is come.
Val. Are you my sentence?
Mer. The sentence of your state.
Val. Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd high enough,
I may not see't.

[1] *Tettish.*] The same as *tetchy,* peevish, fretful, irritable. So in the Tamer Tamed:

"Whate'er she says,
You must bear manly, Rowland, for her sickness
Has made her somewhat *teatish.*"

[2] *Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.*] Thus say the quartos: the folio of 1679 says, *boy.* Probably May was the person who personated the torch-bearer, designated by his own name in the prompt-books. Similar corruptions occur in several quarto editions of old plays.

[3] *Amongst the* mist *of small-beer brew-houses.*] So Mr Seward would have us read, and expatiates upon his happy ideas triumphantly, in a note of fourteen lines, which his successors, in 1778, in another of ten, combat. For their interesting warfare, we refer our readers to their editions.

Lov. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you else with me? Will you go drink,
And let the world slide, uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boys!
Drink sack like whey, boys!

Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?

Val. Come hither, merchant! Make me a supper,
Thou most reverend land-catcher, a supper of forty pounds!

Mer. What then, sir?

Val. Then bring thy wife along, and thy fair sisters,
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!
We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;
And then in state I'll render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Lov. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state? Speak to the point, sir.

Val. No, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's galleys.

Mer. Then I must take an order.

Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;
Because thou cam'st i' th' nick, thou shalt not have it!
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you such a knell! Go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, "All's mine!"
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:

Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpanes,[4]
To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;
And pull the chapel down, to raise[5] a chamber
For Mistress Silver-pin to lay her belly in.
Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, foolish merchant,
My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing,
And they are people too were never christen'd;
They know no law nor conscience; they'll devour thee,
An thou art mortal staple;[6] they'll confound thee
Within three days; no bit nor memory
Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there,
Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take possession,

[4] *Build marchpanes.*] This fashionable confection of former days, (still in high repute on the continent,) was composed, according to Mr Steevens, of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. From an entry in the stationers' books, it appears that, in 1560, twenty-six shillings and eight pence were paid for nine marchpanes. Considering the value of money at that time, they must have been of a very large kind; and, from the phrase "building marchpane," in the text, it may be inferred, that various kinds of figures were formed of this confection, as well as of other species of pastry. The Cook, in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, boasts of "raising fortifications in the pastry." And, from a passage in Rule a Wife and have a Wife, it appears that marchpane was also fashioned into the likeness of a man.

[5] To *raise.*] Folio and modern editions,—*and* raise.

[6] *They'll devour thee: and thou mortall the stople, they'll confound thee.*] This is the reading of the old copies, which is so corrupted, that some violent alteration must be resorted to. Mr Seward reads as in the text, and this emendation is the most plausible of two he has proposed, and signifies, "They will devour thee, if thou art made of mortal stuff or merchandize." The last editors adopt the other proposal of Seward, making Valentine address the merchant by the nickname *Staple;* and Mr Sympson wishes to read, very licentiously, "Thou mortal of the staple."

And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits;
They love young toasts and butter, (Bow-bell[7]
suckers,)
As they love mischief, and hate law; they're cannibals!
Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful;
There be those mandrakes[8] that will mollify 'em!
Go, take possession! I'll go to my chamber.
Afore, boy, go! [*Exeunt* VAL. *and Boy.*

Mer. He's mad, sure!

Lov. He's half drunk, sure!
And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it,
This looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely;
But he's so harsh and strange!

Lov. Believe it, 'tis his drink, sir;
And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals?
If e'er I come to view his regiments,
If fair terms may be had——

Lov. He tells you true, sir;
They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals
Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,
The power of the whole country cannot cool 'em.
Be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will, sir.
Before I buy a bargain of such runts,[9]
I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em!
[*Exeunt.*

7 *Bow-bell.*] One born within the sound of Bow bell is stigmatized by the term—cockney.

8 *Mandrakes.*] The root of this plant is supposed to resemble the lower limbs of a man, and to have certain prolific qualities; whence it came to be an obscene term, which is several times used by Falstaff.

9 *Runts.*] Trunks of trees; here, metaphorically, for rude boors. Gawain Douglas, in his Palice of Honour, speaks of

"Auld rottin *runtis* quharin na sap was leifit."

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter Francisco, Lance, *and Boy with a torch.*

Fran. How dost thou now?
Lance. Better than I was, and straighter;
But my head's a hogshead still; it rowls and tumbles.
Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.
Lance. I may live to requite it;
Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me![1]
Very well!
Fran. 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean now:
I mean to see this wench.
Lance. Where a devil is she?
An there were two, 'twere better.
Fran. Dost thou hear
The bell ring?
Lance. Yes, yes.
Fran. Then she comes to pray'rs,
Early each morning thither: Now, if I could but meet her,
For I am of another metal now——

Enter Isabella *and* Shorthose, *with a torch.*

Lance. What light's yond?

[1] Alluding to Valentine's *bestriding* him in a former scene.

Fran. Ha! 'tis a light: take her by the hand, and court her?

Lance. Take her below the girdle; you'll ne'er speed else.—
It comes on this way still. O that I had
But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she:
Fortune, I kiss thy hand!—Good morrow, lady!

Isab. What voice is that? Sirrah, do you sleep
As you go?—'Tis he: I'm glad on't!—Why, Short-hose!

Short. Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.

Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold thy torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't. Where did you see the voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lance. To her, and meet, sir!

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, lady!
Never bless yourself:[2] I am but a man,
And like an honest man, now I will thank you.

Isab. What do you mean? Who sent for you? Who desir'd you——

Short. Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?

Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!
But such companions as you must ruffle me?[3]
You had best go with me, sir!

[2] ——— *bless yourself.*] Alluding to the custom of crossing ones self, at the appearance of something strange or wonderful.

[3] Ruffle *me.*] To *ruffle* was to be noisy, to swagger; and a ruffler, a kind of cheating vagabond. As such he is enumerated amongst others of his kind by Holinshed.

Fran. It was my purpose.

Isab. Why, what an impudence is this? You had best,
Being so near the church, provide a priest,
And persuade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning;
And such a husband, so loving and so careful!
My youth and all my fortunes shall arrive at——
Hark you!

Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly!—
Turn home again, sirrah!—[*To* SHORT.] You had best now force
My man to lead your way!

Lance. Yes, marry, shall he, lady[4]——
Forward, my friend!

Isab. This is a pretty riot:
It may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better?
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing; I am asleep still. When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake, mistress.

Isab. Are you in earnest, sir? Do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.

Isab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No, by no means;
That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*

[4] Lance. *Yes, marry, shall he, lady*, &c.] This speech has been hitherto given to Lance, though so evidently belonging to Francisco.—Ed. 1778.

I can see no impropriety in Lance speaking this speech. In the next page he again says to Shorthose, "Afore, thou dream!"—

Isab. You'll answer all these?
Fran. A thousand kisses more!
Isab. I was never abus'd thus!
You had best give out too, that you found me willing,
And say I doated on you.
Fran. That's known already,
And no man living shall now carry you from me.
Isab This is fine, i'faith.
Fran. It shall be ten times finer.
Isab. Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep your way;
I will to church.
Fran. And I will wait upon you.
Isab. And it is
Most likely there's a priest, if you dare venture
As you profess: I'd wish you look about you,
To do these rude tricks, for you know their recompences;
And trust not to my mercy!
Fran. But I will, lady.
Isab. For I'll so handle you.
Fran. That's it I look for.
Lance. Afore, thou dream!
Short. Have you done?
Isab. Go on, sir!— [*To* SHORT.
And follow, if you dare!
Fran. If I don't, hang me!
Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an 'twere a million!—
God-a-mercy, sack! When would small-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

VALENTINE'S *Bed Chamber.*

[*Knocking within.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Who's that, that knocks and bounces? What a devil ails you?
Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, sir, that must needs speak with you.
Val. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman?—What have I to do
With gentlewomen?
Serv. She will not be answer'd, sir.
Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll try
How gentle she is. [*Exit Serv.*] This sack has fill'd my head
So full of baubles,[5] I am almost mad.
What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has

[5] *Bables.*] Old editions.—Mr Seward proposes to read Babels, and is followed in the edition of 1778. There is no capital at the beginning of the word in the quartos and folio; and the word in the text is much more natural, than that Valentine should complain of his head being full of towers of Babel! Baubles were often spelt *bables* in the time of our authors; as in the Compter's Commonwealth, by Fennor:
"Reams of brown paper, jews trumps, and *bables*, babies and rattles."

Brought me no butter-print[6] along with her,
To lay to my charge: If she have, 'tis all one;
I'll forswear it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *with the Servant.*

L. Hea. Oh, you're a noble gallant!
Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit Serv.*
Val. She will not ravish me?
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow-hawk!—
What wouldst thou, woman?
L. Hea. Oh, you have us'd me kindly,
And like a gentleman! This 'tis to trust to you.
Val. Trust to me! for what?
L. Hea. Because I said in jest once,
You were a handsome man, one I could like well,
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,
And might be brought to marry——
Val. The widow's drunk too!
L. Hea. You, out of this (which is a fine discretion)
Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,
And that you have put fairly for an heir too:
These are fine rumours to advance my credit!
I' th' name of mischief, what did you mean?
Val. That you lov'd me,
And that you might be brought to marry me?—
Why, what a devil do you mean, widow?
L. Hea. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,

[6] ——— *butter-print.*] The same word for a child occurs in The Chances, Act I., Sc. VI.:

" ——— Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when you've purchased
A bevy of these *butter-prints* together.'

Tho' you had enjoy'd your first wish you wish'd,
The wealth you aim'd [not] at;[7] that I was poor,
Which is most true I am; have sold my lands,
Because I love not those vexations:
Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,
And for my credit's sake i' th' town——

Val. I tell thee, widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands;
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,
If e'er thou marriest more.

L. Hea. Have not you married me,
And for this main cause, now as you report it,
To be your nurse?

Val. My nurse! Why, what am I grown to?
Give me the glass! My nurse?

L. Hea. You ne'er said truer.
I must confess, I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been persuaded;
But when I found I must be hourly troubled
With making broths, and daubing your decays,
With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins;
For the world so reports——

Val. Do not provoke me!

L. Hea. And half an eye may see——

Val. Do not provoke me!
The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it!
Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,
And mark what follows. My nurse? Yes, you shall rock me:
Widow, I'll keep you waking!

7 *The wealth you aim'd at.*] We have added the word *not* here, the sense requiring it.—Ed. 1778. In the preceding line, the word *which* is to be understood before *you wished.*

L. Hea. You're disposed, sir.[8]
Val. Yes, marry am I, widow; and you shall feel it!
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger!
L. Hea. I think so.
Val. Come!
L. Hea. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now,
The fit's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit's upon me now!
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too;
Let the cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now!

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein!
Away with me; for if I have but two hours to consider,
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.
L. Hea. If you will go with me, sir——
Val. Yes, marry will I;
But 'tis in anger yet! and I will marry thee:
Do not cross me! Yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I will kiss thee!
Stand still and kiss me handsomely but don't provoke me!
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous!
I drunk sack yesternight: do not allure me!
Thou art no widow of this world! Come! in pity

[8] *You're* disposed, *sir.*] You are merry. See a note on the Custom of the Country, Act I., Sc. I.

And in spite I'll marry thee, (not a word more!)
And I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Street.

Enter Merchant *and* LOVEGOOD, *at several doors.*

Mer. Well met again! and what good news yet?
Lov. 'Faith, nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we sow'd?
Lov. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Lov. 'Tis all flood;
And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, LANCE, *and* SHORT-HOSE, *with a torch.*

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Lov. With a gentlewoman;
The widow's sister, as I live! He smiles:
He's got good hold. Why, well said, Frank, i'-faith!
Let's stay and mark.
Isab. Well, you're the prettiest youth!
And so you have handled me, think you have me sure?
Fran. As sure as wedlock.
Isab. You'd best lie with me too.
Fran. Yes, indeed will I; and get such black-eyed boys!
Lov. God-a-mercy, Frank!

Isab. This is a merry world! poor simple gentlewomen,
That think no harm, cannot walk about their business,
But they must be catch'd up I know not how.
Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.
Have I caught you, mistress?
Isab. Well, an it were not for pure pity,
I would give you the slip yet; but being as it is——
Fran. It shall be better.

Enter VALENTINE, LADY HEARTWELL, *and* RALPH, *with a torch.*

Isab. My sister, as I live! your brother with her!
Sure I think you are the king's takers.[9]
Lov. Now it works.
Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.
L. Hea. I think so.
Val. And such proof you shall have!
L. Hea. I pray, speak softly.
Val. I'll speak it out, widow; yes, and you shall confess too,
I am no nurse-child: I went for a man,
A good one: if you can beat me out o' th' pit[1]—
L. Hea. I did but jest with you.
Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you!
Nay, when my credit calls——
L. Hea. Are you mad?

[9] *King's takers.*] The king's takers means those officers of the household who, when the king was on his progress, were employed to take up carriages and other necessaries for his use.—MASON.

[1] *If you can beat me out o' th'* pit.] An allusion to the cock-pit, where boxing-matches are fought.

this 's brother,	used in place of	this his brother,
I w's going,		I was going,
nei'er,		neither,
s' loving,		so loving,
f'r all this,		for all this,
g'd morrow,		good morrow,
sharp set 's 'sparrow-hawk,		sharp set as a sparrow-hawk,

with multitudes similar; for we only mention such contractions as first occur to us, by way of specimen?—And if to these verbal assassinations we should (in aid of our equi-syllabic pursuit) add the introducing such arbitrary variations as to read

———To think well of Ourselves, if we deserve it, *it* is, *Sir*, a lustre *in's*,	To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is a lustre *in us*,
'*Twas* rarely *ta'en*,	'*T has* taken rarely,
'T has rid us fair of an encumberance,	It has rid us of a fair encumbrance,
That he who doth entreat intrudes,	*He that* entreats intrudes,
'*Tis* beyond faith, let's be going,	*I am* beyond *my* faith, *pray* let's be going,
There are *here* some gentlemen,	Here be some gentlemen,
Now I'm another metal,	For I am of another metal now,

together with *interpolations*, *omissions*, and *transpositions*, *ad infinitum*; when convicted of all these, so far from expecting applause, can they hope for pardon, or think to avoid the severest censure? We beg to have it understood, that the freedoms which we object to are such as the editors have not mentioned in their notes.—Noticed variations (but those variations should ever be made with the greatest caution, and not without an apparent urgent necessity) are in some degree allowable; others, we think, highly reprehensible.—The whole of this play was printed under the inspection of Mr Seward, whose only object of consideration seems to have been, the establishment of metre, no matter by what means: to him, therefore, we are to ascribe the above-mentioned violences.

We have no doubt but the play of Wit without Money was written in verse; but it is at the same time certain, that either our authors were more licentious in this comedy than in all their other plays put together, or else that the players, "by whom, as Mr Seward supposes, this play was divested of its measure, in order to render the dialogue more low and farcical," and who did not

publish it till fourteen years after Fletcher's demise, were so successful in their anti-heroic endeavour, that it appears totally impossible ever to effect a thorough restoration of the metre.

All we can assure the reader is, that we have carefully adhered to the old copies, where the sense did not demand variation; that we have submitted such variations as we thought ourselves obliged to make to the judgment of the reader; and that (induced as well by the licentiousness of the old poetic writers, as a desire to be faithful editors) we have preferred *leaving faulty verses*, to *castration of language for regularity of measure.*—Ed. 1778.

This note has been retained, as a monument of the qualifications which the editors of 1750 were possessed of, when they proceeded to the execution of their task. Had those who took charge of the edition of 1778 faithfully and assiduously collated the text, not in difficult passages only, but throughout, with the oldest copies, a great portion of the labour which has devolved upon the present editor would have been unnecessary.

THE

SCORNFUL LADY.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

This very popular comedy was first printed in 1616, one year after the death of Beaumont, with the following title: "The Scornful Lady; a Comedie, as it was acted (with great applause) by the Children of her Majesties Revels, in the Blackfriers. Written by Fra. Beaumont and Jo. Fletcher, Gent. London, printed for Myles Patrich, &c., 1616," 4to. The second quarto was printed in 1625, as "acted by the King's Majesties Servants in the Blackfryers," for M. P., (Myles Patrich,) and sold by Thomas Jones. A third edition appeared in 1630, printed by B. A. and T. F., for T. Jones: the fourth I have never met with, nor am I able to determine in what year it was published. In 1639, the fifth was printed by M. P., for Robert Wilson. In 1651, Humphry Mosely issued "The sixt edition, corrected and amended." He accordingly took most unwarrantable liberties with the text; but, notwithstanding this, his quarto was adopted as the text-book for the editions of 1750 and 1778, though the copy in the second folio of 1679 was printed from one of the earlier quartos. For the present edition the text of the first quarto has been taken as the standard; but the numerous instances which occurred where that copy varied from the edition of 1778 have been collated with all the other quartos, except the fourth, for the reason above specified. But the fifth differing in a very trifling degree from the third, it may be presumed that the fourth was almost identical with the latter.

There is every reason to suppose that this comedy was produced by our authors conjunctly. From the mention of the Cleves wars, the comedy cannot have been produced before 1609, when the death of the last duke produced those violent concussions which were not settled finally until 1659.

Kirkman, who, in the year 1673, published a collection of drolls, or farces, extracted from the most favourite plays, and adapted for representation at fairs, under the title of "The Wits, or Sport

upon Sport," has one entitled, "The False Heir," professedly taken from this comedy.

In the time of Dryden, the Scornful Lady was still a stock-play; and the superior merit of Mrs Oldfield, in the character of the Lady, insured its popularity during her life-time. Some years after the middle of the eighteenth century it was revived, and hissed by the audience! Mr Addison formed the character of Vellum, in the Drummer, confessedly from that of Savil, in the present play.

This comedy, as has been already observed in the remarks upon "Wit without Money," is formed upon the model of Ben Jonson. The hand of Fletcher is indeed still less visible than in the play just mentioned. It is written throughout with Beaumont's predilection for the legitimate comedy, unmingled with those serious and playful scenes which Fletcher so much delighted to engraft into every play he produced singly. The authors closely imitated the Adelphi of Terence, in the circumstance for which they have been most blamed in the plot of the play; for the sudden change in Morecraft's character is evidently borrowed from that of Demea; and his request that Savil may have the keys again, is very similar to Demea's insisting upon Syrus being freed. Dryden, in his Essay on Dramatic Poesy, has the following observations on the character of Morecraft:

"The conversion of the usurer seems to me a little forced; for being a usurer, which implies a lover of money to the highest degree of covetousness, (and such the poet has represented him,) the account he gives for the sudden change is, that he has been duped by the wild young fellow; which, in reason, might render him more wary another time, and make him punish himself with harder fare and coarser clothes, to get up again what he had lost; but that he should look on it as a judgment, and so repent, we may expect to hear in a sermon, but I should never endure it in a play."

The same observation has been repeated by Theobald, in somewhat different language; and, notwithstanding the palliation offered by the last editors, that Morecraft's sudden change of conduct was not by the authors intended to be considered as real, but that they, like Terence, in the comedy mentioned above, only wished to ridicule the assumed complaisance, gaiety, and liberality of the usurer, we must allow the general validity of the objection. Indeed, the catastrophe is managed with less skill than generally is exhibited in the plays of these authors, who are yet by no means very expert in that part of dramatic mechanism. Upon the whole, I cannot consider this comedy as one of the happiest of those collected in these volumes. There is, no doubt, abundance of admirable humour, and some scenes may be found here which only find their parallels in Shakspeare and Jonson. But the characters have a certain repelling harshness, and nothing of that gay

airiness which renders those of the later productions of Fletcher so attractive. That of the younger Loveless, in particular, is reprehensible in a high degree; for he is a rake, not from weakness, but principle; and his instantaneous reformation, after having received the pretended news of his brother's death with the utmost indifference, is as unnatural to the full, as Morecraft's conversion. The Captain, who is the most considerable of the hangers-on, is an evident copy, and very inferior to his original, the matchless Ancient Pistol. Savil, indeed, is a well-drawn prototype of a good copy, Vellum, in Addison's Drummer. The degree of disgust which we feel at present at the lecherous old Abigail, will be lessened by the consideration, that the poets of the age generally drew those attendants in the most despicable colours; instances of which the plays of Jonson, Massinger, Ford, and most of their contemporaries, furnish in abundance.

The best proof that the general subject of the plot may be more agreeably though perhaps less humourously treated, is Fletcher's Wild Goose Chace, where it is completely inverted; for Mirabell is a perfect counterpiece to the Lady in the present play, as Oriana is, in some measure, to the Elder Loveless.

There can, however, be no doubt but that The Scornful Lady obtained a higher degree of popularity, both before and after the restoration, than most others of our authors' compositions: for the former, six quartos, between 1616 and 1651, vouch; and for the latter, the frequent mention of Dryden, and other writers of the period.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Elder Loveless, *a suitor to* the Lady.
Young Loveless, *a prodigal.*
Savil, *steward to Elder Loveless.*
Welford, *a suitor to* the Lady.
Sir Roger, *curate to* the Lady.
A Captain, }
A Traveller, } *hangers-on to Young Loveless.*
A Poet, }
A Tobacco-man, }
Morecraft, *an usurer.*

Lady, } *two sisters.*
Martha, }
Mrs Younglove, *or* Abigail, *a waiting gentlewoman.*
A rich Widow.

Wenches, Fiddlers, and Attendants.

SCENE, London.

THE

SCORNFUL LADY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Lady's House.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, YOUNG LOVELESS, SAVIL, *and a Page.*

El. Lo. Brother, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Yo. Lo. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.[1]

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this house

[1] *At a gulp, without trumpets.*] The allusion is here either to the drinking of healths at our public halls and city entertainments, or else to a passage in the Acharnenses of Aristophanes, upon which the old scholiast informs us, that it was a custom in Athens, at certain of their feasts, to challenge one another to drink by sound of trumpet. *Theobald.*

The allusion is undoubtedly to the former custom, which still

Yo. Lo. 'Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.—Savil, make the boat stay. [a]—I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate, to stay

prevails at some public entertainments. Could Mr Theobald forget the fourth scene of the first act of Hamlet?

"*A flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot off, within.*
Hor. What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upstart reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge."

[a] There is a great confusion in this place in the different old copies. The first quarto reads as follows:

"——or to leave the land.
Savill, make the boat stay, I fear," &c. The second is nearly the same, only placing a point after *Savil,* and thus appropriating this speech to the steward, as well as the ensuing one. The third, fifth, and sixth quartos read as follows:

"——or to leave the land.
Yo. Lo. Make the boat stay, I fear," &c.

The second folio, 1679, follows the first quarto, in giving the whole speech to the Elder Loveless, and undoubtedly with great reason, only the name Savil is omitted. Mr Mason also defends the reading of the folio, though it was unknown to him that it was nearly the original one. As that commentator observes, the Elder Loveless, "fearing that he shall be forced to begin his journey that night, desires that the boat may wait till he has taken leave of his mistress." In the next page he says to his brother, "We'll part at the stairs;" which confirms this interpretation. The editors of 1778 give the words, "Make the boat stay," to the Younger Loveless, and the rest of the speech to his elder brother.

at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your country, than to travel, and die without issue.

El. Lo. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's Mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress's toes.

Enter Younglove, *or* Abigail.

El. Lo. Mistress Younglove——

Abig. Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: my mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung above her heels.

El. Lo. I pr'ythee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for France.

Abig. I'll do't. Hark hither: is that your brother?

El. Lo. Yes: have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Oh, this is a sweet brache![3]

[3] *Oh, this is a sweet* brache!] This word occurs frequently in the old dramatic writers, and is used sometimes for a hound, and at others, as in the present instance, for a bitch.

El. Lo. Why, she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offer'd me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played murderers. She has nine spur-ryals,[4] and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldest son, (or her mistress's husband's clerk that shall be, [5]) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving-men——

El. Lo. Enough: I know her. Brother, I shall entreat you only to salute my mistress, and take leave: we'll part at the stairs.

Enter Lady *and* Younglove.

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is perform'd: What's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a favour done to me. Though the gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him

[4] *She has nine* spur-ryals.] A piece of gold coin, current in the reign of King James I., and worth 15*s*., being half a rose-royal.

[5] *Her mistress's husband's clerk* that *shall be.*] The monosyllable *that* occurs in the first and second quartos, but was omitted in all the subsequent editions. Mr Mason saw the necessity of its insertion, without knowing this authority for its introduction.

freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

El. Lo. 'Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you yourself can see——

Lady. It's a cold room this, servant.

El. Lo. Mistress——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

El. Lo. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience——

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

El. Lo. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose.

El. Lo. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man——

Lady. A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similies, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into it: My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatch'd: the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

El. Lo. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? Never apter. Fast, good servant, fast!

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly: have you brought one can speak it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress; a woman, a weak one, wildly overborne with passions: But the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff, passing in a poor water-house; the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours sail, with three poor weeks victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible) labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for [6] laughter; and, after your whole

[6] *Who is content to change language with* you for *laughter.*] So the two first quartos. All the subsequent editions read, "with *your* laughter;" which alteration annihilates the sense.

year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toys. But in this banishment, I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was one kiss forced from you in public by me so unpardonable? Why, all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you satisfied [7] the company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I

Lady. And so you told 'em.

El. Lo. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stained your cheek: You yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did: But if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

El. Lo But where lay this disgrace? The world, that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kissed? or could I, in strict wisdom, take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on;
Were the gloves bought and given, the licence come;

[7] *Satisfied.*] So the three earliest quartos. The other editions all read—"You *told* the company." To satisfy is frequently used in the sense of to *convince.*

Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all
The hippocras [8] and cakes eat and drank of;
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
Of batchelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were "I John" said;
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving languages, will, at your return,
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now.
If you dare go——

El. Lo. I dare, you know. First, let me kiss.

Lady. Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewell, cruel mistress. [*Exit* LADY.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Yo. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your tide to Gravesend; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

El. Lo. I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-

[8] *Hippocras.*] This was a wine spiced, and strained through a flannel bag, formerly in much request at weddings, wakes, &c.—The strainer, we are told, was called Hippocrates's sleeve. I know there is a woollen bag so called, used by the apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification. *Theobald.*

In Arnold's Chronicle of London, we have the following recipe for making this liquor: "Take a quart of red wyne, an ounce of synamon, halfe an ounce of gynger, a quarter of an ounce of greynes and long peper, and half a pounde of suger, and brose all this, (not too small,) and than put them in a bage of wullen cloth, made therefore, with the wine, and lete it hange over a vessell tyll the wyne be rune thorowe."

of course to live doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devoured.

Yo. Lo. Course? Why, horse-coursing, I think. Consume no time in this: I have no estate to be mended by meditation: He that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet some course you must take, which, for my satisfaction, resolve and open.[9] If you will shape none, I must inform you, that that man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Yo. Lo. Why, live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently disposed of 'em; and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores:[1] I

[9] *Resolve and open.*] That is, as Mason explains it,—determine upon and declare.

[1] *Why, I'll* purse; *if that raise me not, I'll* bet *at bowling-alleys, or* man whores.] The authors here allude to three of the most despicable modes of acquiring subsistence to which mankind can be reduced: To be *a robber, a gambler*, and *an attendant of strumpets.*

This expression is used by Osborn, in his Advice to his Son, in the following manner:

"Carry no dogs to court, or any public place, to avoid contests with such as may spurn, or endeavour to take them up. The same may be said of boys not wise or strong enough to decline or revenge affronts, whose complaints do not seldom engage their masters, as I knew one of quality killed in the defence of his page. The like danger attends such as are so indiscreet as to *man whores* in the street, in which every one pretends to have an interest for

would fain live by others. But I'll live whilst I am unhanged, and after the thought's taken.[2]

El. Lo. I see you are tied to no particular employment then?

Yo. Lo. Faith, I may choose my course: They say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as master of my house. It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referred to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey stockings, blue devils' breeches, with the guards down,[3] and my pocket i' th' sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again.

Sav. A comelier wear, I wus, it is than those dangling slops.[4]

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing,

his money, and therefore unwilling to see them monopolized, especially when they have got a pot in their pate."—Ed. 1778.

Gosson also, among other abuses of the stage, mentions *manning* the ladies home from the theatre.

[2] *After the thought's taken.*] According to the thought that first strikes me; by any means I can think of.

[3] *Devils' breeches, with the* guards *down.*] Guards were generally embroidered borders. Here the girdle, or waist-band, seems to be meant.

[4] *Those dangling* slops.] The enormous pumps of our ancestors were so termed. In the Roaring Girl, the Tailor inquires of Moll Cut-Purse,

"——You say you'll have the *great Dutch slop*, mistress.
Moll. Why, sir, I say so still.
Tailor. Your breeches then will take up a yard more."

A representation of them may be seen in the title-page of Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.

which, at your best leisure, together open and read.

Enter ABIGAIL *to them, with a Jewel.*

Abig. Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token, and these words: It is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be performed; which, once expired, she will hastily expect your happy return.[5]

El. Lo. Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-overjoyed man would willingly utter: And you, I hope, I shall, with slender arguments, persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall, through my long absence, and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her, as we see many men much swayed by the grooms of their chambers;[6] not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them[7] than on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me. Fear no other suitors.

[5] *She will* hastily *expect your happy return.*] All the editions, from that of 1639 downwards, erroneously read *happily* for *hastily*, notwithstanding the great difference in the sense; the one word implying, she will be *quite easy* and *contented* about your return; the other, she will be *impatient* for it; in which way we are to understand the passage, as appears by several of the Lady's own speeches.—Ed. 1778. The folio of 1679 reads—*hastily*, as in the text.

[6] This may possibly be a jeer on James I.'s giving such absolute power to his favourites.

[7] —on *them.*] This is the reading of all the old copies, which is by modern editors unnecessarily changed to—*of* them.

El. Lo. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning. You know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do not you fear[8] the suitors.

El. Lo. Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me.

[*Exeunt* El. *and* Yo. Loveless *and* Savil.

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, sir! A constant and a liberal lover thou art; more such God send us!

Enter Welford.

Wel. (*Entering.*) Let 'em not stand still, we have rid [hard].[9]

Abig. A suitor, I know, by his riding hard: I'll not be seen. [*Aside.*

Wel. A pretty hall this: No servant in't? I would look freshly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your errand to me then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow. I'll shew myself. [*Aside.*

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation? Are you the lady of this house?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

[8] *Do* not you—] All the editions after the third quarto transpose the two latter words.

[9] *Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.*] Mr Seward prescribes the insertion of the word *hard*, which probably has been dropped at the press, and seems necessary to the sense.—Ed. 1778.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

Abig. She is no straggler, sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her that a gentleman, benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. [1] Other women of the household, of good carriage and government, upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. [*Exit* ABIGAIL.

Wel. What a skinful of lust is this! I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion: men, women, and all woo; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter SIR ROGER.[2]

Rog. God save you, sir! My lady lets you

[1] *Other women of the household, of good carriage and government.*] Sympson reads, "*There are* other women of the household of *as* good carriage," &c. The old reading is infinitely better, being much more suitable to the mysterious intimation of the old beldame.

[2] *Sir Roger.*] Parsons were formerly honoured by this prefix, which is now only applied to knights. For several curious dis-

know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name.—I'll try his wit. [*Aside.*

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham: Call you him cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a cross? There's a tester.[3] [*Gives money.*

Rog. I mean, the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised

quisitions by Sir Thomas Hawkins, Mr Malone, and Bishop Percy. I refer the reader to the opening scenes of Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor. Ed. 1803, vol VII; and particularly to Mr Douce's dissertation, p. 229 of the same volume.

[3] *A tester.*] This coin was anciently equal to a shilling, but in our authors' days its value was reduced to sixpence. See a full account of it in Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. I., p. 35—37.

in this message; for I can assure you she delights not *in Thalamô:*[4] Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. [*Exit* ROGER.

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit.[5] If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd myself to needless charge then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

Enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a batchelor of arts, sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down bed, to the maid in the pease-straw.

Wel. A cobler, sir?

Rog. No, sir: I inculcate divine service within these walls.[6]

4 *She delights not in* Thalame.] It must be, as I had long ago observed, and as Mr Sympson likewise hinted to me, *in Thalamô*: She has no taste for wedlock, for the marriage-bed. *Theobald.*

5 This whole speech refers to voyages of discovery, which were very popular at the time this play was written, and for which the navigators found it necessary to supply themselves with such articles as are here enumerated.

6 *No, sir: I inculcate divine* service *within these walls.*] Several

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then, and whilst,[7] I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of the Elder Loveless.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL, *with a writing.*

Sav. By your favour, sir, you shall pardon me.

of the old quartos have it *homilies.* Either word is equally to the purpose, but the latter being the stiffer and more precise term, seems most suitable to Sir Roger's formal character. So Abigail, at the beginning of the fourth act, speaking of him, says,

To this good homilist *I've been ever stubborn.*

Sir Roger is a very good picture of a dull, pedantic, country chaplain, of those times, in a private family. *Theobald.*

None of the old copies read *homilies*, but the sixth and last (therefore worst) quarto of the year 1651.

7 *Whilst.*] In the mean time.

Yo. Lo. I shall beat your favour, sir![8] Cross me no more! I say, they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget then who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not: thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen arithmetic.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not so little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a steward, but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable *item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sav Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I must tell you——

Yo. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me? how hops go?[9] or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Pr'ythee, fare well,[1] and entertain my friends: be drunk, and burn thy table-books; and, my dear spark of velvet, thou and I——

Sav. Good sir, remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a foolish fellow; one that did put his trust in almanacks and horse-

[8] *I shall* bear *your favour, sir, cross me no more.*] There is neither sense nor humour in Young Loveless's reply, as it stands in all the copies. My correction retrieves both, *i. e.* If you continue to cross me, I shall correct you for your stubbornness. *Theobald.*

If Mr Theobald had looked into the first quarto, he would there have found his amendment to be the original text.

[9] *How hops* go.] *i. e.* Sell. This is the reading of the first and second quarto, which was afterward corrupted into—"how hops grow." We have here a strong proof of the necessity of collating the first editions throughout, which has hitherto only been done in passages which were incomprehensible to the editors.

[1] *Fare well.*] Hitherto—farewell. "Loveless does not mean to take leave of Savil, but to exhort him to live freely." *Mason.*

fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your brother's pleasure: These be the lessons, sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Pr'ythee, expound the first.

Sav. "I leave, to keep my house, three hundred pounds a-year, and my brother to dispose of it"——

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked steward; and I dispose of it!

Sav. "Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him." Mark that, my good young sir, mark that.

Yo Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it: while my legs will carry me I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

Sav. "Next, it is my will that he be furnish'd (as my brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people:"——

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches.[2] Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or——You understand me, sir. Proceed.

Sav. "Next,[3] that my steward keep his place

[2] *Minikin-breeches.*] I do not understand this allusion. Minikin is generally applied as a term of endearment. So in a scrap of a song quoted by Edgar in King Lear:

> "—— for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
> Thy sheep shall take no harm."

And Barret, in his Alvearie, 1580, interprets *feat* by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome."

If the word is used in the text in this sense, it must be understood ironically.

[3] *Next.*] So the three first quartos. All other editions—"Yet, that," &c.

and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care."

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha;[4] bind it by itself, steward.

Sav. This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you: Captains of gally-foists;[5] such as in a clear day have seen Calais; fellows that have no more of God than their oaths come to; they wear swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oiled end of a pipe for their guerdon. Then the remnants of your regiment are wealthy tobacco merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen: Are these fit company for my master's brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee, (oh, thou pagan steward!) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings.—Who's there? Call in the gentlemen.

Sav. Good sir!

Yo. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my master's brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage master steward, with a face like an old Ephemerides?[6]

[4] *I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha.*] This passage was altered in the sixth quarto thus—"I'll hear no more! This is Apocrypha," and the variation has been followed ever since, excepting in the folio 1679.

[5] *Captains of gally-foists.*] *i. e.* Of pleasure boats or barges.—Such captains are mentioned in the same contemptuous manner in Moll Cut-Purse: "I smelt the powder, spied what linstock gave fire, to shoot against the poor captain of the gally-foyst."

[6] *Ephemerides,*] Or Ephemeris, as the modern editors choose to read, "a book of astronomy, in use among such as erect fi-

Enter Captain, Traveller, Poet, and Tobacco-man.[7]

Sav. Then God help all,[8] I say!

Yo. Lo. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France.—Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen! mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat.[9]

Capt. Sir, I will take your love——

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse. [*Aside.*

gures to cast men's nativities; by which is shewn how all the planets are placed every day and hour of the year." *Reed.*

The allusion in the text is, no doubt, to a portrait, perhaps that of the celebrated William Lylly, with which such works were decorated.

7 *Tobacco-man.*] This character appears a very singular one in the present day. But the smoking this herb (or *drinking it*, as was often the phraseology of the period,) was carried on to a most ridiculous extent, as will appear from the following quotation:—"There is within this city, and in all the towns of England, (which I have passed through,) so prodigious a number of houses where they sell a certain drink called ale, that I think a good halfe of the inhabitants may be denominated ale-house-keepers.—These are a meaner sort of cabarets. But what is most deplorable, where the gentlemen sit, and spend much of their time, drinking of a muddy kind of beverage, and tobacco, which has universally besotted the nation, and at which (I hear) they have consumed many noble estates."—*The Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman in France.* London, 1659, 12mo, p. 28.

8 Sav. *Then God help all, I say!*] Savil has been esteemed, by all good judges of comedy, an excellent character of a precise, dogmatical, self-conceited steward; always pretending to obtrude his advice, and as desirous of controuling with his opinions. The ingenious Mr Addison, I remember, told me, that he sketched out his character of Vellum, in the comedy called the Drummer, purely from this model. *Theobald.*

9 *Old Harry-groat.*] Among other groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII., that which has the head of the king, with a long face and long hair, was thus denominated.

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and master's brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, sir.

Sav. He has given himself into the hands of varlets, to be carv'd out.[1] [*Aside.*] Sir, are these the pieces?

Yo Lo. They are the morals of the age, the virtues, men made of gold,

Sav. Of your gold, you mean, sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of war, and cries, "Go on," and wears his colours——

Sav. In's nose. [*Aside.*

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a traveller, sir, knows men and manners, and has ploughed up the sea so far, 'till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds; and had a Flanders mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough, o' conscience. Sit down, and rest you: you are at the end of the world already. 'Would you had as good a living, sir, as this fellow could lie out of; he has a notable gift in't!

Yo. Lo. This ministers the smoke, and this the muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and mo-

[1] *H' has given himself into the hands of varlets,* not *to be carv'd out.*] Thus all the old copies read. "We cannot understand this passage as here printed, but think the word *not* an interpolation. Savil, we suppose, means that Young Loveless has given himself into the hands of fellows who will consume him, eat him up; and accordingly afterwards says, 'You minister the clothes, and meat, and money.'"—Ed. 1778.

ney. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and to say truth, he has too much land: hang it, dirt!

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad.—Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a-year! We will be freely merry; shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will have nobody talk[2] wisely neither.

Yo. Lo What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry 'till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry "amen" to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' quorum.[3]

Yo. Lo. It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one: We'll keep no powder'd flesh.[4] All these we have by warrant, under the title of "things necessary:" Here, upon this place I ground

[2] *We will* have nobody *talk wisely neither.*] So the three first editions of this play. All the others read, very tamely, "We will *not* talk wisely neither."

[3] *Die o' th' quorum.*] *i. e.* Die a justice of the quorum.

[4] *We'll keep no* powdered *flesh*] *i. e.* No salted meat, as a contrast to fresh. The allusion is an obvious, and not very delicate one.

it: "the obedience of my people, and all necessaries." Your opinions, gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as yourself, sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word "necessary" is concluded all that be helps to man: woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Yo. Lo. Believe me, 'tis a learned one: and by these words, "the obedience of my people," you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house, sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but drink, sir; three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. Oh, miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good whores; and for your part, I'll board you in an ale-house: you shall have cheese and onions.

Sav. What shall become of me? No chimney smoking? Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink.

All. Oh, brave Loveless! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Bed-Room in the Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, Welford, *and* Sir Roger.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that compliment. Once more, good night.

Wel. Once more, dear lady, and then, all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear sir, be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my suit happier by this night's rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger, you have had all my welcome; but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good night. [*Exit* Lady.] Nay, sir, you shall stay with me; I'll press your zeal so far.

Rog. Oh, Lord, sir!

Wel. Do you love tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.

Wel. Pray light it, sir. How do you like it?

[*They smoke tobacco.*

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer

indeed. It is wet, sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum!

Wel. Handle it again, sir; you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever premis'd for it.[2] I promise you it is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel. Ay, it does so, sir; and me, especially, to ask, sir, why you wear a night-cap?

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you. You shall understand, sir, that my head is broken; and by whom? Even by that visible beast,[3] the butler.

Wel. The butler! Certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave cassock! The offence, sir?

Rog. Reproving him at tra-trip,[4] sir, for swearing. You have the total, surely.

[2] *Premised.*] This is the reading of the first quarto; all other old copies—promised. If Mr Theobald and his coadjutors had looked more carefully into first editions, they would have spared themselves many a long and wearisome note, as in the present instance.

[3] *And by whom? Even by that* visible *beast, the butler.*] *i.e.* As Mr Seward explains it, "one that appears to every one a beast." His colleague, Sympson, proposes to read, "risible beast;" but his conjecture is unnecessary.

[4] *Tra-trip.*] Great diversity of opinion has obtained among the commentators with regard to the real nature of this game. Mr Tyrwhitt believes that it was some game at tables or draughts. There can, however, be no doubt that it was precisely the game still known on the continent under the name of *tric-trac*, and which does not greatly differ from back-gammon. From the following note in Le Grand's Fabliaux, it appears evident that the ancient game of *tables* strongly resembled, or perhaps was identical with the game of tric-trac:—

"The game of tables is of high antiquity; for it is mentioned in Gregory of Tours, in Fredegarius, Aimoin, &c. Menage and

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a-tilt, and so he crack'd your canons: I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night?

Rog. Have patience, sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd, that is, asleep; for so the word is taken: "To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;"[5] a very figure, sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave his grave, his bed: The very same again, sir. Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly: *Plenus ri-*

the editor of Gerard de Nevers say that it was the same as our present draughts, but I believe they were mistaken; for, from the following instance, among others which might be quoted, the game appears to have been played with dice. Saint Louis, according to Joinville, on his return from Egypt, observing his brother, the Count d'Anjou, forgetful of the many misfortunes they had undergone, playing at tables, he took, in his rage, the *dice* and the *tables*, and, together with the money at stake, cast them into the sea. The tables are also mentioned by Montaigne, and in the *Piacevolissime Notti of Straparola.* It is highly probable that our present *tric-trac* is one and the same with this ancient game." — I., 51.

[5] *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;* ———
Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; *his* grave, *his* bed.] This is put down by Mr Theobald as "a manifest flirt at the Hamlet of Shakspeare;" and the editors of 1778 suppose that "every man who reads this passage will consider it in the same light." These suppositions are open and manifest injuries to the authors who have the misfortune to be thus commented upon. If every person who quotes Shakspeare in a peculiar manner were accused of ridiculing him, who would be guiltless? If he is "flirted at" in this speech, so is Terence in the ensuing one; but Theobald has no such suspicion. These innocent burlesque quotations are very different from the serious and frequently malicious attacks that fell from the irritable pen of Ben Jonson. See a note at the end of the last scene of Act III. of the present play.

marum est;[6] he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our patroness.

Wel. Your comment, sir, hath made me understand you.

Enter MARTHA *and* ABIGAIL *to them, with a posset.*

Rog. Sir, be address'd:[7] the graces do salute you with a full bowl of plenty.—Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesy shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget you are a stranger and a gentleman.

Abig. In sooth, sir, were I changed into my lady, a gentleman so well endued with parts should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.—See how this foul familiar chews the cud! From thee and three-and-fifty, good Love deliver me! [*Aside.*

Mar. Will you sit down, sir, and take a spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet, sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the gentlewoman already, sir.

Plenus rimarum est; *he is full of loop-holes.*] The comic poet whom Sir Roger is here quoting is Terence, in his Eunuch:

Parm. *Plenus rimarum sum, hàc atque illàc perfluo.*

Theobald.

7 *Address'd.* *i. e.* Ready; a phrase taken from the French, "adressé."

Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' th' posset: you may chance have a scalding zeal else: an you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to yourself.—'Would you could like this, sir!

Wel. I would your sister would like me as well, lady!

Mar. Sure, sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination: she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself; and for another husband than herself, he may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise, sir: she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her: she'll do worse! 'Would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha.

Wel. Now I must over-hear her. [*Aside.*

Mar. 'Faith, 'would thou hadst them all, with all my heart: I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper? 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said, Old-sayings.

Wel. She looks like one, indeed. Gentlewoman, you keep your word: your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolic: Dare you change, sir?

Wel. Myself for you, so please you.—That smile has turned my stomach: This is right the old emblem of the moyle [8] cropping of thistles. Lord, what a hunting head she carries! Sure she has been ridden with a martingale. Now, Love, deliver me! [*Aside.*

Moyle.] An old word for a *mule.*

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? Surely I know not. Am I rubb'd off? Is this the way of all my morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass, and woman as a flower! Did I for this consume my quarters [9] in meditation, vows, and woo'd her in Heroical Epistles? Did I expound the Owl,[1] and undertook, with labour and expence, the recollection of those thousand pieces, consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman, Nicholas Breton?[2] Have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the wise man, and say, "He that holds a woman has an eel by the tail."

9 —— *my quarters.*] Theobald and Co. read *carcass* instead of *quarters*, without authority or reason; for the latter is the true reading; not that there is any reference to time, as the last editors suppose, but because it is rather a more ludicrous expression. To call a man's body his four quarters, is a vulgar phrase at this day
Mason.

1 —— *And woo'd her in* Heroical Epistles? *Did I expound the* Owl, &c.] The allusion is here to the Poems of Michael Drayton, among which are to be found England's Heroical Epistles, and the Owl. Seward says, "the Owl is evidently some piece of Nicholas Broughton's, or some such doughty writers;" taking no notice of the Heroical Epistles, though they are in the old copies printed with capital letters. His opinion is ingeniously supported by Mr Steevens, who, in Mason's Commentaries on the plays of our authors, has given a quotation, to prove that Broughton's family bore in their arms three owls, and that in some of his works two owls are engraved upon the title-page.

2 *Of that our honoured Englishman, Ni. Br.*] Undoubtedly Nicholas Breton, who is also mentioned in Wit Without Money, as well as in Broome's Merry Beggars, Suckling's Goblins, &c. "He appears," says Mr Reed, "to have been a very voluminous writer during a long period: we have seen publications by him from the year 1582 to 1621; and possibly there may be found some before and after those years." In Percy's Reliques, the beautiful pastoral, Phillida and Corydon, by this author, may be found; and he is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth, 1598, p. 283.

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, lady.—And to you what you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like yourself then. [*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Abig.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue! Good night, Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris:* But I alone——

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and, requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Master Roger.

Rog. Good sir, peace be with you!

[*Exit* Roger.

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine!* Half a dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession: For who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a [3] crewel night-cap?—Why, how now, shall we have an antic?

Enter Servant, drunk.

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you joll it so against the post? Is it for your ease, or have you seen the cellar? Where are my slippers, sir?

Serv. Here, sir.

[3] *To such a* cruel *night-cap?*] The poets, as Mr Sympson observed with me, certainly wrote *crewel; i. e.* made of the ends of coarse *worsted.* *Theobald.*

Wel. Where, sir? Have you got the pot-vertigo?[4] Have you seen the horses, sir?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, they have a kind of wholesome rushes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

Serv. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, sir: And why so?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's a cast of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle——

Wel. Why?

Serv. Why, they are transparent, sir; you may see through them: And such a house!

Wel. Come, sir, the truth of your discovery.

Serv. Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews. The kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge: But this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But of all this, the drink, sir——

[4] *Have you got the pot*-verdugo?] *Verdugo* is a word of Spanish extraction; but, amongst all the significations in which it is taken, it has no one consonant to the idea and meaning here required. The poets must certainly have wrote *vertigo*, a dizziness, or swimming in the head with drink.. *Theobald.*

The word *Verdugo* occurs, however, in the Tamer Tamed of Fletcher:

"Contrive your beard o' th' top cut, like *Verdugo's:*
It shews you would be wise."——

Wel. What of that, sir?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three spoonfulls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy——

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Serv. I would I did, sir. But as I am a true man, if 't were but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.[5]

Wel. I am glad on't, sir; for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tied of these commendations. Light me the candle, sir: I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and his Comrades, with Wenches, and two Fiddlers.*

Yo. Lo. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;
And you, my learned council, set and turn, boys;

[5] ——— *if it were but one degree colder, nothing but an* ass's hoof *would hold it.*] It is one peculiar impropriety in our authors, (who, to be sure, ought every where to shew their learning, so it be done without pedantry,) that they too frequently put it in the mouths of characters who cannot well be supposed to know any thing of the matter. The allusion here is to those extreme cold waters which flowed down from the mountain Nonacris, in Arcadia, and which would penetrate through every vehicle but that of an horse's hoof, as Justin tells us in the XIIth Book of his History. Plutarch and Ælian say it was an ass's hoof; Arian, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a mule's; and Quintus Curtius, an ox's. The variation in this point is of very little consequence. They were of so very cold a quality, as to be mortal to those who drank of them. *Theobald.*

Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves.
My modern poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter Servant, with wine.

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no pay for fiddlers.
Capt Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy captain,
Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in shamois! Let there be deducted,
Out of our main potation, five marks,
In hatchments, to adorn this thigh,
Cramp'd with this rest of peace, [6] and I will fight
Thy battles.
Yo. Lo. Thou shalt have't, boy, and fly in feather. [7]——
Lead on a march, you michers. [8]

Enter SAVIL.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart; what a noise and change is here! 'Would I had been cold i' th' mouth before this day, and ne'er have lived to see

[6] *Five marks, in* hatchments, *to adorn this thigh,*
Cramp'd with this rest *of peace.*] Seward proposes to read, "this *rust* of peace," *i. e.* cramped with wearing such a rusty sword. He has not given any cases where the wearing a rusty sword produced cramps in the thigh. Hatchments are the different ornaments of the hilt of a sword, such as its being gilt, inlaid, or coloured.

[7] *And fly in feather.*] An allusion to the fashion of wearing feathers, very prevalent among the gallants of the time.

[8] *You* michers.] *i. e.* Idlers, loiterers.

this dissolution.[9] He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea of drink i' th' cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wreck'd; and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flaggons and black-jacks,[1] like churches drown'd i' th' marshes.

Yo. Lo. What, art thou come, my sweet Sir Amias?
Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my Helen,
And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good sir, consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider, gentlemen? how say you?

Capt. Consider! That were a simple toy, i' faith.
Consider! Whose moral's that? The man that cries
"Consider," is our foe: Let my steel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must not die yet:
Pr'ythee, be calm, my Hector.

Capt. Peasant slave!
Thou groom composed of grudgings, live, and thank

[9] *This* dissolution.] This word may, in this place, either retain its usual meaning, or it may signify dissoluteness, as Mr Mason explains it.

[1] *Black-jacks.*] *i. e.* Tankards made of leather, frequently used in our authors' days. In the Syren, a collection of songs published about the beginning of last century, is a song in praise of the "leathern botell;" which must, however, have differed from the black-jack, in being closed at the top. So in the old song of Time's Alteration, (Evans's Ballads, ed. 1810, III, 262,) where old manners are compared with more modern ones:

Black-jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear.

This gentleman; thou hadst seen Pluto else!
The next "consider" kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff: make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me: there's but a layman lost. Good captain, do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward.
Strike him a hornpipe, squeakers! Take thy stiver,
And pace her till she stew.[2]

Sav. Sure, sir, I cannot dance with your gentlewomen: they are too light for me. Pray break my head, and let me go.

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all! My business is to one Master Loveless.

[2] *Take thy stiver, and pace her till she stew.*] Here is both obscurity and nonsense, from the casual interposition of one unnecessary letter. *Stive* was the old and obsolete term for the *stews*, and consequently a *stiver*, was a girl, a strumpet, who plyed there.
Theobald.

The word *stives*, for stews, occurs in Chaucer's Frere's Tale, l. 6914:

"Peter, so ben the women of the *stives*,
Quod this Sompner, yput out of our cure."——

Capt. This is the gentleman you mean; view him, and take his inventory; he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no less, sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your business?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know,—yet I am loth,
Yet I am sworn to't! 'Would some other tongue
Would speak it for me!

Yo. Lo. Out with it, i' God's name.

El. Lo. All I desire, sir, is the patience
And suff'rance of a man; and, good sir, be not moved more——

Yo. Lo. Than a pottle of sack will do. Here is my hand. Pr'ythee, thy business?

El. Lo. Good sir, excuse me; and whatsoever
You hear, think must have been known unto you;
And be yourself discreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Pr'ythee, dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your brother's dead, sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean—dead drunk?

El. Lo. No, no; dead, and drown'd at sea, sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure, sir.

Yo. Lo. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure, sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure, sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want: I loved him better.
Here I forgive thee; and, i'faith, be plain:
How do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely, sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine.—Thou dost not see me moved;
These transitory toys ne'er trouble me;
He's in a better place, my friend; I know't.
Some fellows would have cried now, and have cursed thee,
And fall'n out with their meat, and kept a pother;
But all this helps not: He was too good for us,
And let God keep him!
There's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy drink:
Thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry:
Fill him another.—Savil, your master's dead;
And who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear't well.
Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away.
We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil?

Sav. Yes, sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes, forsooth.

Yo. Lo. And you'll strain court'sy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I would be glad, sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Sav. In time the sturdy oak,[3] sir——

Yo. Lo. Some more wine
For my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon
For my good news: but I've a loving brother,
That is my comfort. [*Aside.*

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, sir;

[3] Perhaps an allusion to the song beginning, "The sturdy rock," in the "Paradyse of Daynty Devises." Ed. 1810, p. 15.

This is the worst I wish you for your news:
And if I had another elder brother,
And say it were his chance to feed more fishes,[4]
I should be still the same you see me now,
A poor contented gentleman.—More wine
For my friend there; he's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be, if I follow this beginning.
Well, my dear brother, if I 'scape this drowning,
'Tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice
Before I help you. [*Aside.*]—Sir, I cannot drink more;
Pray let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. Oh, Lord, sir, 'tis your modesty!—More wine
Give him a bigger glass.—Hug him, my captain!
Thou shalt be my chief mourner.

Capt. And this my pennon.—Sir, a full carouse
To you, and to my lord of land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God
They bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them
So far again. Here's to you, sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear steward.
Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan!
Be drunk, and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, sir,
And I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a bawd;
I'll have thee a brave bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take
My leave of you, my business is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go.

[4] *To feed* more fishes.] This is the reading of the first quarto. The five others, as well as the folios and modern editions, read, "to feed haddocks." Some of these speeches run so evidently into verse, that I have not scrupled to arrange them as such.

Fill's a new stoop.[5]

El. Lo. I dare not, sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratify you for the pains you took, sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the other.

Yo. Lo. If you find any stirring, do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you're too bounteous: When I feel that itching,
You shall assuage it, sir, before another.
This only, and farewell, sir:
Your brother, when the storm was most extreme,
Told all about him, he left a will, which lies close
Behind a chimney[6] in the matted chamber.
And so, as well, sir, as you have made me able,
I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all!
If you grow dry before you end your business,
Pray take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.

Sav. [*Drunk.*] You shall neither will nor choose, sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine state, a very fine state, sir: I am his steward, sir, and his man.

5 *Let's have a* bridling cast *before you go. Fill's a new* stoop.] A *bridling cast* was probably similar to what is at present in Scotland, and particularly in the Highlands, called the *doon-drink*, which is often administered after the guest is seated upon his horse, or while the horse is *bridling*. Hence the phrase in the text was probably derived. A *stoop* may best be explained by the word pitcher. The king in Hamlet says:

"Set me the *stoups* of wine upon that table."

Though obsolete in England, the word is still used in Scotland.—See Mr Ritson's note on the passage just quoted, and Dr Jamieson's Dictionary, *voce* Stoup.

6 A *chimney.*] So all the old copies read. Modern editors, not recollecting that rooms were formerly often furnished with several chimneys, read "*the* chimney."

El. Lo. 'Would you were your own, sir, as I left you.
Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman!

El. Lo. What would you with me, sir?

Sav. Farewell, gentleman!

El. Lo. Oh, sleep, sir, sleep.

[*Exit* EL. LOVELESS.

Yo. Lo. Well, boys, you see what's fall'n; let's in and drink,
And give thanks for it.

Sav. Let's give thanks for it.[7]

Yo. Lo. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office,
And cast up a reckoning of some weight.
I will be knighted, for my state will bear it;
'Tis sixteen hundred, boys! Off with your husks;
I'll skin you all in sattin.

Capt. Oh, sweet Loveless!

Sav. All in sattin! Oh, sweet Loveless!

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble compeers! And this, my countess, shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Morecraft's *House.*

Enter MORECRAFT *and Widow.*

Mor. And, widow, as I say, be your own friend.

[7] This speech has hitherto been improperly given to the Captain. It was undoubtedly, as Mr Mason observes, intended for the Steward, who repeats here, as he does frequently afterwards, the words of the younger brother.

Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise; continue so, sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers; they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very lightning, that, with a flash or two, will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings; they are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds. Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, matter of moment, girl; matter of moment: You may meet with a worse back; I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, sir.

Mor. Yet thus far, by your favour, widow, 'tis tough.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet; for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: You know my state; I sell no perspectives, scarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my trust in shoe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dredged with meal and powdered sugar, saunders and grains, worm-seed and rotten raisins, and such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy; I, in a year, have put up hundreds; inclosed, my widow, those pleasant meadows, [8] by a forfeit mortgage; for which the poor knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess. Nay, more——

Wid. Good sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was, I know what I am; and, if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off, sir.

Mor. Not with the head, sweet widow.

Wid. No, sweet sir, but with your shoulders.

[8] *Inclosed those pleasant meadows.*] To this appropriation Young Loveless alludes in the next page, when he addresses Morecraft: "Thanks to my dear *incloser*." See the first scene of the Noble Gentleman, by our authors.

I must have you dubb'd; for under that I will not stoop a feather.[9] My husband was a fellow loved to toil, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which, for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse, and, sir, so little——But let that pass: Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband; who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage, left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be a worthy gossip to, be knighted, sir.

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now, sir, from whom come you? Whose man are you, sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.

Mor. Be silent, sir; I have no money, not a penny for you: He's sunk; your master's sunk; a perish'd man, sir.

Sav. Indeed, his brother's sunk, sir; God be with him! A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea.

Mor. How saidst thou, good my friend? His brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, sir, at sea.

Mor. And thy young master left sole heir?

Sav. Yes, sir.

Mor. And he wants money?

Sav. Yes; and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, widow; be very wise, and give thanks for me, widow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, sir.

9 *I will* not *stoop a feather.*] The negative was first added in the fourth quarto.

Sav. What says your worship to this money?

Mor. I say, he may have money, if he please.

Sav. A thousand, sir?

Mor. A thousand, sir, provided any wise, sir, his land lie for the payment; otherwise——

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and Comrades.*

Sav. He's here himself, sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Loveless, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear incloser, Master Morecraft. Pr'ythee, old angel-gold, salute my family; I'll do as much for yours.—This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours, sir, if you mean well.—'Tis a handsome gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my brother's dead.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Dead; and by this time soused for Ember-week.[1]

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man. By the next fresh conger that comes, we shall hear more.

Mor. Now, by the faith of my body, it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an ass, and weep for the dead? Why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have moved thee. Pr'ythee, be quiet; he hath left his land behind him.

Mor. Oh, has he so?

[1] *Soused for Ember-week.*] The allusion is probably to his being supposed to be drowned at sea, and his body feeding the fishes which are to be eaten in Ember-week.

Yo. Lo. Yes, 'faith, I thank him for't: I've all, boy. Hast any ready money?

Mor. Will you sell, sir?

Yo. Lo. No; not outright, good Gripe. Marry, a mortgage, or such a slight security.

Mor. I have no money, sir, for mortgage: If you'll sell, and all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

Sav. Good sir, look afore you; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering-tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that must have watering, sir: And where's your three hundred pounds a-year in drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides; and then, if you 'scape with life, and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man, like a type of Thames Street, stinking of pitch and poor-john. I cannot tell, sir; I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an ass, a meazel'd mungrel; and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcomb,[2] dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn.—Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well;[3] take

[2] *Coxcomb.*] *i. e.* Skull, in which sense the word occurs in innumerable passages of old authors.

[3] *The god of gold here has fed thee well.*] Mr Seward imagines "that the last syllable of the true word only remained in the copy, *sed*, which the editors altered to *fed*;" and therefore proposes reading *advised*. Though we think his suggestion ingenious, the variation from the old authorities is too great, for us to admit *advised* into the text. It is very probable the Captain means,—

money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe; thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful; sell and be wise: We are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart, child; mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men eternal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest course:
Then you may live without the charge of people;
Only we four will make a family;
Ay, and an age that will beget new annals,
In which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure,
Equal with Nero and Caligula.

Yo. Lo. What men were they, captain?

Capt. Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come, sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so, sir?

Sav. Good sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof.—What money? speak.

Mor. Six thousand pounds, sir.

Capt. Take it; he has overbidden, by the sun! bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

Mor. There's a god's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm

" Morecraft has hitherto *fed*, *supplied* you well with money; and do not break off with him now." Ed. 1778.

There is no occasion for adopting Mr Seward's amendment, though supported by Mason, who attacks the explanation of the last editors, by observing, that Morecraft had denied to lend any money to Loveless. This is very true in the present scene; but the captain undoubtedly alludes to the money the latter had received when he sold him his own estates.

be excepted: If I become his tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knows what. Consider me, dear sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in. Dispatch the writings. [*Exit with Comrades.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow! 'Would thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel myself a rascal! 'Would I could teach a school, or beg, or lie well: I am utterly undone. Now, he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his mercy! So be it. [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, widow, come, never stand upon a knighthood; it is a mere paper honour, and not proof enough for a serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, sir. No knight, no widow: If you make me any thing, it must be a lady; and so I take my leave.

Mor. Farewell, sweet widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it; it makes me dream, sir. [*Exit Widow.*

Mor. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: And say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too, and be a knight, and she refuse me then: Then am I hoist into the subsidy, and so, by consequence, should prove a coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine: There's some refreshing yet. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Lady's *House.*

Enter ABIGAIL, *and drops her Glove.*

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest,[4] and, I know, I shall draw him.

[4] *Up goes my* rest.] This is not a direct allusion to the *rest* of ancient fire-arms, which the musqueteers used to stick into the earth, and then rest the heavy musquet upon it, and level at the foe, but to a technical phrase at *primero,* as well as at other games, which was probably derived from the former application of the word. As an instance, we may quote the following story from Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ: "The other tale I wold tell, of a willinge and wise loss, I have heard dyversly tolde. Some tell it of Kyng Phillip and a favourite of his; some of our worthy Kyng Henry 8. and Domingo; and I may call it a tale, because perhaps it is but a tale; but thus they tell it: The king, 55 eldest hand, *sets up all restes,* and discarded flush; Domingo, or Dundego, call him how you will, helde it uppon 49, or som such game. When *all restes wear up*, and they had discarded, the kinge threw his 55 on the boord open, with great latter, supposing the game (as yt was) in a manner sewer. Domingo was, at his last carde, incowntered flush, as the standers-by saw, and tolde the daye after; but seeing the kinge so mery, would not, for *a rest at primero,* put him owt of that pleasant conceyt, and put up his cardes quietly, yeelding it lost." As the phrase of *setting up a rest*, as well as the game at *primero,* is frequently alluded to in these plays, I will subjoin the following epigram of Sir John Harrington, the translator of Ariosto, which affords the best illustration of the game:

The Story of Marcus' Life at primero.

"Fond Marcus ever at *Primero* playes,
Long winter nights, and as long summer dayes:

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty coped withal.

And I heard once, to idle talke attending,
The story of his time's and coine's mis-spending.
At first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heaven,
If in his hand he had but got a seven.
His father's death set him so high on flote,
All rests went up upon a seven and coate.
But while he drawes from these gray coats and gownes,
The gamesters from his purse drew all his crownes.
And he ne'er ceast to venter all in prime,
Till of his age, quite was consumed the prime.
Then he more warily his rest regards,
And sets with certainties upon the cards,
On sixe-and-thirtie, or on seven and nine,
If any set his rest, and saith, and mine:
But seed with this, he either gaines or saves,
For either Faustus prime is with three knaves,
Or Marcus never can encounter right,
Yet drew two aces, and for further spight
Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
But not encountred, it avail'd him naught.
Well, sith encountering, he so faire doth misse,
He sets not, till he nine-and-fortie is.
And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
He lost it by the hand, with which sore troubled,
He joynes now all his stocke unto his stake,
That of his fortune he full proofe may make.
At last both eldest hand and five-and-fifty,
He thinketh now or never, thrive unthrifty.
Now for the greatest rest he hath the push;
But Crassus stopt a club, and so was flush:
And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
Poore Marcus and his rest goes still to wracke.
Now must he seek new spoile to rest his rest,
For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest unrest.
His land, his plate he pawnes, he sels his leases,
To patch, to borrow, and shift he never ceases.
Till at the last, two catch-poles him encounter,
And by arrest, they beare him to the Counter.
Now Marcus may set up all rests securely;
For now he's sure to be encountred surely."

What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me![5] These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreson-doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh. Here's dog-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk: What to do with it, beside nailing it up[6] amongst Irish heads of *teer*, to shew the mightiness of her palm, I know not. There she is: I must enter into dialogue.—Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. Not, sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back a favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, sir. Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. [*Aside.*] I had rather wear a bell.[7]—But, hark you, mistress,
What hidden virtue is there in this glove,
That you would have me wear it? Is it good
Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ache?

[5] *What a trim* l'envoy *here she has put upon me.*] *L'envoy* signifies an ambassador, emissary, *go-between.* It is a term still in use to signify a *minister.* Welford speaks with reference to Abigail's glove, which she drops when she enters.—Ed. 1778.

The allusion is more probably to the l'envoy attached frequently to ancient poems, consisting of a kind of dedication to the reader, or an address to the poem itself, similar to, and probably arising from, the *tornata*, or apostrophe, which is an almost indispensible part of the regular Italian canzone.

[6] *Amongst* Irish *heads of* teer, *to shew the mightiness of her palm.*] This alludes to the enormous horns of the moss-deer; which are frequently found in the bogs of Ireland. The palm of the horn is the flat broad part, from which the branches spring.
Mason.

[7] *I had rather wear a* bell.] *i.e.* I had rather be a professed *fool;* the bell being a necessary appendage to the dress of a fool.

Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,[8]
Will't kill the itch? or has it so conceal'd
A providence to keep my hand from bonds?
If it have none of these, and prove no more
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,
'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always.
Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. [*Aside.*] The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance: He's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company: I must grow nearer to him.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

El. Lo. God save you both!

Abig. And pardon you, sir! This is somewhat rude:
How came you hither?

El Lo. Why, through the doors; they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what business have you here?

El. Lo. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes; I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Pr'ythee, what art thou?

El. Lo. As much, gay man, as thou art; I am a gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

[8] *Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble, will't kill the itch?*] So the old copies; and allowing for the grammatical errors the sense is easily discoverable. Mr Mason proposes to read,—"Are these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble?" He takes no notice of the words which follow.

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a soldier

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with women. I come here to speak with a gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I'm not fine yet. I am but new come over;
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor,
And then I shall be fine, sir.—Lady, if there be
A better of your sex within this house,
Say I would see her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, sir?

El. Lo. Your way, you'll be too good. Pray, end my business.—
This is another suitor: Oh, frail woman! [*Aside.*

Wel. This fellow, with his bluntness, hopes to do
More than the long suits of a thousand could:[9]
Though he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him.—
Sir, this lady is not to speak with you; she is more serious. You smell as if you were new

9 *This fellow, with his bluntness,* &c.] So Shakspeare, in his King Lear, Act II.:

This is some fellow,
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.—Ed. 1778.

calk'd;[1] go, and be handsome, and then you may sit with the serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you, sir?

Wel. Guess by my outside.[2]

El. Lo. Then, I take you, sir, for some new silken thing, weaned from the country, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners.—Pray, good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.

Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?[3]

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman.

Wel. And will that one life, sir, maintain you ever in such bold sauciness?

El. Lo. Yes, 'mongst a nation of such men as
you are,
And be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak
With this lady?

Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not, neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing, tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you:
This is no place for such companions;[4]

[1] *New calk'd.*] A metaphor taken from the sea term to calk a ship, that is, to stop up the chinks between the planks.

[2] *Guess by my outside.*] So the first five quartos. The sixth prefixes the word *troth* to the speech; and this variation has been followed by all subsequent editors.

[3] Abig. *How many lives, &c.*] The editors of 1778 give this speech to Welford, but there is no necessity for such an alteration, and the answer of Loveless evidently points out the impropriety of it.

[4] *Companions.*] *i. e.* Fellows. In *All's Well that ends Well,* the king, speaking with Parolles, exclaims,—"What an equivocal *companion* is this!"

Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business
Better i' th' suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion:
This is no Thames Street, sir.

Abig. This gentleman informs you truly.
Pr'ythee be satisfied, and seek the suburbs,
Good captain, or whatever title else
The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee.
Go and reform thyself; pr'ythee be sweeter;
And know my lady speaks with no such swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye.——
And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood
Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all
But three-piled people,[5] I do let you know,
He that begot your worship's sattin suit,
Can make no men, sir. I will see this lady,
And, with the reverence of your silkenship,
In these old ornaments.

Wel. You will not, sure?

El. Lo. Sure, sir, I shall.

Abig. You would be beaten out?

El. Lo. Indeed I would not; or if I would be beaten,
Pray, who shall beat me? This good gentleman
Looks as he were o' th' peace.

Wel. Sir, you shall see that. Will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes; that, that shall correct your boy's tongue.

[5] *But* three-piled *people.*] *i. e.* Wearers of velvet: the pile is the soft shag or pluff of it. *Theobald.*

Dare you fight? I will stay here still. [*They draw.*

Abig. Oh, their things are out! Help, help, for God's sake! Madam! Jesus! they foin [6] at one another. Madam! Why, who is within there?

Enter LADY.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?

Wel. This uncivil fellow.
He says he comes from sea; where, I believe,
He has purged away his manners.

Lady. Why, what of him?

Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once "God bless you,"
Press to your privacies, and no denial
Must stand betwixt your person and his business.
I let go his ill language.

Lady. Sir, have you
Business with me?

El. Lo. Madam, some I have;
But not so serious to pawn my life for't.
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such knights o' th' sun as [7] this is, to defy
Men of employment to you, you may live;
But in what fame?

Lady. Pray stay, sir; who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you,
I think, he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withal a passage to you,

[6] *Foin.*] The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing. So in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "To see thee fight, to see thee *foin*, to see thee traverse," &c.

[7] *Knights o' th' sun.*] The Knight of the Sun was a celebrated French romance, of the school of the Amadises. The hero, and his brother Rosiclear, are sons to the Emperor of Constantinople.

Though I seem coarse.

Lady. Excuse me, gentle sir; 'twas from my knowledge,[8]
And shall have no protection.—And to you, sir,
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd pow'r I never gave you here,
To do these vile unmanly things. My house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you master of my business.
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with swords; and they that come
To do me service,[9] must not think to win me
With hazard of a murder. If your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the camp;
And there, in honour of some common mistress,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd;
And give me leave a while, sir.

Wel. You must have it. [*Exit* WELFORD.

Lady. Now, sir, your business?

El. Lo. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I should rail at you; but you're a woman,
And anger's lost upon you.

Lady. Why at me, sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.

[8] *From my knowledge.*] *i. e.* Out of my knowledge, unknown to me.

[9] *To do me* service.] To become my servants; a usual term for lovers in our authors' days.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I must confess, I have the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black memory.
Lady. How is this, good sir?
El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choke it:
You've kill'd a gentleman.
Lady I kill'd a gentleman!
El. Lo You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him, woman!
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weigh'd above all womens' virtues
That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess him now.
Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, sir.
El. Lo. Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have miss'd your way; I am not she.
El. Lo. 'Would he had miss'd his way too, though he had wander'd
Farther than women are ill spoken of,
So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady——
Lady. How do you do, sir?
El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myself from such temptations.[1]
Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you?

[1] —— from such *temptations.*] So the two first quartos: the subsequent editions read, "*out from* temptations."

El. Lo. You had a servant, that your peevishness
Enjoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have still,
And should be grieved it were otherwise.
El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd; he's dead!
How you will answer for his worth I know not;
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd to've given
A stronger testimony to the world,
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desp'rately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,
"If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy."
His name was Loveless; and I 'scap'd the storm;
And now you have my business.
Lady. 'Tis too much.
'Would I had been that storm!-he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, sir:
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his ruin, I shall justly suffer
What they can say: I do confess myself
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.[2]

I would say more,
But grief *is grown* too great to be deliver'd.]
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent. *Theobald.*

El. Lo. I like this well: These women are strange things.—— [*Aside.*
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those tears at home.

Lady. 'Would you had told me then so; these two arms
Had been his sea.

El. Lo. Trust me, you move me much:
But, say he liv'd; these were forgotten things again.

Lady. [*Aside*] Ay, say you so?
Sure, I should know that voice: This is knavery.
I'll fit you for it.—Were he living, sir,
I would persuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confess we are not all so ill
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,
What penance shall I pull upon my fault,
Upon my most unworthy self for this?

El. Lo. Leave to love others; 'twas some jealousy
That turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight:
Are you wrung there? [*Aside.*

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confess there is a gentleman,
Has borne me long good will.

El. Lo. I do not like that. [*Aside.*

Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me;
To me, regardless of him: But since Fate,
That no power can withstand, has taken from me
My first and best love, and to weep away
My youth is a mere folly, I will shew you
What I determine, sir; you shall know all.——

Call Master Welford, there. [*To a Serv.*]—That gentleman
I mean to make the model of my fortunes,
And, in his chaste embraces, keep alive
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless.
He is somewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes, certainly, sir:
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I have made myself a fine fool.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. Would you have spoken with me, madam?

Lady Yes, Master Welford; and I ask your pardon,
Before this gentleman, for being froward:
This kiss, and henceforth more affection.

El. Lo. [*Aside.*] So; it is better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden passion; God hold it! This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has persuaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

Lady. A parting kiss; and, good sir, let me pray you
To wait me in the gallery.

Wel I'm in another world! Madam, where you please. [*Exit* WELFORD.

El. Lo. [*Aside.*] I will to sea,
And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now, sir, you see I am no such hard creature,[3]
But time may win me.

[3] Hard *creature.*] All editions but the three first read " hard-

El. Lo. You have forgot your lost love.

Lady. Alas, sir, what would you have me do? I cannot call him back again with sorrow: I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrew me, I'll keep him far enough from sea. And 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first love should be drowned; and see, 'tis come about.

El. Lo. [*Aside.*] I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about.—But this is very strange.

Lady. 'Faith, sir, consider all,
And then I know you'll be of my mind:
If weeping would redeem him, I would weep still.

El. Lo. But, say, that I were Loveless,
And 'scap'd the storm; how would you answer this?

Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would leave all the world.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

Lady. This young thing too,
Or any young thing else. Why, I would lose my state.

El. Lo. Why, then, he lives still: I am he, your Loveless! [*Throws off his disguise.*

Lady. Alas! I knew it, sir, and for that purpose
Prepared this pageant. Get you to your task,
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you;
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

hearted creature." In several other instances the reading of the first quartos has been restored silently, where the variation was not of sufficient importance to deserve a note.

Lady. I will not promise; take your choice.—Farewell.

El. Lo. There is no other purgatory but a woman!
I must do something. [*Exit* LOVELESS.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.

Lady. You are, indeed.

Wel. You have so o'erjoy'd me, lady!

Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not; pray, fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.

Lady By this, and to morrow's light, I care not for you.

Wel Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel I like this mirth well, lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't.

Wel. I must kiss you.

Lady. No, sir.

Wel. Indeed, I must.

Lady. What must be, must be. I will take my leave:
You have your parting blow. I pray commend me
To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less brav'ry with you, and more wit;
You'll never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, sir? Your horses will be ready straight: you shall have a napkin laid in the buttery for you.

Wel. Do not you love me, then?

Lady. Yes, for that face.

Wel. It is a good one, lady.

Lady. Yes, if 'twere not warpt;
The fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best, lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, sir; yet, o' my conscience,
You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.

Lady. I will not: Fare you well.—Ho! who's within there?
Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in haste;
And set some cold meat on the table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, lady:
Take to your chamber when you please, there goes
A black one with you, lady.

Lady. Farewell, young man! [*Exit* LADY.

Wel. You have made me one. Farewell; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee; I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in these women. 'Would all of my sex were of my mind; I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more rev'rence with them.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. I am sorry, Mr Welford——

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my lady use you?

Wel. As I would use you, scurvily.

Abig. I should have been more kind, sir.

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray leave me,
And look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offending.

Wel. You're nothing but offence; for God's love, leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant.

Wel. To send you to me. 'Pray, go stitch, good, do!
You are more trouble to me than a term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love I lied not, should any ways deserve this.

Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways! sweet creature, let me depart in peace.

Abig. What creature, sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noise.

Abig. Since you are angry, sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib.

Wel. Of a roasted horse.

Abig. Construe me that.

Wel. A dog can do it better.[4] Farewell, Countess; and commend me to your lady; tell her she's proud, and scurvy. And so I commit you both to your tempter.

Abig. Sweet Master Welford!

Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins, your face looks fouler than a storm: The footman stays you in the lobby, lady.

Abig. If you were a gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions. Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for you.—Sirrah,

[4] *A dog can do it better; farewell,* Countess.] This is not complimental, but sarcastically spoken. In a pack of hounds, an old staunch hunting-bitch is often call'd *Duchess, Countess, Beauty,* &c. *Theobald.*

my horses!—Farewell, old adage! Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else. [*Exit* Wel.

Abig. The blessings of a prodigal young heir be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman, are your gums grown so tender they cann't bite? A skittish filly will be your fortune, Welford, and fair enough for such a pack-saddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. [*Exit* Abig.

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of the Elder Loveless.

Enter Young Loveless, *and Comrades*, Morecraft, *Widow*, Savil, *and the rest.*

Capt. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight!
And may thy back-sword[5] bite them to the bone
That love thee not: Thou art an errant man;[6]
Go on: The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.
Let land and labour fill the man that tills;
Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed!
Mecca shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.

5 ——— *may* thy *back-sword.*] The modern editors read silently, and without absolute necessity, "*my* back-sword."

6 ——— *thou art an* errant man,
Go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.] *i. e.* A knight-errant; one fit to go on the holy wars; to fight against the Saracens. *Theobald.*

Yo. Lo. It shall, Captain; I mean to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little; thou shalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble Morecraft,
If thou wilt lend me money.
I am a man of garrison; be rul'd,
And open to me those infernal gates,
Whence none of thy evil angels[7] pass again,
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego;
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No, Master Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,
I should prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or provoke her.
Speak, my modern man;[8] I say "provoke her."

Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it:
So say the critics.

Yo. Lo. But howsoever you expound it, sir,
She's very welcome; and this shall serve for witness.—
And, widow, since you're come so happily,
You shall deliver up the keys, and free
Possession of this house, while I stand by
To ratify.

[7] *Evil angels.*] Bad money. An angel was a gold coin worth about nine shillings.

[8] *Speak, my modern man.*] It is difficult to define the exact meaning of the epithet *modern* in this place, as it is used in a great variety of senses in the old writers. Generally it implies triteness, or absurdity, which sense, however, does not exactly apply to this passage.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me;
It is a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, widow. Come, sit down. Some wine there!
There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it.[9]
Master Morecraft, all this fair house is yours, sir.— Savil!

Sav. Yes, sir.

Yo. Lo Are your keys ready? I must ease your burden.

Sav. I'm ready, sir, to be undone, when you
Shall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all:
There's half-a-dozen of my friends i' th' fields,
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em; I shall be with them shortly.
The care and continual vexation
Of being rich, eat up this rascal!
What shall become of my poor family?
They are no sheep, yet they must keep themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drink, Master Morecraft! Pray be merry all.
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink!—Widow, a word.
[*They speak aside.*

Capt. Expound her thoroughly, knight.—
Here, god o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!
Be a baron, and a bold one.
Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,

9 *There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it. All this fair house is yours,* Sir Savil?] Thus the modern editions most nonsensically exhibit this passage; omitting "Mr Morecraft," whom Young Loveless must be addressing. Some of the old editions also omit these words, but yet read sensibly, "*All this fair house is yours*, Sir. Savil?"—Ed. 1778.

And let thy chimneys smoke. Feed men of war,
Live, and be honest, and be saved yet.

Mor. I thank you, worthy captain, for your counsel.
You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils;
And, when you can, you feed a man of war:
This makes you not a baron, but a bare one;
And how or when you shall be saved, let
The clerk o' th' company, you have commanded,
Have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much mov'd.[1] Be not angry, sir.
But, as the poet sings,[2] let your displeasure
Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,
And bitterly to him, sir.—Captain, take truce;
The miser is a tart and a witty whoreson!

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie![3] the wit of this man
Lies in his fingers ends; he must tell[4] all.
His tongue fills his mouth like a neat's tongue,
And only serves to lick his hungry chaps
After a purchase: His brains and brimstone are

[1] *The man is much mov'd*, &c.] We are inclined to believe this one speech was intended for three, and that the Captain should have the words, *You have spoke home and bitterly to me sir.* Mr Seward would read, *And bitterly* too, Miser.—Ed 1778.

The old copy reads, " —and bitterly to *me*, sir." As some emendation was necessary, I have adopted that of Mr Mason, as the least violent.

[2] *But, as the poet sings, let your* displeasure *be a* short fury.] The poet, alluded to here, is Horace.

Ira turor brevis *est.*—— *Theobald.*

[3] *Perdie.*] This corruption of *par dieu*, is common in old plays, and generally put into the mouth of an affected character, like that of the captain.

[4] *Tell.*] *i. e.* Count, reckon.

The devil's diet to a fat usurer's head.[5]——
To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow her.
Where's the brave steward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend and Savil, sir.[6]

Capt. Away, thou'rt rich in ornaments of nature;[7]
First, in thy face, thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face; pawn it to the usurer;
A face to kindle the compassion
Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.

Sav. 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly, sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny, steward.—Master Morecraft,
Drink to this man of reckoning.

Mor. [*Drinks.*] Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The devil guide it downward! 'Would there were in't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you!
'Tis all one to me, usurer.

Yo. Lo. (*To the Widow.*) Consider what I told you; you are young,
Unapt for worldly business: Is it fit

[5] *The devil's* diet *to a fat usurer's head.*] Diet means here sauce, as it does in other passages of these plays. *Mason.*

[6] *Here's your poor friend and Savil, sir.*] So all the editions read, till Seward introduced the word servant before the name of Savil. But the old reading is far better in the mouth of the precise steward, who means to say, "Here is your poor friend, your poor Savil, sir."

[7] *Ornaments of nature.*] This is the original text in all the old editions, except the quarto of 1651, which is of no authority whatever. That quarto reads, "tenements of nature;" and in the sixth line after this, "'Tis such I shall not dare to shew it shortly, sir." In both instances the modern editors have adopted these readings.

One of such tenderness, so delicate,
So contrary to things of care, should stir
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels?
Or a new kirtle, though it be of sattin?
Eat by the hope of forfeits,[8] and lie down
Only in expectation of a morrow,
That may undo some easy-hearted fool,
Or reach a widow's curses? let out money,
Whose use returns the principal? and get,
Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;
For such a one must follow necessarily?
You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;
And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining,
Live to see tumbled to another's hands,
That is no more a-kin to you, than you
To his coz'nage!

Wid. Sir, you speak well: 'Would God,
That charity had first begun here.

Yo Lo. 'Tis yet time.—Be merry!
Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' th' house
Captain, where rests the health?

Capt It shall go round, boy!

Yo Lo (*To the Widow.*) Say, can you suffer this, because the end
Points at much profit? Can you so far bow
Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,
To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
And lie with his diseases? If you can,

[8] *Eat by the hope of surfeits.*] So the old copy reads, and though some meaning may be extracted from it, the alteration in the text, which is proposed by Mr Mason in his Commentaries, gives a more plain sense. An accidental substitution of the long ſ for the f, easily accounts for the manner in which the variation was produced.

I will not press you further. Yet look upon him:
There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,
That man of mat, that all-decay'd, but aches,
For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,
His dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth,
And so far I dare speak it.[9] He has yet,
Past cure of physic, Spa, or any diet,
A primitive pox in his bones; and o' my knowledge,
He has been ten times rowell'd:[1] You may love him.
He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
Whipp'd and then cropp'd,
For washing out the roses in three farthings,
To make 'em pence.

Wid. I do not like these morals.

Yo. Lo. You must not like him then.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

El. Lo. By your leave, gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth, sir, you're welcome; welcome, faith. Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray, know this gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here. We are merry; you see the worst on's; your house has been kept warm, sir.[2]

[9] *I dare speak* yet.] So all the old copies read. The alteration is very proper, but ought to have been mentioned in a note.

[1] *He has been ten times* rowell'd.] To rowell is what in modern surgery is called to apply a seton.

[2] *Your house has been kept* warm, *sir.*
El. Lo. *I'm glad to hear it, brother; pray God, you are* wise *too?*] This would be a very odd reply, did it not depend on a pro-

El. Lo. I am glad
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too!
Yo. Lo. Pray, Master Morecraft, know my elder brother;
And, Captain, do your compliment. Savil,
I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you.
Lord, we heard, sir, you were drown'd at sea,
And see how luckily things come about!
Mor. This money must be paid back again, sir.
Yo. Lo. No, sir;
Pray keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors' measures.
I am well, I thank you.
Wid. By my troth, the gentleman
Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him for't.
Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad.
Your worship is the welcom'st man alive:
Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.
Here has been such a hurry, such a din,
Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,
'T has almost made me mad:
We've liv'd in a continual Turnbal Street.[3]

verbial expression, "If you are *wise*, keep yourself *warm*." So in Shakspeare's Much Ado about Nothing,

So that if he has wit *enough to keep himself* warm, &c.

And, again, in his Taming of the Shrew:

Pet. *Am I not* wise?
Kath. *Yes; keep you* warm. *Theobald.*

[3] *We've liv'd in a continual* Turnbal Street.] *Turnbal*, or rather *Turnbull Street*, is mentioned in Shakspeare's Henry IV., part ii. It appears to have been a place of very ill repute at the period in which our authors wrote. In an old comedy, called Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, it is mentioned again:

——— *Sir, get you gone,*
You swaggering, cheating, Turnbull-Street *rogue.*

Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again!
Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother, dismiss these people.

Yo. Lo. Captain, be gone a while; meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening; take your small poet with you. [*Exeunt Captain, Poet, &c.*] Master Morecraft, you were best go prattle with your learned counsel; I shall preserve your money: I was cozen'd when time was; we are quit, sir.

Wid. Better and better still.

El. Lo. What is this fellow, brother?

Yo. Lo. The thirsty usurer that supp'd my land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be landlord of your house and state: I was bold to make a little sale, sir.

Mor. Am I o'er-reach'd? If there be law, I'll hamper ye.

Nash, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, commends the sisters of *Turnbull Street* to the patronage of the devil. In the Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619,

> *'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,*
> ——— *cause spoil in Shoreditch,*
> *And deface* Turnbull.

Again, in Middleton's comedy called Any Thing for a Quiet Life, a French bawd says, "*J'ay une fille qui parle un peu François; elle conversera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys en* Turnbull Street." Again, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, by our authors,

> ——— *This, my lady dear,*
> *I stole her from her friends in* Turnbull Street.

Turnbull, or *Turnmill Street*, is near Cow-Cross, West Smithfield.
Steevens.

An old author, speaking of ladies of a similar profession, living in Sea-coal Lane, in Edinburgh, says, "Every whore in Houndsditch is an Helena, and the greasie bawds in Turnball Street are Greekish dames in comparison to these."—*Perfect Description of Scotland*, London, 1659, 12mo, p. 21. There is now no such place as Sea-coal lane in Edinburgh; though we fear there may still be some such ladies.

El. Lo. Pr'ythee, be gone, and rave at home; thou art
So base a fool, I cannot laugh at thee.
Sirrah, this comes of coz'ning! home, and spare;
Eat raddish 'till you raise your sums again.
If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd,
Your ears nail'd for intelligencing, o' th' pillory,
And your goods forfeit! You are a stale cozener?
Leave my house. No more!

Mor. A pox upon your house!—Come, widow,
I shall yet hamper this young gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' hundred, keep your way; I am not for your diet: Marry in your own tribe, Jew, and get a broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said, widow.—Will you jog on, sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals! [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Nay, good sir, make all even: Here's a widow wants your good word for me; she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I'm glad you look before you.—Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor distressed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong, sir; he's a knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy: Yet, 'tis no matter;
His knighthood's no inheritance, I take it.
Whatsoever he is, he is your servant,
Or would be, lady.
'Faith, be not merciless, but make a man;
He's young and handsome, though he be my brother,
And his observance may deserve your love:
He shall not fail for means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:

And so much do I credit your fair language,
That I shall love your brother; and so love him—
But I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth.—
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,
When this shall be repented.—Now, brother, I should chide;
But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.
I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't:
You have been wild and ignorant; pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day, now spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you, good Master Savil, and your office,
Thus much I have to say: You're, from my steward,
Become, first, your own drunkard, then, his bawd:
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect.
Give me your keys, Sir Savil.

Sav. Good sir, consider whom you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink, now?
Come, tell me, Savil; where's the soundest whores?
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame stallion!
Must you be leading in [4] my house your whores,
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear

[4] *Must you be* leading *in my house your whores.*] So read all the old copies. In the modern editions, *leading* is silently altered to *leaping*, and a mark of interrogation is placed after *house*. There is no necessity for any variation. *In* is frequently, in the old dramas, used for *into;* and at the beginning of the next line, the words *must they* are understood, though not put down, which ellipsis is no unusual thing in these plays.

Either of king or constable, within my walls?
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold yet?
I hope my plate is current; I have too much on't.
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Lo. Methinks, thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak;
'Tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will, sir, if you will have it so.

El. Lo. I thank you. Yes, e'en pursue it, sir. Do you hear?
Get you a whore soon for your recreation;
Go look out Captain Broken-breech, your fellow,
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver
These keys to one shall have more honesty,
Though not so much fine wit, sir. You may walk
And gather cresses, sir, to cool your liver;
There's something for you to begin a diet,
[*Gives him money.*
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well, Sir Savil!
You may eat at my house to preserve life;
But keep no fornication in the stables.

[*Exeunt* EL. *and* YO. LOVELESS *and the Widow.*

Sav. Now must I hang myself;[5] my friends will look for't.

[5] *Now must I hang myself*, &c.] This play, more than any other of our authors', abounds with satirical sneers against our great dramatic poet, Shakspeare. These concluding lines very plainly were intended to ridicule the catastrophe of Ophelia, in the tragedy of Hamlet. *Reed.*

I do not believe that the author had Ophelia in contemplation; nor can any thing be more absurd than the idea generally entertained by the last editors, that every quotation from, or parody of Shakspeare, should be intended as a sneer. Was the *Cento Nup-*

Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,
I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty
[*Exit* Savil.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Lady's *House.*[6]

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Alas, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee, to what a scurvy fortune! Thou, that hast been companion for noblemen, and, at the worst of those times, for gentlemen; now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawl'd like pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me! You that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five-and-twenty: Use your time with

tialis ever considered as a sneer upon Virgil? yet it is entirely composed of quotations from him. *Mason.*

Mr Mason might also have mentioned the harmless parodies of Scarron, Lalli, Cotton, and Blumauer upon the same poet.

[6] The greater part of this exquisitely-humorous scene has been converted into lines of various dimensions, from four up to fourteen syllables. That some very good lines may be picked out of any prose whatever, no one can deny; but it is highly absurd to oblige the poets to repeat, in bad verses, what they wrote in excellent prose.

reverence, that your profits may arise: It will not tarry with you; *ecce signum.* Here was a face: But Time, that, like a surfeit, eats our youth (plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!) has been a little bolder here than welcome; and now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i' th' house, of fifty, call me grannam; and when they are drunk, e'en then, when Joan and my lady are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me; his silver sound of [7] cithern quite abolish'd; his doleful hymns under my chamber-window, digested into tedious learning. Well, fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him: He's a clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his pigs *in posse*. To this good homilist I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,[8] of such a piece of laye ground, hear my pray'r, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults, in this renew'd impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle reader.

Enter ROGER.

See how negligently he passes by me! With what an equipage canonical, as though he had broken

7 *Cithern.*] A kind of guitar, which was very generally used in barbers' shops, to amuse the customers while waiting for their turn.

8 *And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,*
Of such a piece of lape *ground, hear my prayer.*] I believe there is no such term in the English tongue, as *lape* ground. The word must have been *lay*, or *ley*: *i. e. terra inculta, novale*; unploughed, uncultivated land. *Sympson.*

the heart of Bellarmine,[9] or added something to the singing brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it.—Master Roger!

Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then, gentle Roger——

Rog. Ungentle Abigail!

Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit to a weak woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed: For so the poet sings.

Abig. I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my lady's gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman, (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating. You have a season of your first mother in you: And, surely, had the devil been in love, he had been abused too. Go, Dalilah; you make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, dilate[1] upon the weak infirmities of women: These are fit texts: But once there was a time——'Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those orient eyes!

Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your cogging![2] What they are, they are: They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.

9 *Bellarmine.*] Robert Bellarmine, a jesuit, was one of the most celebrated controversialists of his time; and, among the protestants, it was considered as greatly adding to the reputation of the most learned divine, to have broken a lance with him. He was born in the year 1542, and died in 1621.

1 —— *dilate*] Only the sixth quarto reads, "you may dilate," which has hitherto been the text of the modern editions.

2 *Leave your cogging.*] *i. e.* Your lying. To cog, signified ori-

Abig. Oh, will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can; you're like a copy hold, with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you: For your own worship's sake——

Rog. I was a Christian fool then! Do you remember what a dance you led me? How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce? Could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: And then, at prayers once,[3] out of the stinking stir you put me in, I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do remember all this?

Abig. Oh, be as then you were!

Rog. I thank you for it: Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail; and, as the Ethnick poet sings, I will not lose my oil and labour too.[4] You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail?

Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee!

Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also; they are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith. If I should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian, coxcomb? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging comfits in 'em? I tell

ginally to falsify the dice. In the former sense it is used in Ulpian Fulwell's First Part of the Eighth Liberal Science, entitled, Ars Adulandi, The Arte of Flatterie. Lond. 1579, 4to. "There stood afar off a simple sot, named V. F., (Vlpian Fulwell,) and when hee saw how Mercury was favoured for his *cogging*, perswaded himself that he, by speakinge the trueth, should be right well regarded."

[3] *At prayers once.*] These words are now, for the first time, retrieved from the old quarto, where only they are to be found.

[4] *I will not lose my* oil *and* labour *too.*] The Ethnick poet here alluded to is Plautus, in his *Pœnulus:*

Tum pol ego et oleum *et* operam *perdidi.* *Theobald.*

thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me than a long chapter with a pedigree.

Abig. Oh, curate, cure me! I will love thee better, dearer, longer: I will do any thing; betray the secrets of the main household to thy reformation. My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall 'point thee for a parson, I will convert thy eggs to penny custards, and thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testify this faithful kiss. And have a great care, Mistress Abigail, how you depress the spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks; for certainly, the edge of such a folly cuts itself.

Abig. Oh, sir, you have pierced me thorough. Here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning; never more pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock; never again reproach your reverend night-cap, and call it by the mangy name of murrain; [5] never, your reverend person, more, and say, you look like one of Baal's priests in a hanging; never again, when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; ne'er cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride, get soap and thistles for you. No, my Roger, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I should be hanged! I must cry too.—Come to thine own beloved, and

[5] —— *murrain.*] The *murrain* is a kind of plague among cattle. I suspect some such word as *mock* or *revile* has been dropped before *your reverend person;* though, possibly, the word *reproach,* which occurs two lines before, may be held as repeated.

do e'en what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet Abigail! I am thine own for ever: Here's my hand. When Roger proves a recreant, hang him i' th' bell-ropes!

Enter LADY, *and* MARTHA.

Lady. Why, how now, Master Roger; no prayers down with you to-night? Did you hear the bell ring? You are courting; your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon.—I'll clap up prayers,[6] (but stay a little,) and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow,
Presume to come to move me any more?
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha!
Lady. What ails the fellow?
El. Lo The fellow comes to laugh at you.
I tell you, lady, I would not, for your land,
Be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass,
As you decreed me for when I was last here.
Lady. I joy to hear you are wise; 'tis a rare jewel
In an elder brother: Pray, be wiser yet.
El. Lo. Methinks I'm very wise: I do not come a-wooing.
Indeed, I'll move no more love to your ladyship.
Lady. What makes you here, then?

6 *I'll* clap *up prayers.*] So the three first quartos read, as well as the folio; those [illegible]3) and 1651, as well as the modern editions—I'll *chop* up prayers.

El. Lo. Only to see you, and be merry, lady:
That's all my business. 'Faith, let's be very merry.
Where's little Roger? He is a good fellow.
An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth,
Is worth a thousand of these puling passions.
'Tis an ill world for lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank God, there is one less for me, lady.

Lady. You were never any, sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now
I am the prettiest fellow!

Lady. You talk like a tailor, sir.

El. Lo. Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise?
Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will
You mend these faces?

El. Lo. A hog's face, sous'd, is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had some sow to your mother.

El. Lo. She brought such fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not save you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wish!

Lady. By this light, you are a scurvy fellow! Pray, be gone.

El. Lo. You know, I am a clean-skin'd man.

Lady. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: But not a snap, never long for't, not a snap, dear lady.

Lady. Hark ye, sir, hark ye, get you to the suburbs;

There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, sir?

El. Lo. Lord, how I loved this woman! how I worship'd
This pretty calf with the white face here! As I live,
You were the prettiest fool to play withal,
The wittiest little varlet! It would talk;
Lord, how it talk'd! And when I anger'd it,
It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat,
And it would say, "Go hang!"

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married,
It sent me of an errand into France,
And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone.

El. Lo. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at me)
I was unhandsome.

Lady. Have you no manners in you?

El. Lo. And say my back was melted, when the gods know.[7]
I keep it at a charge!—four Flanders mares
Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now?

El. Lo. 'Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you
But, so much for our mirth: Now have at you in earnest.

Lady. There is enough, sir; I desire no more.

[7] It is curious to observe the gradual corruption of this speech. The first quarto reads,

"When the gods knowes." The second,
"When the God knowes." The third,
"When God the knowes." That of 1639,
"When God he knowes."

And the sixth, which is the text-book of the modern editors,
"When Heaven knowes." 2

El. Lo. Yes, faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now; and then the devil take the worst!

Lady. Pray, sir, no more; I am not much affected with your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner; I know they stay you at the ordinary.

El. Lo. E'en a short grace, and then I am gone: You are
A woman! and the proudest that ever loved a coach:
The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman!
The greediest to be praised, and never moved,
Though it be gross and open; the most envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The paint belonging to it: Of such a self-opinion,
That you think no one can deserve your glove:
And, for your malice, you're so excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.

Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me:
I cry for you!

El. Lo. You shall, before I leave you.

Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El. Lo. Yes, and more,
As soon as I can get it out.

Lady. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are——let me see——

Lady. One that has used you with too much respect.

El. Lo. One that hath used me, since you will have it so,
The basest, the most foot-boy-like, without respect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me.
You have used me as I would use a jade,
Ride him off's legs, then turn him into the commons;

You have used me with discretion, and I thank you;
If you have many more such pretty servants,
Pray build an hospital, and, when they are old,
Pray keep 'em, for shame.

Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

Lady. No, faith, there's enough,
If it be true: Too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then?

El. Lo. No, I had rather be a carrier.

Lady. Why, the gods amend all!

El. Lo. Neither do I think
There can be such a fellow found i' th' world,
To be in love with such a froward woman:
If there be such, they're mad; Jove comfort em!
Now have you all, and I as new a man,
As light, and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave
To be one's own man! I can see you now
As I would see a picture; sit all day
By you, and never kiss your hand; hear you sing,
And never fall backward; but, with as set a temper
As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you.
I can now keep my money in my purse,
That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats;
And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins finely.
I can eat mutton now, and feast myself
With my two shillings, and can see a play
For eighteen-pence again: I can, my lady.[8]

[8] *I can, my lady.*] The quarto of 1651 adds unnecessarily another "I can" to this speech, and is of course followed by the modern editions. With regard to the price of admission to plays, see two notes on Wit Without Money, p. 12 and 104 of this volume.

Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me.—Sir,
Pray let me speak a little private with you.
I must not suffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! What would you with me?
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.

Lady. Thou perjured man!

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine *exordium.*
And why, I pray you, perjured?

Lady. Did you not swear,
A thousand thousand times, you loved me best
Of all things?

El. Lo. I do confess it: Make your best of that.

Lady. Why do you say you do not, then?

El. Lo. Nay, I'll swear it,
And give sufficient reason; your own usage.

Lady. Do you not love me now, then?

El. Lo. No, faith.

Lady. Did you ever think I loved you dearly?

El. Lo. Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on't.

Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it,
And take my last farewell:—Now let me die,
So you be happy!

El. Lo. I am too foolish:—Lady! speak, dear lady!

Enter MARTHA.

Lady. No, let me die. [*She swoons*

Mar. Oh, my sister!

Abig. Oh, my lady! Help, help!

Mar. Run for some *rosa solis!* [9]

9 *Rosa solis.*] A very usual stimulant in the time of our authors, and not unknown in the present days. At the capture of Manilla, the capital of the Philippines, the Spaniards pretended that a quantity of spiritous liquors was *rosa solis.* The tars, however, not satisfied with this explanation, opened the cask, and finding their favourite liquor, expressed great satisfaction at the characteristic name of *Rouze our souls up.*

El. Lo. I have play'd the fine ass! Bend her body.—Lady!
Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your servant.
I am not as I shew'd!—Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!—
Give her more air. See, she begins to stir:—
Sweet mistress, hear me!

Lady. Is my servant well?

El. Lo In being yours, I am so.

Lady Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do you?—Reach a chair there.—I confess
My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error:
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it.
And let not, my best lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace;
For sooner shall you know a general ruin,
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress;
For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve; rather be angry,
And heap infliction on me; I will suffer.
Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon me.
Upon my faith, 'twas but a trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely,
That you would never shew it, though my means
Was all humility.[1]

[1] *Though my means was all* humanity.] This is the reading of the modern editions: the old ones say, *humility*. Mr Seward (who mentions it in his Postscript) not comprehending the passage, proposes two or three variations, which seem to us totally unnecessary, as the meaning obviously is, "I knew you loved me, though you would never shew it, notwithstanding I used the *humblest* means to induce you to do it."—Ed. 1778.

All Ha, ha, ha!

El. Lo. How now?

Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your most fine plot!
This was a subtle one, a stiff device
To have caught dottrels[a] with. Good senseless sir,
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant ass;
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Take heed, sir; she may chance to swoon again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Step to her, sir; see how she changes colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to hell first, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confess it; finely fool'd,
Lady; fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it!

Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, sir:
But if I knew when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Lo. I am glad to see you merry: Pray laugh on.

Mar. He had a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, sir.

[a] *Dottrels.*] A dottrel is a foolish kind of bird, which is easily taken, for he imitates every action of the fowler. In the Old Couple, one of the characters is called Dotterel, who is described as a perfect gull.

"Our Dotterel then is caught?
Barnet. He is, and just
As dotterel used to be: the lady first
Advanc'd towards him, stretch'd forth her wing, and he
Met her with all expressions, and is caught
As fast in her lime-twigs as he can be,
Until the church confirm it."

Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pray, sister, do not laugh: you'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger,[3]
That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and senseless.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith, then let's hear him, sister.

El. Lo. Yes, you shall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better for it, then?

El. Lo. No; he that makes a woman better by his words, I'll have him sainted: Blows will not do it.

Lady. By this light, he'll beat us.

El. Lo. You do deserve it richly, and may live
To have a beadle do it.

Lady. Now he rails.

El. Lo. Come, scornful Folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray put it in good words, then.

El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.

Lady. You bite, sir.

El. Lo. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him; he grows mad.

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful, in the next great sickness,
To have the dogs spared, those harmless creatures,
And knock i' th' head those hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious.
I hope the state will think on't.

Lady. Are you well, sir?

Mar. He looks

[3] *Costermonger.*] *i. e.* A dealer in apples, because they are shaped like a human head, which was often denominated a *costard*.

As though he had a grievous fit o' th' cholic.
El. Lo. Green ginger will cure me.
Abig I'll heat a trencher for him.
El. Lo. Dirty December, do;
Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;[4]
Such a prognosticating nose: Thou thing,
That ten years since has left to be a woman,
Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
But gords or nine-pins,[5] pray go fetch a trencher, go.
Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd.
Abig. I'll see him hang'd first; he's a beastly fellow,
To use a woman of my breeding thus;
Ay, marry is he. Would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his knave's words!
El. Lo. Tie your she-otter up, good Lady Folly,
She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.
Lady. Why will you be angry now?
El. Lo. Go paint, and purge;
Call in your kennel with you. You a lady?
Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-sessions:
If there be good behaviour in the world,
I'll have thee bound to it.
El. Lo. You must not seek it in your lady's house, then.
Pray send this ferret home; and spin, good Abigail.—
And, madam, that your ladyship may know

[4] *Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;*
Such a prognosticating nose.] See p. 157 of this volume.

[5] *But* gords.] Gords were a species of false dice; and Loveless tells Abigail that her bones are fit for nothing but to make false dice or nine-pins of.

In what base manner you have used my service,
I do from this hour hate you heartily;
And, though your folly should whip you to repentance,
And waken you at length to see my wrongs,
'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me;
Not all the friends you have in intercession,[6]
Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke
As many tears as words; not your knees grown
To th' ground in penitence, nor all your state,
To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor will
To give you Christian burial, if you die thus;
So, farewell.——
When I am married and made sure, I'll come
And visit you again, and vex you, lady.
By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,
Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will
Recant and sue to me; but save that labour:
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,
Rather contract my youth to drink, and safer
Dote upon quarrels,[7]
Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,
That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,
Than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Pray do; but take heed though.

6 —in *intercession*.] So the first two quartos read. In the second, the first monosyllable was dropped, as well as in the folio. The fifth and sixth quartos, in order to make out the sense, which had thus been lost, read, "*make* intercession," and the editions of 1750 and 1778, "*nor* intercession."

7 *And* safer *dote upon quarrels*.] A great deal of useless annotation might have been spared on this passage, if Sympson, Mason, and the last editors had looked into the first and second quartos. Some of the subsequent old copies read, "sacerdote;" others, "saver dote;" from which Mr Mason *conjectured* the actual text, which he might have found in the first and second quartos.

El. Lo. From thee, false dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy summers,
Good Lord, deliver me! [*Exit.*

Lady. But hark you, servant, hark ye!—Is he gone?
Call him again.

Abig. Hang him, paddock!

Lady. Art thou here still? Fly, fly,
And call my servant; fly, or never see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again, than see that rascal,
But I must do it. [*Exit* ABIGAIL.

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much.
What fine foolery is this in a woman,
To use these men most frowardly they love most?
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly served.
I hope he's not so much himself, to take it
To th' heart.—How now! Will he come back?

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Never, he swears, while he can hear men say there's any woman living: He swore he would have me first.

Lady. Didst thou entreat him, wench?

Abig. As well as I could, madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There is another way, if you could hit on't.

Lady. Thou say'st true; get me paper, pen, and ink; I'll write to him: I'd be loth he should sleep in's anger. Women are most fools when they think they're wisest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Music. *Enter* YOUNG LOVELESS *and Widow, with his Comrades.*

Wid. Pray, sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting
For your bare knowledge, and far more your company.
Is't fit such ragamuffins as these are,
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish out
A civil house? You're to be married now;
And men, that love you, must expect a course
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em,
Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em grooms:
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars
Once set o' horse-back, you have heard, will ride—
How far, you had best to look to.

Capt. Hear you,
You that must be lady; pray content yourself,
And think upon your carriage soon at night,
What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat,
What cordial will do well i' th' morning for him.
What triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean, sir?

Capt. Those that must switch him up: If he start well,
Fear not, but cry, "Saint George," and bear him hard.
When you perceive his wind grows hot and want-

Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
And stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you hear these fellows?

Yo. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
But, good sir, not to you: You shall be civil,
And slip off these base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer!
If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar,
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
To live a coxcomb with him. Let him be civil,
And eat i' th' Arches,[8] and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way!
I will not take, if he be civil once,
Two hundred pounds a-year to live with him.
Be civil! There's a trim persuasion.

Capt. If thou be'st civil, knight, (as Jove defend it!)
Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd
Off by the angry boys for thy conversion.
The children thou shalt get on this civilian
Cannot inherit by the law; they're Ethnicks,
And all thy sport mere mortal lechery.
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers,
Like their dear dam there! Pr'ythee be civil, knight;
In time thou may'st read to thy houshold,
And be drunk once a-year: This would shew finely.

[8] *—eat i' th' Arches.*] This was probably some tavern near the Court of Arches, frequented by sober citizens.

Yo. Lo. I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer this;
You do not understand these gentlemen.
I will be short and pithy; I had rather
Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,
That nothing goes to the maintenance of
But corn and water. I will keep these fellows
Just in the competency of two hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so, sir, you've my liking:
If they eat less, I should not be offended.
But how these, sir, can live upon so little
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why, pr'ythee, sweetheart, what's your ale? Is not
That corn and water, my sweet widow?

Wid. Ay;
But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to this,
And cloaths, that they must look for?

Yo. Lo. In this short sentence "ale," is all included;
Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no rav'ning footmen,
No fellows, that at ordinaries dare eat
Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels;
Besides the din, which is most damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confined to a boat-maker,
Than live among such rascals. These are people
Of such a clean discretion in their diet,
Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat
If they but smell hot meat. Porridge is poison;
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter,

And shew them but a feather-bed, they swoon.
Ale is their eating and their drinking solely;[9]
Which keeps their bodies clear and soluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,
Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,
Which is more airy,[1] and of subtler nature.
The rest they take is little, and that little
As little easy;[2] for, like strict men of order,
They do correct their bodies with a bench,
Or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney
Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,
They are in down. When they are sick, that's drunk,
They may have fresh straw; else, they do despise
These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
'Tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none;
And if a man should offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconciled again with him:
You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast doublet
Once in a year, which is a modesty
Befitting my poor friends: You see their wardrobe,
Though slender, competent. For shirts, I take it,
They are things worn out of their remembrance.
Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
Which shews a fine variety; and then, to cure 'em,
A tanner's lime-pit, which is little charge:

9 *Ale is their eating and their drinking*, surely.] *Surely* seems a mere expletive here; but I believe the true word was *solely*, *i. e.* Ale is the only thing they desire to eat, as well as drink. *Seward.*

1 *More airy*] All the quartos read—more air. Corrected in the folio.

2 *As little easy*] So the first and second quarto. Subsequently corrupted to—*Is* little easy.

Two dogs, and these too,[3] may be cured for three-
pence.

Wid. You have half persuaded me; pray, use
your pleasure:—
And, my good friends, since I do know your diet,
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you;
You shall have ale.

Capt. We ask no more; let it be mighty, lady,
And, if we perish, then our own sins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come, forward, gentlemen; to church,
my boys!
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Room in the House of the Elder Loveless.

Enter Elder Loveless.

El. Lo. This senseless woman vexes me to the
heart;
She will not from my memory! 'Would she were
A man for one two hours, that I might beat her.
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay she might have scorn'd
me;
But to be young, and, by this light, I think,

[3] *Two dogs, and these; these two,* &c.] So the old copies.

As proper as the proudest; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd; means and manners equal
With the best cloth-of-silver sir i' th' kingdom—
But these are things, at some time of the moon,
Below the cut of canvas. Sure, she has
Some meeching rascal in her house,[4] some hind,
That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,
Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with 't;
Thresh all day, and i' th' evening, in his stockings,
Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours,
And ne'er a whit the worse man. These are they,
These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all.
'Would I had been a carter, or a coachman,
I had done the deed ere this time.

[4] *Sure she has some* meeching *rascal in her house.*] This word is generally spelt *miching*; it means *secret*, *covered*, *lying hid*. In this sense Chapman, a contemporary writer, uses it in the Widow's Tears. Lysander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her. His friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him. His wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument, to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her, in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her husband; on which he exclaims,

——— Out upon thee, monster!
Go, tell the governor; let me be brought
To die for that most famous villainy,
Not for this *miching* base transgression
Of truant negligence.

And again,

——— My truant
Was *micht*, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

In this sense it occurs in Philaster, "*A rascal* miching *in a meadow.*" A passage in an old Comment on the Ten Commandments, printed at London in 1493, illustrates the meaning of the word: "Commonly in such feyrs and markets ther ben many theyves, *mychers*, and cutpurse." *Mychers*, that is, *lurking vagabonds*. Shakspeare says of Prince Henry, *Shall the blessed sun of Heaven prove a* micher? *Warton.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman without would speak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. By your leave, sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome. What's your will, sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must, sir.
I am that gentleman you pleased to wrong
In your disguise; I have enquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed, sir, if I wrong'd you.
Pray, where and when?

Wel. In such a lady's house,
I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you:
You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
How scurvily you used me: That was
No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:
If you be honest, you dare fight with me,
Without more urging; else I must provoke you.

El. Lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman;
I will not have her in my cause; she's mortal,[5]
And so is not my anger. If you have brought
A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you;

[5] *She's* mortal.] Mortal, in this passage, does not mean subject to death, but deadly, fatal. *Mason.*

In this I would be loth to prick my finger.
And where you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far
From my profession, that, amongst my fears,
To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,
We have been both abused, not by ourselves
(For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be left forgotten)
But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,
That much-forgetful lady: For whose sake,
If we should leave our reason, and run on
Upon our sense, like rams, the little world
Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,
Fixing upon our desperate memories
The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.
Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you,
In this I had rather help you, sir, than hurt you.
And, you shall find it, though you throw yourself
Into as many dangers as she offers,
Though you redeem her lost name every day,
And find her out new honours with your sword,
You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy, sir; you have ta'en my edge off;
Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper. We are two,
And they are two; two sisters, rich alike,[*]
Only the elder has the prouder dowry.
In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but
Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,
We'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this——

[*] *rich* alike.] That is, both of them rich, not equally so. *Mason.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs speak with you:
I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, sir.

El. Lo. It is the waiting-woman: Pray, be not seen.—
Sirrah, hold her in discourse a while.—Hark in your ear. [*Whispers.*]
Go and dispatch it quickly. When I come in,
I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

El. Lo. Away; 'tis done; she must not see you. [*Exit* WEL.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Now, Lady Guinever,[7] what news with you?

Abig. Pray, leave these frumps, sir, and receive this letter.

El Lo. From whom, good Vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my lady, sir: Alas, good soul,
She cries and takes on!

El. Lo. Does she so, good soul?
Would she not have a caudle? Does she send you
With your fine oratory, goody Tully,
To tie me to belief again? Bring out the cat-hounds!
I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with my tiller
Bring down your gibship,[8] and then have you cased,

7 *Guinever.*] The well known queen of King Arthur, celebrated for her amour with Sir Lancelot of the Lake. Her name is frequently to be found in old plays, as in Love's Labour's Lost, the Malcontent, Shirley's Gamester, &c.

8 *Then with my* tiller *bring down your* gibship, *and then have*

And hung up in the warren.*

Abig. I am no beast, sir; 'would you knew it.

El. Lo. 'Would I did, for I am yet very doubtful. What will you say now?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation I can speak wise enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough? Will your lady love me?

Abig. It seems so by her letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man!

El. Lo Not such another as I was, mumps; nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle. [*Reads.*] Ha, ha, ha! Is not thy mistress mad?

Abig. For you she will be; 'tis a shame you should use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly: She loves the ground you tread on; and you, hard heart, because she jested with you, mean to kill her. 'Tis a fine conquest, as they say. [*Weeps.*

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five years since. Nay, let it rain; thy face chops for a shower, like a dry dunghill.

Abig. I'll not endure this ribaldry. Farewell, i' th' devil's name! If my lady die, I'll be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Do, maukin, do. Deliver to your lady

you cast, &c.] Tiller is probably a kind of steel-bow, perhaps from steeler, *i. e. arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner says. Gib was a very common name for a cat. *Cast*, Mr Sympson has ingeniously reformed to *cased*, i. e. *stea'd*, and hung up. *Theobald.*

We know not how old Mr Sympson was when he made this *ingenious reformation*, which we find in some of the old quartos, considerably more than an hundred years before that gentleman's *ingenuity* was discovered.—Ed. 1778.

from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other business; which before I will want, to come to her, I mean to go seek bird's nests. Yet I may come, too:
But if I come,
From this door till I see her, will I think
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much, that the physician,
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by, and she remediless
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage!
I hope to see the boys make potguns [9] of thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile man. God bless my issue from thee!

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper,
That makes thee hobble so. You must be ground
I' th' breech like a top; you'll ne'er spin well else.
Farewell, fytchock! [1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lady's House.

Enter LADY *alone.*

Lady. Is it not strange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to disturb herself?
If I should call my reason to account,

9 *Potguns.*] A favourite instrument among boys, made of a hollow cane or reed. In the Sun's Darling, by Deckar and Ford, man in his first age, or boyhood, is described,

"Not potgun-proof, but yet he'll have his page."

1 *Fytchock.*] The same as fitchew, a pole-cat, which is frequently applied by Shakspeare as a term of reproach.

It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love
From his; and every hour repent again,
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing dull,
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours rest; yet, through his frowardness,
Will rather chuse to watch another man,
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.
All this I know; yet a strange peevishness
And anger, not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own ruin! I had rather die,
Sometimes, than not disgrace, in public, him
Whom people think I love, and do't with oaths,
And am in earnest then. Oh, what are we?
Men, you must answer this, that dare obey
Such things as we command.—How now? what news?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. 'Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourself.

Lady. Why, but what says he?

Abig. 'Faith, he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abig. First, at your letter he laugh'd extremely.

Lady. What, in contempt?

Abig. He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way:

And having done, he cried, "Alas for her!" and violently laugh'd again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why?
Why wert thou angry? He did do but well;
I did deserve it; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry!
That shew'd your folly; I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before.
But said he nothing else?

Abig. Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mock'd him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: Yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: And as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress's jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so;
For he does think. and reasonably think,
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he be married.

Abig. At last, he said it should go hard but he would see you, for your satisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are graced, and give respect
There, where we are respected: yet we practise

A wilder course, and never bend our eyes
On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your servant, with a gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Close at the door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone! I fear he is betroth'd. What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her mask on;
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

Lady. But yet her mind was of a milder stuff
Than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveless, *and* Welford, *in Women's apparel.*

——— Now I see him, if my heart
Swell not again—(away, thou woman's pride!)—
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him,
Let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here.

Lady. How now! what new trick invites you hither?
Have you a fine device again?

El. Lo. 'Faith, this is the finest device I have now.—How dost thou, sweetheart?

Wel. Why, very well, so long as I may please you, my dear lover. I nor can, nor will be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. Oh, thy sweet temper! What would I have given,
That lady had been like thee! See'st thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind,
Had made a wench indeed!
Wel. Alas, my love,
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!
I use no paint, nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will shew it.
Lady. Why, what thing have you brought to shew us there?
Do you take money for it?
El. Lo. A godlike thing,
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;
What I will is for law.[2] Pray you, salute her.
Lady. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kiss her
For half my wealth.
El. Lo. Why, why, pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you: Look you.
[*Kisses* WELFORD.
Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beast would not have don't.—
I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain
A kingdom.
El. Lo. Marry, you shall not be troubled.
Lady. Why, was there ever such a Meg[3] as this?
Sure thou art mad.

[2] — *is* for *law.*] *i. e.* Stands for law. The sixth quarto reads, "is *her* law," and is followed, as usual, by the modern editors, who never looked into any other copy.

[3] — *such a* Meg.] An allusion to the celebrated Meg of Westminster. A ballad of Long Meg of Westminster was entered on the stationers' books in 1594. The tune became a famous jig, and, as such, is mentioned in the excellent old comedy, The Hog hath lost his Pearl.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I loved pictures;
For what are shape and colours else but pictures?
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes, indeed, is't.

Lady. God give you joy!

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good wish.
The like to you, whenever you shall wed.

El. Lo. Oh, gentle spirit!

Lady. You thank me? I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all;
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, sweet!

Lady. I do not think this woman can by nature
Be thus, thus ugly: Sure, she's some common strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sin.

Wel [*Kneeling.*] Oh, sir,
Believe not this; for Heaven so comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man; my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.

El. Lo. Arise, my dearest soul;
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear
Her tender heart will break with this reproach!—
Fie, that you know no more civility
To a weak virgin!—'Tis no matter, sweet;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would; but for mine honour,
Methinks——

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.—
Is this the business that you sent for me
About?

Mar. 'Faith, sister, you are much to blame,
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be,
Thus. I'll salute her:—You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild still as the dove,
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,
A jesting stock.—Adieu, to the world's end!

Lady. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me.

Lady. I pray, let me speak with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well.—Come.

Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.

El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.

Lady. By Heav'n I have no mocks. Good sir, a word.

El. Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you: but, I beseech you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a parson and a licence stay for us i' th' church all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoe'er
I've heretofore spoke jestingly, forget:
For, as I hope for mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my heart,
And as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your mistress, and you my servant?

El. Lo. Oh, 'tis about the old matter. [*Going.*

Lady. Nay, good sir, stay me out: I would but

hear you excuse yourself, why you should take this woman, and leave me.

El. Lo Pr'ythee, why not? deserves she not as much as you?

Lady. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true: But if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women off her in worth.[4] She cannot swoon in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge,[5] and lift at pigs of lead. And, for a wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie in bed and get 'em? Your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat, when she can do a thousand profitable things: She can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen[6] should be cramm'd; she cuts cambric at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls.[7] And what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond

[4] *You are a thousand women of her in worth.*] So all the old copies read: undoubtedly a mere erratum of the press for *off*. There is no occasion for reading, with the edition of 1778, "*off of her* in worth."

[5] *To throw the sledge.*] This exercise is still usual, under the denomination of the sledge-hammer.

[6] *Pullen.*] Poultry in general. So in Fitzherbert's Husbandry, "—give thy *poleyn* meate in the morning." And in Gammer Gurton's Needle, "A false theefe, that came like a false foxe, my *pullain* to mischeefe."

[7] *Quilts balls.*] The modern editors have added, from the sixth quarto, the word *admirably*.

me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear yourself?

El. Lo. Forswear myself! how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have utter'd, in disclaiming all for wives but me? I'll not remember you.[8] God give you joy!

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodgings to-morrow, divines would never hold me perjur'd if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him; so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas, you need not: I make already tender of myself, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily fall upon me; as whosoever deals with women shall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would choose the least ill, which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I'd been past getting of children, rather than her, that hath forsook her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.[9]

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why, to you.

Lady. Which oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. I pr'ythee do not urge my sins unto me,

[8] *I'll not* remember *you.*] *i. e.* I will not *remind* you.

[9] *Upon my word.*] *i. e.* Depending on my word. I have here adopted the punctuation proposed by Mr Mason. Other editions make the last words an imperfect exclamation.

Without I could amend 'em.

Lady. Why, you may,
By wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfy
My word to her?

Lady. It is not to be kept,
And needs no satisfaction: 'tis an error,
Fit for repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?
It may not be.

Lady. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee than her;
But yet mine honesty——

Lady. What honesty?
'Tis more preserved this way. Come, by this light.
Servant, thou shalt! I'll kiss thee on't.

El. Lo. This kiss,
Indeed, is sweet: Pray God, no sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no sin at all; try but another.

Wel. Oh, my heart!

Mar. Help, sister; this lady swoons!

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet mind lives not in any woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more, which, by all my hopes, I will not alter. I did make an oath, when you delay'd me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your own minister, to your own chapel, I'll wed you, and to bed.

Lady. A match, dear servant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not:
She would not though, for all her injuries;

Such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed
To kiss her now I part, may I not live!
Wel. I see you go, as slily as you think
To steal away; yet I will pray for you:
All blessings of the world light on you two,
That you may live to be an aged pair!
All curses on me. if I do not speak
What I do wish, indeed!
El. Lo. If I can speak
To purpose to her, I'm a villain.
Lady. Servant, away!
Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man?
Think you he will not cast you off to-morrow?
To wrong a lady thus! Look'd she like dirt,
'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him!
Wel. Now God forbid!
Alas, I was unworthy; so I told him.
Mar. That was your modesty: Too good for him!—
I would not see your wedding for a world.
Lady. Choose, choose!—Come, Younglove.
[*Exeunt* LADY, EL. LOVE. *and* ABIG.
Mar. Dry up your eyes, forsooth; you shall not think
We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these.
'Would I knew how to give you a revenge!
Wel. So would not I: No, let me suffer truly;
That I desire.
Mar. Pray walk in with me;
'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night:
Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish
I could but do you right.
Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The House of the Elder Loveless.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Yo. Lo. Did your master send for me, Savil?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas, sir, I know nothing;
Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.
My dancing days are done, sir.

Yo. Lo. What art thou now, then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am, with your worship's reverence, sir, a rascal: One that, upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce[1] by the highway, and sell switches. My wife is learning now, sir, to weave inkle.

Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?

Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already:
He was born bursten;[2] and, your worship knows,
That is a pretty step to men's compassions.
My youngest boy I purpose, sir, to bind
For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,
That he may shew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.
You are resolved to cant, then? Where, Savil,
Shall your scene lie?

[1] *A sconce.*] A petty fortification. Here Savil probably alludes merely to a temporary counter of earth, thrown up by the highway, to sell his wares upon.

[2] *He was born* bursten.] By a *rogue* Savil means a beggar, a profession for which he says his son is half qualified, by his natural deformity. *Mason.*

Sav. Beggars must be no choosers:
In every place, I take it, but the stocks.
Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil:
I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.
Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it:[3]
I do remember yet in tears, you told me,
You would have whores; and in that passion, sir,
You broke out thus: "Thou miserable man,
Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead:
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man."
Yo. Lo. You're grown a bitter gentleman. I see,
Misery can clear your head better than mustard.
I'll be a suitor for your keys again, sir.
Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, sir?
I shall be bound——
Yo. Lo. You shall, sir,
To your bunch again; or I'll miss foully.

Enter MORECRAFT.

Mor. Save you, gentleman, save you!
Yo. Lo. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?
Mor. Come, pr'ythee be familiar, knight.
Yo. Lo. Away, fox! I'll send for terriers for you.
Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee company.
Yo. Lo. I am about some business, Indentures!

[3] The sixth quarto, and the modern editors, add the word *indeed* to this line, and thereby destroy the metre.

If you follow me, I'll beat you; take heed! As I live, I'll cancel your coxcomb.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no usurer. What poor fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor indeed, sir.

Mor. Give him money, knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

Mor. There, poor fellow; here's an angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft?

Mor. Yes, faith, knight. I'll follow thy example: Thou hadst land and thousands,[4] thou spent'st, and flungst away, and yet it flows in double. I purchased, wrung, and wire draw'd for my wealth, lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a vow, to try all ways above ground, but I'll find a constant means to riches without curses.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your conversion, Master Morecraft: You're in a fair course; pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company.—Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake, there's two angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you, sir, and keep you long in this mind!

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. 'Till I have a penny[5] I have brave clothes a-making, and two horses: Canst thou

[4] *Thou hadst land and thousands, thou spent'st,* &c.] The last editors added the pronoun *which* after *thousands*, thinking it requisite to sense and verse. The sense is exactly the same without it, and no verse was ever thought of.

[5] *'Till I have a penny.*] *Till* is frequently used for *whilst*, and *while*, vice versa, for *till*, as in Wit with several Weapons, "I'll lie under your bed *while* midnight." The latter is still usual in the northern counties.

not help me to a match, knight? I'll lay a thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Afric monster! There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars[*] while this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

Sav. 'Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! I beseech you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys; I like his good beginning, sir; the whilst, I'll pray for both your worships.

Yo. Lo. He shall, sir.

Mor. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your servant, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of the Lady.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS *and* LADY.

El. Lo. 'Faith, my sweet lady, I have caught you now,
Maugre your subtilties, and fine devices.
Be coy again now.

Lady. Pr'ythee, sweetheart, tell true.

El. Lo. By this light,
By all the pleasures I have had this night,
By your lost maiden-head, you are cozen'd merely;

[*] *Cleve wars.*] The wars here alluded to were caused by the death of John William, duke of Cleves, without heirs, in the year 1609. Juliers, a fortress in his dominions, was taken in 1622, by the marquis of Espinola; and the final settlement of the dispute was not concluded till the peace of the Pyrenees, in 1659.

I have cast beyond your wit: That gentlewoman
Is your retainer Welford.[7]

Lady. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake.
Mark how she blushes when you see her next.
Ha, ha, ha! I shall not travel now. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pr'ythee, sweetheart,
Be quiet; thou hast angered me at heart.

El. Lo. I'll please you soon again.

Lady Welford?

El. Lo. Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow; well-bred, and landed: Your sister can instruct you in his good parts better than I, by this time.

Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?

El. Lo. Yes, i'faith; and over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me!
You have got the sun, sir.

El. Lo. And the moon too; in which I'll be the man.[8]

[7] *That* gentleman *is your retainer Welford.*] I think the poets certainly wrote *gentlewoman*, *i. e.* that seeming gentlewoman; for Welford was now in woman's habit. And so again, in the subsequent page, *Now you may see the* gentlewoman: *Stand close.*
Theobald.

[8] *And the moon too; in which I'll be the man.*] An allusion to the popular superstition of the man in the moon, which has pervaded all ages. According to the vulgar tradition, both of this country and Germany, he was transported into the moon for gathering sticks on a Sunday, where he is condemned to the like laborious occupation day and night; and hence he derived his attributes, the thorn-bush and lanthern. The superstition is very ingeniously traced by Mr Ritson to a passage in the Old Testament, (Numbers, xv, 32, et seq.) See Ancient Songs, p. 34. It is not improbable but that the same tradition suggested to Ariosto the wonders which Astolfo beholds in the moon. Dante has this very evident allusion to this subject:

Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmised it, you should have hunted three trains more, before you had come to the course; you should have hank'd o' the bridle, sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and mined with you, and so blew you up.—Now you may see the gentlewoman: Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter WELFORD *in his own Apparel, and* MARTHA.

Mar. For God's sake, sir, be private in this business;
You have undone me else. Oh, God, what have I done?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again?
With what face?

Wel. Why, e'en with that; 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better. Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and, to your thinking, honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress; and yet they keep no stir.

" ——— gia tiene 'l confine
D'amenduo gli emispheri, e tocca l'onda
Sotto Sibilla, *Caino, e le Spine.*"

Upon this passage the commentators observe, that " Caino e le Spine is a certain spot observed in the moon, which, according to vulgar tradition, is Cain, bearing upon his shoulders a forkful of thorns;" evidently the thorn-bush of the English man in the moon. In Ben Jonson's Masque of " Time Vindicated," the Eyes propose that " the man i' th' moon dance a corranto, his bush at's back a-fire, and his dog piping *Lachrimæ*," a popular tune in his day. A very curious note on the subject of the man in the moon, which contains much additional information, may be found in Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, I. p. 15, but which the editor had not observed at the time this note was written.

Mar. Good sir, go in, and put your woman's clothes on:
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that, mistress: I am no fool. Here will I tarry till the house be up, and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear friend, go in!

Wel. To bed again if you please, else I am fix'd here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done. If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an asinego,[9] as your sister left me No; I'll have it known and publish'd: Then, if you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be shamed: and, when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast Cleve captain,[1] and sell bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not stay, sir; use me modestly: I am your wife.

Wel. Go in; I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a witness of your naked truth, sir. This is the gentlewoman; pr'ythee look upon him: This is he that made me break my faith, sweet; but thank your sister, she hath solder'd it.

Lady What a dull ass was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench! Twenty to one, if I had been but tender, like my sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good patience, for ferreting in my ground.

9 *Asinego.*] A term for an ass, which is still common in some parts of England. I do not believe that it is a Portuguese word, as Dr Musgrave supposes. It was applied as a cant term in our authors' days, as in the passage in the text, and in the following from Marmion's Antiquary: "They apparelled me as you see. made me a fool, an *asinego*."

1 *Cleve captain.*] See note on p. 255.

Lady. You have been with my sister?

Wel. Yes; to bring——

El. Lo. An heir into the world, he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours, that's the least; I am reasonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the founders,[2] is either surfeited, or ill taught, lady. For mine own part, I have found so sweet a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. Lo. How like you this dish, Welford? I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your train, you had slept with a bare pillow in your arms, and kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife you had got this twelvemonth yet. I would have vex'd you more than a tired post-horse, and been longer bearing than ever after-game at Irish was.[3] Lord, that I were unmarried again!

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you again a haggard,[4] for the best cast of ladies i'

[2] *Bless the* founders.] An allusion to the prayers usually said in catholic countries for the souls of the founders of charities, monasteries, and colleges.

[3] — *after-game at* Irish.] This game scarcely differs from backgammon, which has often been confounded with it. But the difference is fully proved by the description of it in The Compleat Gamester, 1680, p. 109. and by the following passage in Howel's Letters: "Your father tells me, that he finds you are so wedded to the Italian and French, that you utterly neglect the Latin tongue. That is not well. Though you have learned to play at *backgammon*, you must not forget *Irish*, which is a serious game: but I know you are so discreet in the course and method of your studies, that you will make the daughters wait upon the mother, and still love your old friend."

[4] *Haggard.*] This is a term relative to a diversion, in our au-

th' kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed,[5] and would not truss round.

Wel. Is she fast?

El. Lo. She was all night lock'd here, boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her, without fear of losing:[6] Take off her creyance.—You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister: Lord, what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceived I was a man! But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple, without the parson o' th' town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guess at it; I see it by her—

Lady. Well, you may mock us: But, my large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambrée,[7] had I but seen

thors' time much attended to, but now lost; viz. hawking. A *haggard* hawk is a *wild hawk*, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable. *Reed.*

[5] *Tickle-footed*] Probably likewise a term of falconry. Tickle was often used for uncertain, unsteady, unsure; from whence our phrases *ticklish*, a *ticklish situation*, are derived.

[6] *Then you may lure her without fear of losing: Take off her cranes.*] A lure, in *falconry*, is a machine composed of feathers and leather, which, by being cast up into the air, seems in its motion to look like a fowl: Upon this a young hawk is trained up to be fed, has a live dove given her, and therefore forsakes not the *lure*. The *creyance* is a fine small long line of strong, and eventwined pack-thread, which is fastened to the hawk's leash before she is *reclaimed*, or fully tamed. *Theobald.*

[7] *My* Mary Ambrée.] This was a virago who went a volunteering in men's clothes in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was celebrated in a ballad which Dr Percy has printed at large in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. II. The time when she performed this exploit appears to have been about the year 1584, when the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strongholds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stowe's Annals, 711. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicœne*, Act IV. Scene II.; his

into you, you should have had another bed-fellow, fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you, lady; methought it was well. You are so curious!

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, *his Lady*, MORECRAFT, SAVIL, *and Serving-men.*

El. Lo. Get on your doublet; here comes my brother.

Yo. Lo. Good-morrow, brother; and all good to your lady!

Mor. God save you, and good-morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good-morrow.—Here's a poor brother of yours.

Lady. Fie, how this shames me!

Mor. Pr'ythee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Brother, what make you here? Will this lady do? Will she? Is she not nettled still?

El. Lo. No, I have cured her.—Master Welford, pray know this gentleman; he's my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I shall not be your debtor, sir.—But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, man: I am married. Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't.—Now, my pretty lady sister, how do you find my brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Tale of a Tub, Act I. Scene IV.; and his masque entitled, The Fortunate Isles. *Reed.*

Yo. Lo. He'll make the better husband: You have tried him?

Lady. Against my will, sir.

Yo Lo. He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it. But, sir, I must entreat you to be better known to this converted Jew here.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here's beer for you, sir.

Mor. And here's for you an angel. Pray buy no land; 'twill never prosper, sir.

El Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bless you,[8] and then I'll tell. He's turn'd gallant.

El. Lo Gallant?

Yo. Lo. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting Morecraft.[9] The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. Oh, good sir, let me know him presently.

Yo. Lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you company.

El. Lo. And reason.

Yo. Lo. Cutting Morecraft, faces about;[1] I must present another.

[8] *Bless you.*] *i. e.* Bless, or cross yourself, which was a usual custom upon the sight of any wonderful thing.

[9] *Cutting Morecraft.*] A very appropriate name for the usurer who was about to turn beau and swaggerer, a combination of which characters seems to have formed the cutters of the seventeenth century. Hence the title of Cowley's comedy, "The Cutter of Colman Street."

[1] *Faces about.*] These words are of the same import with our modern phrase, which, by dropping one letter, is corrupted to *face about*. We meet with the same expresssion again in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, where Ralph is exercising his men: "*Double your files; as you were;* faces about." Act V. So in Ben Jonson's

Mor. As many as you will, sir; I am for 'em.
Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.
Mor. I shall look for't, in good faith, sir.
El. Lo. Pr'ythee, good sweetheart, kiss him.
Lady. Who? that fellow?
Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me? My keys, good sir!
Yo. Lo. I'll do it presently.
El. Lo. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport sake.
Lady. Let him come on then; and, do you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.
El. Lo. That at my peril.— Lusty Master Morecraft, here is a lady would salute you.
Mor. She shall not lose her longing, sir. What is she?
El. Lo. My wife, sir.
Mor. She must be, then, my mistress.
[*Kisses her.*
Lady. Must I, sir?
El. Lo. Oh, yes, you must.
Mor. And you must take this ring, a poor pawn of some fifty pound.
El. Lo. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.
Lady. Sir, I shall call you servant.[2]

Every Man in his Humour, Wellbred says, *Good captain,* faces about—*to some other discourse.* Act III., Sc I.

[2] *Sir, I shall call you* servant.] A connection similar to that of the Italian Cicisbei and their ladies, though not carried to such an extent, subsisted formerly in England, with this exception, that neither party was confined to a single object of attachment. The lover called his fair one *mistress*, and she, in return, acknowledged him as her *servant*. The custom was often accompanied by the most absurd acts of devotion, some of them too disgusting to be mentioned. Almost every play of those days has some allusion to it; and the lady who had the greatest and most splendid train was considered as the most enviable of her sex. This sin-

Mor. I shall be proud on't.—What fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My lady's coachman.

Mor. There's something, my friend, for you to buy whips; and for you, sir; and you, sir.

[*Gives money to the Servants.*

El. Lo. Under a miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of.

Mor. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do? Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger! Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a suit unto you, concerning your old servant Savil.

El. Lo. Oh, for his keys; I know it.

Sav. Now, sir, strike in.

Mor. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done, sir.—Take your keys again: But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again: I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk or whoring, take off the biggest key i' th' bunch, and open my head with it, sir.—I humbly thank your worships.

El. Lo. Nay, then, I see we must keep holiday.

gular attachment was undoubtedly derived from the ancient romances; and accordingly we meet, in the beautiful tale of Ippomydon, with a very apposite instance. The hero regularly engages in the service of a lady, and, for his wages, obtains a kiss for every time he leads her from or to her chamber. We may, perhaps, trace this species of service to that which young noblemen were accustomed to in the middle ages, before they took the degree of a squire.

Enter ROGER *and* ABIGAIL.

Here's the last couple in hell.[3]

Rog. Joy be amongst you all!

Lady. Why, how now, sir, what's the meaning of this emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your worship.

Lady. Are you married?

Rog. As well as the next priest could do it, madam.

El. Lo. I think the sign's in Gemini, here's such coupling.

Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night?

Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship's gift, sir!

Wel. A whoreson, how he swells!

Yo. Lo. How many times to-night, Sir Roger?

Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous. What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For horse-flesh, Roger.

El. Lo. Come, pr'ythee, be not angry; 'tis a day given wholly to our mirth.

[3] *The last couple in hell.*] An allusion to the game of Barley-break. The following description is from Mr Gifford's valuable edition of Massinger: "It was played by six people, (three of each sex,) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded, by pre-occupation, from the other places. In this catching, however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended."—Vol. I. 105.

Lady. It shall be so, sir. Sir Roger and his bride, we shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. Welford, get you to the church: By this light, you shall not lie with her again, till you are married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every bride I dedicate, this day, six healths a-piece; and, it shall go hard, but every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!

El. Lo. Thou'rt in a good beginning. Come, who leads?
Sir Roger, you shall have the van, and lead the way.
'Would every dogged wench had such a day!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

THE

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

This Comedy was first printed in the folio of 1647. We cannot decide whether or not it was the joint production of our authors; for though Gardiner and Lovelace speak of it in their poems in commendation of Fletcher, they do not absolutely say that he was the sole author; and other writers mention Beaumont as having had a share in its composition. It was certainly, notwithstanding the obscenity of some parts of it, a very popular play. In the reign of King Charles, Sir W. Herbert, master of the revels, had two annual benefits allowed him by the king's company for five years and a half. Mr Malone has preserved the receipts of each of his benefits, and it appears that the sum collected when he chose the present comedy was considerably greater than what he received at the representation of any of the others, among which are several by Shakspeare, Jonson, &c. "1628—The benefitt of the winter's day, being the second daye of *an old play* * called The Custome of the Cuntrye, came to £17 : 10*s*., this 22d of November, 1628." Mr Malone, with great appearance of reason, supposes that £20 was a very considerable receipt at the Globe and Blackfriars' theatres. Dryden also mentions that this comedy used to be frequently represented in his days.

Kirkman, in 1673, chose the most disgusting part of the plot for one of his drolls to be acted at country fairs, and entitled his extract The Stallions. In 1700, Colley Cibber took one of the plots, and, combining it with that of Fletcher's Elder Brother, formed his comedy of Love makes a Man, or, The Fop's Fortune, which has continued popular to this day: and, in 1715, Charles Johnson took the other plot, and engrafted it into his Country Lasses, or, The Custom of the Manor. Both these plays have been successful, and have, of course, banished their original from the stage; and it must be confessed that its obscenity could not be endured in the present times.

That part of the plot from which the play derives its name was

---

* This seems to prove that the Comedy was composed and acted long before Fletcher's death, and that it was revived in 1628.

probably taken from some Italian novel, which I have not succeeded in discovering. The under-plot of Rutilio, Duarte, and Guiomar, was suggested by a novel in the Hecatommithi of Giovanbattista Giraldi Cinthio, Decab. Nov. 6. Ed. 3. 1574, parte II., fol. 87; the substance of which is as follows:

"Livia a noble lady of the city of Forli, had an only son, named Scipio, adorned with every accomplishment, and warmly attached to his mother. He was unfortunately enamoured with a lady of loose character, who bestowed her favours upon others, and amongst these a young man of amiable manners, whom Scipio accidentally encountered in the lodgings of the courtezan. The two lovers commenced a fight before the door, and the son of the widow received a wound, of which he expired soon after. The homicide was instantly pursued by the officers of justice, and seeing the door of Livia's mansion standing open, sought refuge in the apartment of the mother of Scipio, and implored her protection. She granted his request, and concealed him. Suddenly the door opened, and the corpse of her beloved son was brought into the room. The unfortunate mother burst into loud lamentations, and was rendered so insensible by her grief, that she did not perceive the officers searching for, and discovering the murderer, whom she had taken under her protection. When she saw him brought in fettered, her affection for her son was subdued by her sense of honour. She denied his having been the cause of her son's death; but the young man, seeing the certainty of death before him, made the last effort, and, in moving accents, implored the forgiveness of the mother of his enemy; offering to replace the loss she had sustained, and in every respect to become her son, promising the most dutiful and filial affection. Notwithstanding her arms clung to the dead body of her murdered child, she was moved by the speech of the murderer; and, after a struggle of maternal affection and pity for the young man, the latter gained the ascendancy, and she not only forgave the homicide, but adopted him as a son. But the magistrate of the city was a rigid executor of justice, and though he admired the eloquence of the youth, and the compassion of the mother, he ordered the culprit to be imprisoned, and executed the following day; nor could the reasons of Livia, who represented herself as the person most deeply injured, and who conjured him not to deprive her of an adopted son, who would console her for the one she had lost, move him from his resolution. Prospero Colonna, the lord of the city, was fortunately present, to whom she represented her case, and prevailed. The young man was pardoned, and for many years, under the adopted name of Scipio, consoled the afflicted Livia by the most assiduous filial affection. Upon her death-bed she took the most tender leave of him, and left him all her property. Her memory was honoured by a

monument, upon which were recorded her noble treatment of the homicide, and his filial regret at her departure."

There can be no doubt but that the author of the Custom of the Country was indebted for the under-plot of Rutilio, Duarte and Guiomar, to the novelist. But the incidents are so ingeniously varied, and the actors, who, in the tale, are without any distinguishing character, are in the play so admirably contrasted together, that Fletcher did certainly owe less to Cinthio, than Shakspeare, in his Othello, was obliged to the same novelist. The more leading plot turns upon a custom which is said to have prevailed in former times, and the nature of which has rendered this comedy not so accessible to female readers as its innumerable beauties deserve. But this plot is comparatively modest, when contrasted with the scenes transacted in the public stews of Lisbon, where we are continually led to lament that such exquisite humour is lavished upon such a disgusting subject. And yet in the original prologue the play is said to be free from any offence; and, in the following lines, these very scenes are held forth as a pattern for writing upon the subject modestly, by Richard Lovelace, a poet of no inconsiderable degree of merit:

> Here, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air
> Of ste[illegible] I will info[illegible]ou where,
> And how, to clothe aright your wanton wit,
> Without her nasty bawd attending it.
> View here a loose thought, said with such a grace,
> Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;
> So well disguised, that 'twas conceived by none
> But Cupid had Diana's linen on;
> And all his naked parts so veiled, they express
> The shape with clouding the uncleanliness;
> That if this reformation which we
> Received, had not been buried with thee,
> The stage, as this work, might have liv'd and lov'd;
> Her lines the austere scarlet had approv'd;
> And the actors wisely been from that offence
> As clear, as now they are from audience.

Dryden, in the preface to his Tales, certainly exceeds truth, when he says, " There is more baudry in one play of Fletcher's, called the Custom of the Country, than in *all ours together.*" The ribaldry is perhaps more direct, but it is far less pernicious than that which occurs in most of the comedies of that poet's time. Yet we cannot sufficiently regret that our poets, in compliance with the taste of their audience, cast away so much sterling humour and wit upon such detestable scenes as occur in this comedy. What is peculiarly harassing, is the circumstance of their being so interwoven with the plot, that the reader cannot omit them without the risk of losing the thread of the story. The contrary is fortunately the case in the Virgin Martyr, by Massinger and

Dekker. I must greatly regret that the stigma of having produced such scenes cannot, in the present play, be fixed upon some more humble coadjutor, as the learned editor of Massinger has been able to do in the tragedy just mentioned.

The Custom of the Country is certainly very entertaining, and may claim a high rank among the comedies of Fletcher and his partner. There is his characteristic liveliness of dialogue, and his sprightly versification, which has been lately, with great injustice, accused of morbid softness. Rutilio is a very amusing character, and of a description which Fletcher delights in delineating. Hippolita's vicious desires are too strongly drawn throughout the play to allow the reader to believe her assertion in the last scene:

> " Though my desires were loose, from unchaste art
> Heav'n knows I am free."

The minor characters are, according to the usual practice with Fletcher, only sketched; and though it may detract from the pleasure derived from scrutinising his plays as a critic, it certainly coincides so well with the general airiness of his dramatic structures, that we do not regret the absence of those sharply-edged characters with which the comedies of Jonson are entirely filled.

THE PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us, or from the poets. We dare look
On any man, that brings his table-book
To write down what again he may repeat
At some great table, to deserve his meat.
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,
Nor any private person; their poor hate
Will be starved here; for Envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play
Is quick and witty; so the poets say,
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;
Fashion'd like those that are approved by you:
Only, 'twill crave attention in the most,
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our cause is, let our censure be.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE, *

AT A REVIVAL.

We wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's luck, if new;
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By such as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,

* In the first folio, this is entitled, " Another Prologue for The Custome of the Country. For my sonne Clarke." What these words allude to, I have not been able to discover.

The nectar of the muses. Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To passionate scenes, mixed with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps, only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now,
For being liked before: You may allow
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old schools,
"All such as lived before you were not fools."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Clodio, *governor, and a dishonourable pursuer of Zenocia.*
Manuel du Sosa, *governor of Lisbon, and brother to Guiomar.*
Arnoldo, *a gentleman contracted to Zenocia.*
Rutilio, *a merry gentleman, brother to Arnoldo.*
Charino, *father to Zenocia.*
Duarte, *son to Guiomar; a gentleman well qualified, but vain-glorious.*
Alonzo, *a young Portugueze gentleman, enemy to Duarte.*
Leopold, *a sea-captain, enamoured of Hippolyta.*
Zabulon, *a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.*
Jaques, *servant to Sulpitia.*

Zenocia, *mistress to Arnoldo, and a chaste wife.*
Guiomar, *a virtuous lady, mother to Duarte.*
Hippolyta, *a rich lady, wantonly in love with Arnoldo.*
Sulpitia, *a bawd, mistress of the male-stews.*

Doctor, Chirurgeon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the male-stews, Servants.

The SCENE, (during the first Act,) a Town in Italy;
For the remainder, Lisbon.

THE

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Town in Italy. The Street.

Enter RUTILIO *and* ARNOLDO.

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still?
Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have lived this thirty years,

[1] The Custom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Mons. Bayle tells us, in Italy, till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious cardinal. It is likewise generally imagined to have obtained in Scotland for a long time; and the received opinion hath hitherto been, that Eugenius III., king of Scotland, (who began his reign A. D. 535) ordained, that the lord or master should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obscene ordinance is supposed to have been abrogated by Malcolm III., who began his reign A. D. 1061, about five years before the Norman conquest, having lasted in force somewhat above five hundred years. See Blount, in his Dictionary of Law Termes, under the word *Mercheta*. *Theobald.*

This account hath received the sanction of several eminent an-

And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fixed on any good and constant,
But what I made myself: Why should I grieve, then,
At that[2] I may mould any way?

Arn. You are wide still.

Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman;
I have loved a thousand, not so few.

Arn. You are disposed.[3]

Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling,
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,
Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune
Than e'er you felt yet: *Fortune my foe*'s a friend to it.[4]

tiquarians; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to controvert the fact, and deny the actual existence of the Custom. See Annals of Scotland. The excellent commentator on the Laws of England is of opinion this Custom never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. *Reed.*

We may trace the origin of this tradition to the tax imposed, during the feudal times, in numerous countries, (in Scotland for instance,) upon any tenant or bondsman when he married. In process of time, after the tax had gone into disuse, the vulgar would easily convert this historical truth into the fabulous tradition which forms one of the plots of this play.

[2] And *that.*] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

[3] *You are* disposed.] You are *merry;* an expression which frequently occurs in old plays. So in our authors' Wit Without Money:

> *Val.* I'll keep you waking, widow.
> *L. Hart.* You are *disposed,* sir.

[4] *Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune*
Than e'er you felt yet: Fortune my foe's *a friend to it.*]
i. e. Take heed of the consequences of marriage, the chance of cuckoldom. "Fortune my foe" was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon

Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid;
And am beloved again.
Rut. That's too much, o' conscience!
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.
Arn. Pr'ythee, give ear. I am to marry her.
Rut. Dispatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.
Arn. But, oh, the wicked Custom of this Country!
The barbarous, most inhuman, damned Custom!
Rut. 'Tis true,[5] to marry is [the most inhuman,
Damn'd] custom in the world; for, look you, brother,

mankind through the caprice of fortune. This ballad is again mentioned in our authors' Knight of the Burning Pestle:

Old Mer. *Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.*
Merch. *Well, sir, I'll sing.* Fortune my foe, &c.

And it is likewise mentioned in a comedy of more recent date, called the Rump, or Mirrour of the Times (by John Tatham, printed in 1660). A Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps, and, catching hold of Priscilla, Mrs Lambert's waiting-woman, will oblige her to dance, and orders the music to play "Fortune my foe." *Theobald.*

Rutilio says that the ill fortunes enumerated in the ballad are friends, when compared to those he has to fear from marriage. Mr Ritson observes, that "the tune is the identical air now known by the song of 'Death and the Lady,' to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chaunted for upwards of two hundred years." And Mr Malone has given us the following, as the first stanza of this popular ditty:

"*Fortune, my foe*, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain,
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?"

[5] *'Tis true, to marry is a custom
I' the world; for, look you, brother.*] So the old copy, which is so corrupt, that we are obliged to have recourse to some violent remedy. Such the one adopted in the text, which is Seward's,

Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all days on's life?
Arn. You do not,
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.
Rut. Proceed; I will give ear.
Arn. They have a Custom
In this most beastly country—out upon't!
Rut. Let's hear it first.
Arn. That when a maid's contracted,
And ready for the tie o' th' church, the governor,
He that commands in chief, must have her maidenhead,
Or ransom it for money, at his pleasure.
Rut. How might a man achieve that place?—A rare Custom!
An admirable rare Custom!—And none excepted?
Arn. None, none.
Rut. The rarer still! How could I lay about me,
In this rare office!—Are they born to it, or chosen?
Arn. Both equal damnable.
Rut. Methinks both excellent:
'Would I were the next heir!
Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.
Rut. She's very young?
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And fair, I dare proclaim her,
Else mine eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.

undoubtedly is; but it is as likely to have been the original reading as any other that may be proposed.

Rut. I cannot blame him then: If 'twere mine own case,
I would not go an ace less.[6]
Arn. Fie, Rutilio,
Why do you make your brother's misery
Your sport and game?
Rut. There is no pastime like it.
Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely counsel,
How to avoid this blow; not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.
Rut. I tell thee, Arnoldo,
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my brother,
My younger brother too, I must be merry.
And where there is a wench i' th' case, a young wench,[7]
A handsome wench, and so near a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.
But you shall see, sir, I can change this habit
To do you any service; advise what you please,
And see with what devotion I'll attend it.
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Custom,
And could pretend to th' place.

Enter CHARINO *and* ZENOCIA.

Arn. Draw off a little;
Here come my mistress and her father.
[*They retire.*

[6] *I would not go an ace less.*] *i. e.* As we now say, I would not bate an ace of it. *Theobald.*

[7] *And where there is a wench* it can, *a young wench,*
A handsome wench, and sooner *a good turn too.*] So the first folio. The second—*yet* can. Both are equally unintelligible; and the emendation of Mr Theobald must unavoidably be adopted.

Rut. A dainty wench!
'Would I might farm this Custom!
Char. My dear daughter,
Now to bethink yourself of new advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeless sorrow;
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zenocia,
Be ruled by me; a father's care directs you:
Look on the count, look cheerfully and sweetly.
What though he have the power to possess you,
To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight you,
By Custom unresistible to enjoy you;
Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
Have won upon his wild mind, so much charm'd him,
That, all power laid aside, what law allows him,
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly;
For ever to be tied your faithful husband.
Consider, my best child—
Zen. I have consider'd.
Char. The blessedness that this breeds too, consider:
Besides your father's honour, your own peace,
The banishment for ever of this Custom,
This base and barbarous use: For, after once
He has found the happiness of holy marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,
Left him by lust, and lewd progenitors!
All virgins too shall bless your name, shall saint it,
And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.

Zen. Good father,
Hide not that bitter pill I loath to swallow,
In such sweet words.
Char. The count's a handsome gentleman;
And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you:
Where,[8] if you fling your love upon this stranger,
This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what place
Or honourable strain of blood[9] he's sprung, you venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares, to nothing;
Nor are you certain of his faith: Why may not that
Wander, as he does, every where?
Zen. No more, sir;
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wronged thus:
Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.
'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too;
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heav'n hates falsehood.
Rut. A good wench!
She sticks close to you, sir. [*Aside to* ARNOLDO.
Zen. His faith uncertain?
The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted?
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect,
Your stomach's well disposed, your pulses temperate,

[8] *Where.*] Whereas.

[9] —— *of blood.*] These two words have been silently, and therefore most unwarrantably, omitted by modern editors.

D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father,
One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,
Put in the scale against the count's whole being,
(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life)
He could no more endure to hold weight with him.
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of virtue. He has my first love;
To him in sacred vow I have given this body;
In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench still!

Zen. And, 'till he fling me off, as undeserving,
Which I confess I am of such a blessing,
But would be loth to find it so——

Arn. Oh, never, [*Coming forward.*
Never, my happy mistress, never, never!
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,
One foot i' th' grave, the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger of more dreadful look than death,
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so nobly great no power can ruin!
Most blessed maid, go on: The gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

Zen. I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,
And then they have crown'd my wishes: If I fall then,
Go seek some better love; mine will debase you.

but *in your favour.*] *Except* in your favour.

Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
Though I think well of your Custom, and could wish myself
For this night in your place, heartily wish it;
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too,
I have a foolish gin here—[2] [*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]——I say no more:
I'll tell you what, and if your honour's guts are not enchanted——

Arn. I should now chide you, sir, for so declining
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give it——

Rut. To a wild fellow, that would worry her;[3]
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,[4]
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.

[2] *I have a foolish* gin *here.*] This is the old reading. It was altered by Mr Theobald to *engine*, which he alleges to mean a trap or snare, and never a sword or pistol. But gin was undoubtedly synonymous with engine; and if any thing might be called by the latter name, the former might equally well be employed. The term was, in fact, most frequently used for any warlike weapon or machine; and instances of its application in this sense might be adduced in great numbers, from the old romances, from Barbour's Bruce, Wyntown, and Robert of Gloucester.

[3] *To a wild fellow, that would* weary *her.*] So the folios. Amended by Mr Theobald.

[4] —— *heads of maids.*] Maidenheads. An allusion to the uncourteous knights, giants, ogres, and other monsters of old romance.

Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle
To the rude claws of such a cat o' mountain?
You'd better tear her between two oaks![5] A town-bull
Is a meer stoick to this fellow, a grave philosopher;
And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome, sir?

Rut. Though I confess
Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common hangman,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already,
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach!
This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the saddle,

[5] *You'd better tear her between two oaks.*] Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic stature and strength, haunting the isthmus of the Peloponnese, and was called Πιτυοκαμπτης, or the Pine-bender. When any unhappy passenger fell into the clutches of this merciless man, he would bend down, by main force, two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and, having fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore asunder the limbs of his wretched captives. Pausanias tells us, that one of those pines was to be seen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinnis was put to death by Theseus, in the same manner that he had exercised his cruelty upon others, as Plutarch informs us in the life of that hero.

—— Nec lex est justior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ. *Theobald.*

Mr Theobald's explanation of the classical allusion in the text is very plausible; and it would be well if he had contented himself with this note: but he proposes and introduces, in this part of the scene, the most violent alterations, accompanied with long annotations, though the text stands in no earthly need of them.

And teaches them to stumble ever after,
That he should have her! For my brother now,
That is a handsome young fellow, and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the business;
Or for myself, that have a reputation,
And have studied the conclusions of these causes,
And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you, old sir,
(If I should call you "wise sir," I should belie you)
This thing you study to betray your child to,
This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,
And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,
Who do you think you have tied her to? A surgeon!
I must confess, an excellent dissecter;
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies—[6]

Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere compulsion,
No father's free-will; nor did I touch your person
With any edge of spite, or strain your loves [7]

[6] *Lamb-pies* seem to have been a favourite dish formerly.—Decker, in his Belman of London, calls "Lamb-pye a good meat vpon a table,"—Ch. VIII.; where he describes "How a horse-courser makes a jade that has no stomack, to eate lamb-pye;" that is, by beating, force it to gallop, though scarcely able to stand.

[7] —— *or* strain *your loves.*] Constrain or force. So this verb is properly explained by Mason. Theobald, and his learned coadjutor, Sympson, would read—"*stain* your loves." The phrase, to *stain* with persuasions, or to *stain* love at all, almost amounts to nonsense.

With any base or hired persuasions.
Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your fortunes! [*Exit.*

Rut. There's some grace in thee yet.—You are determined
To marry this count, lady?

Zen. Marry him, Rutilio?

Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean

Zen. You cannot mean that;
If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;
The brother to this man, and one that loves him
I'll marry the devil first.

Rut. A better choice;
And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow;
A cooler, o' my conscience.

Arn. Pray let me ask you;
And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound. I am confident
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you;
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you:[8]
But, for this Custom, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,
And modesty regarded as a May-game;
What shall be here consider'd? Power we have none
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it:
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.

Zen. I'll die an atheist then.

Arn. My noblest mistress,
(Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,)
Say you did render up part of your honour,
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish)
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;

[8] Win *you.*] The folios read—wound you.

Should I esteem you worse, forced to this render?
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous:
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourself, sir?
Or, are you loaden with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burden on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo?
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;
And therefore, rather wish that fall before-hand,
Coloured with Custom not to be resisted?
D'ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,
Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,
And let the mind pass by you, unexamined?
Be not abused. With what the maiden vessel [9]
Is season'd first——You understand the proverb.

Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.

Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have given me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And,—make the case thus desp'rate,—she must die else;
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?

9 ——*With what the maiden vessel*
Is season'd first—You understand the proverb.] The poets here had evidently Horace in their eye.

Quô semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diù. Theobald.

There is a similar English proverb still in use—"The cask savours of the first fill."

Be not deceived; these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy.[1]
Empire, and more imperious love, alone
Rule, and admit no rivals. The purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish;
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed:
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.

Arn. I never shall deserve you; not to thank you!
You are so heav'nly good, no man can reach you
I am sorry I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have try'd a thousand women so,
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should
Have followed your counsel.
Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.

Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
And wisely too; we expect no common danger.

Zen. Be most assured I'll die first.

Rut. An't come to that once,
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!

Enter CLODIO *and Guard.*

I'll jog along with you.—Here comes the stallion:

[1] *As if you were born my full* antipathy.] Alluding to the once-favourite doctrine of sympathies and antipathies; for in both the folios the word is in Italics, and begins with a capital letter.

How smug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act! Pox on your kidneys!
How they begin to melt! How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness!—
Plague of your chaps! you ha' more handsome bits
Than a hundred honester men, and more deserving.-
How the dog leers!

Clod. [*To* ARNOLDO.] You need not now be jealous;
I speak at distance to your wife; but, when the priest has done,
We shall grow nearer then, and more familiar.

Rut. [*Aside.*] I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll smoke you.
The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains; he broils!
If I do come to the basting of you——

Arn. Your lordship
May happily speak this to fright a stranger;
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
The Custom of this place, if such there be,
At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.
However, I will presently prepare
To make her mine; and most undoubtedly
Believe you are abused; this Custom feign'd too;
And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.

Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does well, sir.—
And you sir, clear the place; but leave her here.

Arn. Your lordship's pleasure?

Clod. That anon, Arnoldo;

This is but talk.
Rut. Shall we go off?
Arn. By any means:
I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her;
Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till the tie be done,
Nor dare he offer.
Rut. Now do I long to worry him!—
Pray have a care to the main chance.
[*To* Zenocia.
Zen. Pray, sir, fear not.
[*Exeunt* Arn. *and* Rut.
Clod. Now, what say you to me?
Zen. Sir, it becomes
The modesty that maids are ever born with,
To use few words.
Clod. Do you see nothing in me?
Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men come short, and want in?
Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?
And what a happiness it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aim at?
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,
The best, and the most beauteous, have run mad for?
Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd you
I do not every day propound to women.
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour
I am glutted with the sacrifice of beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To cast so good a grace and liking on you——
You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joyful:
I give you leave.
Zen. 'Faith, sir, 'twill not shew handsome;
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too

In these alarums.[a]

Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour pardon me,
And take some skilful one can hold you play;
I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee;
Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will descend so low to marry thee.
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from us!
Some, princes; some, great soldiers.

Zen. I am afraid
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;
For, certain, I shall ne'er have child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. Because I must not think to marry you.
I dare not, sir: The step betwixt your honour
And my poor humble state ——

Clod. I will descend to thee,
And buoy thee up.

Zen. I'll sink to th' centre first.
Why would your lordship marry, and confine that pleasure
You ever have had freely cast upon you?
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartane fever find you.
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:
Your eyes must be call'd home; your thoughts in cages,
To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound;

[a] *Alarums.*] So the oldest folio. The second, and all the other editions—alarms. The words were often used synonymously, both having originated from the war-cry *à l'armes.*

9

The Custom, that your youth was ever nursed in,
Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else,
And how that will appear——
Clod. We'll talk of that more.
Zen. Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,
As all young women are, that shew like handsome,
Exceeding proud; being commended, monstrous;[3]
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleased,
Unless it be with infinite observance;
Which you were never bred to. Once well angered,
As every cross in us provokes that passion,
And, like a sea, I roll, toss, and chafe a week after:[4]
And then, all mischief I can think upon;
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest--
(I tell you what you'll find:) And in these fits,
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,
To such a vizard——Ten to one I die too;
Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me.
Clod. Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim these,
To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in another?
Zen. Him I have chosen I can rule and master,
Temper to what I please; you are a great one,
Of too strong will to bend; I dare not venture.

[3] The oldest folio has the following marginal direction here—"Boy ready for the songs;" which proves that the play was printed from the prompter's book.

[4] And, *like a sea, I roll, toss,* and *chafe a week after.*] So the two folios; and though the line is not one of the smoothest, the author undoubtedly wrote it so. The modern editors silently read, "Like a sea I roll, toss, chafe a whole week after;" which is scarcely more metrical than the original reading.

Be wise, my lord, and say you were well coun-
sell'd;
Take money for my ransom, and forget me;
'I will be both safe and noble for your honour:
And wheresoe'er my fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
So virtuous and so fair——

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour be not angry
At what I say,—I cannot love ye, dare not;
But set a ransom [5] for the flower you covet.
[*Kneels.*

Clod. No money, nor no prayers, shall redeem
that,
Not all the art you have.

Zen. Set your own price, sir.

Clod. Go to your wedding; never kneel to me!
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you.
Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my Cus-
tom,
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this Custom, cruel
man!

Clod. Your body will content me: I'll look for
you. [*Exeunt severally.*

[5] *But* set *a ransom.*] First folio, "But *such* a ransom." Cor-
rected in the second.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Bed-Room in Charino's *House, covered with black.*

Enter CHARINO, *a Boy, and Servants, in black.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,
By the hot sun ravished of bud and beauty,
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang those blacks there,
The emblems of her honour lost! All joy,
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,
Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that bless her,
And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from her:[6]
No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy:
This is no mask of mirth, but murder'd honour!—
Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion
I gave thee now; and pr'ythee, let thy lute weep.

Song by the Boy, and Dance. Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. How now? what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?
This is more like a funeral.

[6] Here is another stage-direction in the old folio, "Bowle of wine ready." Such *marginalia* should be preserved in the notes, as they strongly mark the poverty of the stage in those days.

Char. It is one,
And my poor daughter going to her grave;
To his most loath'd embraces, that gapes for her.—
Make the earl's bed ready.—Is the marriage done, sir?

Rut. Yes, they are knit. But must this slubberdegullion[7]
Have her maidenhead now?

Char. There's no avoiding it.[8]

Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?

Char. The bed, sir.

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
An 'twere but to a merry cobler, I could sit still now,
I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,[9]
This universal rutter——Fare ye well, sir;
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,

[7] *Slubberdegullion.*] A word formed like tatterdemallion, from *slubberer*, which generally, in old authors, signifies a bungler; but in the present instance the modern signification of slubbering, viz. kissing, caressing, pawing, affords a better meaning.

[8] Arn. *There's no avoiding it.*
Rut. *And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?*
Arn. *The bed, sir.*] Arnoldo's name is here put to two speeches, when we do not find him on the stage, and which come with more propriety from Charino, to whom we have placed them. —Ed. 1778.

[9] *Puckfist.*] This word occurs in Love's Sacrifice, by Ford. (Ed. 1810, I. 371.) "Petrarch was a dunce, Sanazar a goose, and Ariosto a *puckfist* to me." The word is defined by Johnson, "Puckball, or *Puckfist*, n. s. [from Puck the fairy, a fairy's ball,] a kind of mushroom, full of dust." But he gives no authorities. It is evidently thence used as a term of worthlessness and contempt. The word *rutter* is taken from the rutting of deer, and needs no further explanation.

There may be yet a remedy.
Char. I wish it;
And all my best devotions offer to it. [*Exit* RUT.

Enter CLODIO *and Guard.*

Clod. Now, is this tie dispatch'd?
Char. I think it be, sir.
Clod. And my bed ready?
Char. There you may quickly find, sir,
Such a loath'd preparation.
Clod. Never grumble,
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure:
It must and shall be done.—Give me some wine,
And fill it till it leap upon my lips!—
[*A Servant brings a cup of wine.*
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,
The toy I must take pains for! [*Drinks.*
Char. I beseech your lordship,
Load not a father's love.
Clod. Pledge it, Charino;
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my blood beats alarums through my body,
And fancy, high—You of my guard retire,
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,
But music and sweet airs.—Now fetch your daughter;
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,
And dim the breaking East with her bright crystals.
I'm all on fire; away!
Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit with the Guard.*

Enter ZENOCIA *with bow and quiver, an arrow bent;*
ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO *after her, armed.*

Zen. Come fearless on.
Rut. Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty sticks.
Clod. What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous huntress, fairer far and sweeter!
Diana, shews an Ethiop to this beauty,
Protected by two virgin knights.
Rut. That's a lie,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.—
The guard's dispers'd.
Arn. Fortune, I hope, invites us.
Clod. I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart from me.
Zen. Stand, and stand fix'd; move not a foot, nor speak not;
For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death sits.
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher!
Thou scum of noble blood! repent, and speedily;
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virgins,
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!
Arn. The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,
In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.
Clod. My guard!
Arn. One word more, and thou diest.
Rut. One syllable
That tends to any thing, but "I beseech you,"
And, "as you're gentlemen, tender my case,"
And I will thrust my javelin down thy throat.
Thou dog-whelp! thou——

Pox upon thee, what should I call thee?—pompion!
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot.
Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,
You great blind fool. Farewell, and be hang'd to you.—
Lose no time, lady.

Arn. Pray take your pleasure, sir;
And so we'll take our leaves.

Zen. We are determined,
Die, before yield.

Arn. Honour and a fair grave——

Zen. Before a lustful bed! So for our fortunes.

Rut. *Du cat a whee,*[*] good count! Cry, pr'ythee, cry.
Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! Cry, you great booby. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino.

Clod And is she gone then? Am I dishonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and baffled?—My guard there!—No man answer?
My guard, I say!—Sirrah, you knew of this plot.—
Where are my guard?—I'll have your life, you villain,
You politic old thief!

Char. Heaven send her far enough,
And let me pay the ransom!

[*] Du cat a whee, *good count.*] 'Tis very much out of character, that an Italian to an Italian should talk Welch, in his merriment; neither of whom, in all probability, ever heard a syllable of that language. *Theobald.*

Enter Guard.

Guard. Did your honour call us?
Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange gentlemen, and the fair lady.
Guard This day was married, sir?
Clod. The same.
Guard. We saw 'em
Making with all main speed to the port.
Clod. Away, villains!
Recover her, or I shall die.—[*Ex. Guard.*] Deal truly;
Didst not thou know?
Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that,
Will be to lie: You may handle me as you please.
Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor;
For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure—

Enter Guard.

How now?
Guard. They're all aboard; a bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under sail, and past recovery.
Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be;
I will not lose her!—Thou, her most false father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.
Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lisbon.—A Room in the House of Donna Guiomar.

Enter Manuel du Sosa *and* Guiomar.

Man. I hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;
And, much I fear, the comfort of a son
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's pray'rs and care
Were never wanting in his education.
His childhood I pass o'er,[6] as being brought up
Under my wing; and, growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest masters, and of greatest name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts.
Man. To train his youth up:—I must witness that.
Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is still remembered in that academy.
From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,

[6] *O'er.*] This word was first introduced by the editors of the second folio.

Attended like his father's son; and there
Maintain'd him in such bravery and height,
As did become a courtier.
  Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him;
My nephew had been happy, [but for that.][3]
The court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in practice; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and fashion.
  Gui. I have heard, yet,
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage[4] and good parts;
The grandees did not scorn his company;
And of the greatest ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.
  Man. He, indeed, danc'd well:
A turn o' th' toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true,
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.
  Gui. Nor have I much reason
To grieve his fortune that way.
  Man. You are mistaken.
Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper,

[3] *But for that.*] These words have been introduced by modern editors, and their insertion seems to be absolutely necessary. But their having given no notice of such an alteration is highly reprehensible. This is a flagrant, but by no means uncommon instance of such silent interpolation.

[4] *Carriage.* Behaviour.

More than his adverse fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their success
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen in
them.
I need not write examples; in your son
'Tis too apparent; for ere Don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Even to be in quarrels; and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair societies.
Gui. 'Would it were
In my weak pow'r to help it! I will use,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Lisbon.

Enter DUARTE *and his Page.*

Man. Here he comes:
We are unseen; observe him. [*They retire.*
Dua. Boy.
Page. My lord.
Dua. What saith the Spanish captain that I
struck,
To my bold challenge?
Page. He refus'd to read it.
Dua. Why didst not leave it there?
Page. I did, my lord;
But to no purpose; for he seems more willing
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,

That from your lordship nothing can be got
But more blows and disgraces.

Dua. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?

Page. 'Tis broke off.

Dua. The reason?

Page. This was one; they heard your lordship
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

Dua. They at their best are such, and ever shall be,
Where I appear.

Man. Do you note his modesty?
[*Apart to* GUIOMAR.

Dua. But was there nothing else pretended?

Page. Yes;
Young Don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,
Stood on comparisons.

Dua. With whom?

Page. With you;
And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordship to contend with one
So far above you.

Dua. I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes;
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one
Amongst the common rout. Compare with me?

'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know myself: that man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,
Which his deserts have purchas'd. I could wish
My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen
Of lesser power, or that my provident father
Had been like to that riotous emperor
That chose his belly for his only heir;
For, being of no family then, and poor,
My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make
That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange self-love! [*Apart.*

Dua. For if I studied the country's laws,
I should so easily sound all their depth,
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in most practice and esteem,
Should starve for want of clients. If I travell'd,
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,
I would return in act more knowing, than
Homer could fancy him: if a physician,
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd;
And he, that join'd again the scatter'd limbs
Of torn Hippolytus, should be forgotten.
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower
Were all the sun gives light to: And for arms,
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added
To the Turk's [5] present powers, I could direct,
Command, and marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not [*Coming forward.*
To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,
Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

[5] *Turk's.*] So we should undoubtedly read, and not *Turks'*. The Grand Signior was commonly called by the title of the Great Turk, or merely the Turk

Dua. All I speak,
In act I can make good.
Gui. Why then, being master
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting
Nor to yourself, nor others, the use of them?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And those so rare perfections in my son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.
Man. You are too insolent;
And those too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a plurisy,[6] and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,
All blessings are conferr'd on you alone?
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?
Waste not that courage then in brawls, but spend it

[6] *Plurisy.*] So the oldest folio: the second and all the following copies, *pleurisy*. Plurisy is often used for plurality, too great a quantity: and this meaning of the word is proved by Warburton, Tollet, Malone, and Holt White, in their several notes on the following passage in Hamlet:

- Goodness growing to a *plurisy*,
Dies in his own too-much."

The explanation is undoubtedly right; but I greatly doubt whether the authors of the different plays there quoted did not confound the word with the disease pleurisy, for in every instance the danger is alluded to, death often resulting from the presence of plurisy. Had they merely meant abundance, or plurality, we should certainly sometimes find the word used in a more favourable sense. Mr Mason proposed the reading of the first folio, as an emendation of his own.



I' th' wars, in service of your king and country.
Dua. Yes, so I might be general: No man lives
That's worthy to command me.
Man. Sir, in Lisbon,
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all sexes.[7]
And my authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.
Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
You owe a mother, once more I command you
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
All that is mine is yours: If not, expect
My pray'rs and vows for your conversion only,
But never means nor favour.
[*Exeunt* MAN. *and* GUI.
Dua. I am tutor'd
As if I were a child still! The base peasants
That fear and envy my great worth, have done this:
But I will find them out; I will abroad.[8]—

[7] *From men of all conditions, and all* sexes.] This is the true reading, and the old one. A second *from* is understood. Manuel says, "I am troubled with complaints from all kinds of *men*, and from all sexes." Sympson's reading, *sects*, was retained in the edition of 1778.

[8] *I will* aboord. Yet *my disguise.*] So the first folio; the second, "I will *o' board. Get* my disguise." From the latter the reading in the text was formed by Sympson, who seems, however, not to have been capable of understanding his own emendation. For he supposes that Duarte resolved in a pet to quit his native

Get my disguise.—I have too long been idle;
Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,
And will pursue the course best liketh me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.—The Harbour.

Enter LEOPOLD, *Sailors, and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you; this fair captive
I only challenge for myself.
Sail. You have won her,
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have liv'd
A burgess of the sea, and have been present
At many a desperate fight, but never saw
So small a bark with such incredible valour
So long defended, and against such odds;
And by two men scarce arm'd too.
Leop. 'Twas a wonder.
And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,
And their contempt of death, won more upon me
Than all they did when they were free. Methinks
I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the bread of servitude,

country!—To go abroad is to go out of the house. This elucidation is put down here, not for the reader, but for future commentators like Mr Sympson.

Both snatching up their swords, and from this virgin
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leap'd into the sea.
Sail Indeed, 'twas rare.
Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great ship that pursued us, our own safety
Hind'ring my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.
Zen. Oh, too late;
For they are lost, for ever lost!
Leop. Take comfort;
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;
For, when they left the ships, they were within
A league o' th' shore, and with such strength and cunning
They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other
Their bloody swords advanc'd, threat'ning the sea-gods
With war, unless they brought them safely off,
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.
Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,
Death hath so many doors to let out life,[9]
I will not long survive them.
Leop. Hope the best;
And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of war, persuade you

[9] *Death hath so many doors to let out life.*]
Mille viae mortis,
as Virgil says in his Æneis. *Theobald.*

To tell me your condition.
Zen. You know it;
A captive my fate and your power have made me:
Such I am now; but what I was, it skills not;[1]
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge family, or country;
And therefore, sir, inquire not: Let it suffice,
I am your servant, and a thankful servant,—
If you will call that so, which is but duty,—
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,
(Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd)
No slavery can appear in such a form,
Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not
Boldly look on and suffer.
Leop. You mistake me:
That you are made my prisoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks,
Nor can a suit by you mov'd be denied;
And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be
The victor's advocate.
Zen. To whom?
Leop. A lady;
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair;
And, had I not seen her before, perhaps
I might have sought to you.
Zen. This I hear gladly.
Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give
you;
(Yet, being mine, you are already hers;)
And to serve her is more than to be free,

[1] *It skills not.*] It is of no moment; it matters not. The phrase occurs again in the next scene, and is indeed very common in old authors.

At least, I think so. And when you live with her,
If you will please to think on him that brought you
To such a happiness, (for so her bounty
Will make you think her service,) you shall ever
Make me at your devotion.
Zen. All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of.
Leop. At night I'll present you;
Till when, I am your guard.
Zen. Ever your servant! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?
Rut. 'Troth, 'tis uncertain.
Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and
Stand fair, for ought I know, for hanging: Money
We've none, nor e'er are [a] like to have, 'tis to be doubted.
Besides we're strangers, wond'rous hungry strangers;
And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing.
Without a conjuror's help, I cannot find
When we shall eat again.

[a] —— *e'er are.*] These words are omitted in the modern editions. And, in the third line after this, the pronoun "I" is introduced after "help;" which last is undoubtedly proper; but in both instances, the alterations pass entirely unnoticed in the notes.

Arn. These are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss:
In that alone all miseries are spoken!
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,
Then I could curse myself; almost those powers
That send me from the fury of the ocean.[3]
Rut. You've lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one;
Two blessings not found often in one woman.
But she may be recover'd: Questionless,
The ship that took us was of Portugal;
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,
We may hear of her.
Arn. In that hope I live.
Rut. And so do I: But hope is a poor sallad
To dine and sup with, after a two-day's fast too.
Have you no money left?
Arn. Not a denier.
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in fashion.
Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat historical shirt.[4]

[3] *Then I could curse myself; almost those powers
That send me from the fury of the ocean.*] Mr Theobald alters *send* to *fenced*; Mr Seward proposes *saved*, and Mr Sympson *served*. The first of these gentlemen says, "The powers did not *send* Arnoldo from the fury of the ocean, but *protected* him from it." A strange assertion. They *protected* him from this fury, by *sending* him to land.—Ed. 1778. These editors propose to read *sent*, but very properly do not disturb the text. Mr Mason approves of Seward's alteration. But the old reading is sense, and therefore must remain.

[4] *Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat* historical *shirt.*] This relates to the shirts of our authors' days, which, being more worn in sight, were often adorned with diverse embroideries, as in the following quotation from Jasper Mayne's City Match. Among other characteristics of a strict puritan, it is said, that

Arn. For shame,
Talk not so poorly.
Rut. I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something must be done,
And suddenly; resolve on't.[5]

Enter ZABULON *and a Servant.*

Arn. What are these?
Rut One, by his habit, is a Jew.
Zab. No more:
Thou'rt sure that's he?
Serv. Most certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him?
Serv. Some two hours.
Zab. Be gone [*Exit Servant.*
Let me alone to work him.
Rut. How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold;
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor, and strangers,

"She works religious petticoats; for flower
She'll make church-histories; her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets, besides,
My *smock-sleeves* have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor."

5 *Resolve on't.*] That is, be assured of it. So in Wit at Several Weapons:

"I hope now you're resolved she loves you, knight?"

I easily perceive.
Rut. But that you'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, sir.
Zab. Why think you so?
Rut. Because you are a Jew, sir;
And courtesies come sooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compassion, when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty; and, for proof
That we dare give, and freely—(not to you, sir;
[*To* RUTILIO.
Pray spare your pains)—there's gold: Stand not amazed;
'Tis current, I assure you.
Rut. Take it, man!
Sure thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now,
Mine would appear too, like a Turk.[6]
Arn. I thank you;
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practise,
I must not take it.
Zab. This is but the earnest
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her power to give,
Offers herself up to you: Entertain her:
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents itself to you.

6 There is here, in the first folio, this marginal direction—"Tapers ready." And two or three pages afterwards, opposite Rutilio's speech, beginning, "To be disgraced as you are," &c.—"Lights ready." They are both to remind the prompter to order candles for the ensuing scene.

Arn. 'Tis above wonder.
Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;[7]
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*
Arn. 'Tis no vision.
Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm sure.[8]
Arn. We must, like brothers, share;
There's for you.
Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few gallants (for men may be such,
And yet want gold; yea, and sometimes silver)
But would receive such favours from the devil,
Though he appeared like a broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred.
Arn. Wherefore should I fear
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him.
Farewell! Wish me good fortune; we shall meet
Again, I doubt not.
Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,
Nor Christian, for his sake.—Plague o' my stars!
[*Exit* ARNOLDO.

[7] *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.] How much more nobly, and more poetically, is the sentiment expressed by Shakspeare, in his Julius Cæsar!

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows and in misery." *Theobald.*

[8] This and the following two speeches were, in the first folio, printed as one, but properly divided into three in the second.

How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,
Before I should have met with such a fortune!
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard; that spoils us;
The smooth chin carries all.—What's here to do now?

Enter DUARTE, ALONZO, *and a Page.*

Dua. I'll take you as I find you.
Alon. That were base;
You see I am unarm'd.
Dua. Out with your bodkin;[9]
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with it,
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour

[9] *Out with your* bodkin.] A *bodkin* was the ancient term, it is imagined, for a *small dagger*. Gascoigne, speaking of Julius Cæsar, says—

"At last, with *bodkins* dub'd and doust to death,
All, all his glory vanish'd with his breath."

In the margin of Stowe's Chronicle, ed. 1614, it is said that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins*; and in the Muse's Looking-Glass, by Randolph, 1638,

"*Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin.*
Deil. And a *bodkin*
Is a most dang'rous weapon: Since I read
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a taylor's shop, for fear of *bodkins.*"

Again, Hamlet says—

"When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare *bodkin.*" *Steevens.*

Rut. That's true, indeed. Upon my life this gallant
Is bribed to repeal banish'd swords.
Dua. I'll shew you
The difference now between a Spanish rapier
And your pure Pisa.[1]
Alon. Let me fetch a sword;
Upon mine honour I'll return.
Dua. Not so, sir.
Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this. [*To* RUTILIO.
Rut. To be disgraced as you are? no, I thank you:
'Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am
Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
For you, that are a man, to put yourself
Into your enemy's mercy.
Dua. Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you;
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this, [*Kicks him.*
You may again prefer complaints against me
To my uncle and my mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.
Alon. I am paid
For being of the fashion.
Dua. Get a sword;

[1] *And your* pure *Pisa.*] The Pisa and Provent sword-blades never were in any estimation. Those of Turkey, Toledo, and the steel tempered in the water of the Ebro, were eminent for their goodness, and consequently bore a price. The epithet I have substituted [*poor*] for the corrupted one, shews that contempt which Duarte would express for a Pisa rapier. *Theobald.*

Pure is undoubtedly right, and is meant ironically, (as Mason observes;) not "mere Pisa," the explanation of the editors in 1778. So in the Elder Brother,

"A couple of *pure* puppies yoked together."

Then, if you dare redeem your reputation,
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind. [*Kicks him.*

Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.

Dua. This to me, you peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you stare?

Rut. I have a sword, sir, you shall find; a good one;
This is no stabbing guard.

Dua. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee. [*Strikes him.*

Rut. Then have at you; [*They fight.*
I scorn to take blows.

Dua. Oh! I'm slain. [*Falls.*

Page. Help! murder! murder!

Alon. Shift for yourself; you are dead else;
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.

Page. Raise the streets there.

Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot 'scape.
Will you betray yourself?

Rut. Undone for ever!

[*Exeunt* RUTILIO *and* ALONZO.

Enter Officers.

1st Offi. Who makes this outcry?

Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!
This way he took; make after him. Help, help there! [*Exit Page.*

2d Offi. 'Tis Don Duarte.

1st Offi. Pride has got a fall!

He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority; now he has paid for't;
You ha' met with your match, sir, now. Bring off his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue
The murderer: yet if he 'scape, it skills not;
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast;
There's few will pity him: But for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

A Bed-Chamber in DONNA GUIOMAR'S *House.*

Enter GUIOMAR *and Servants.*

Gui. He's not i' th' house?
Serv. No, madam.
Gui. Haste and seek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to-bed,
'Till you return him. Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book;
And I shall read them there, without a taper.
[*She kneels. Exeunt Servants.*

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;
Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset. Cursed fortune!
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!

'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears
brought me?
I am got into a house; the doors all open;
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, glist'ring through
The sable mask of night, says it belongs
To one of means and rank. No servant stirring?
Murmur, nor whisper?

Gui. Who's that?

Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.

Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia!
Who waits there

Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house;
I'll fly to her protection.

Gui. Speak, what are you?

Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most wretched.

Gui. I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners;
You could not with so little reverence else
Press to my private chamber. Whither would you?
Or what do you seek for?

Rut. Gracious woman, hear me!
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands; a most unfortunate stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i' th' streets. Justice pursues me,
And, for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you, in your charity, protect me.
Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.

By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveness,
Take pity on me!

Gui. Are you a Castilian?

Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.

Gui. I ask not
With purpose to betray you; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings;
Behind my bed's-head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. [RUTILIO *retires behind the bed.*]
——So; but from this stir not,
If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings,
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.

Rut. The blessed saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you!

Gui. How he quakes!
Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort;
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant;—and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Page, Officers, and Servants, with DUARTE *on a Bier.*

1 Serv. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.

2 Serv Your only son,
My Lord Duarte's slain.

1 *Offi.* His murderer,
Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered
Ent'ring your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.
Gui. Oh!
1 *Serv.* Sure her heart is broke.
Offi. Madam!
Gui. Stand off!
My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,
That you must not partake it; suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed inward,[2] to dispatch me!
Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophecy; thou art dead,
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unrevenged. My soul's divided;
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my furies.
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance: Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow, to which high Heav'n is witness,
Heav'n may be pleased to pardon!

[2] *Bleed* inward.] Folios—*breed* inward. Opposite to this line there is, in the first folio, this marginal direction—"Hold a purse ready."

Enter Manuel, *Doctors and Surgeons.*

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, past all recovery: Now reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort!
And yet remember, sister——
Gui. Oh, forbear!
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort!
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.
Man. We obey you.
[*Exeunt, all but* Guiomar, *with the body.*
Rut. My spirits come back, and now Despair resigns
Her place again to Hope. [*Comes forth.*
Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth! but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast ta'en from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me.
Yet, my word giv'n to save you, I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known; there is no mark about you
That can discover you; let not fear betray you.
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,

There are a hundred crowns. You're at the door
now,
And so farewell for ever.
Rut. Let me first fall [*Kneels.*
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness: Next, all blessings on you,
And Heav'n restore the joys I have bereft you,
With full increase hereafter! Living, be
The goddess styled of hospitality. [*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in the House of Hippolyta.

Enter LEOPOLD *and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Fling off these sullen clouds; you are enter'd now
Into a house of joy and happiness;
I have prepar'd a blessing for you.
Zen. Thank you:
My state would rather ask a curse![3]
Leop. You're peevish,
And know not when you are friended. I've used those means,
The lady of this house, the noble lady,

[3] In the first folio this line was misplaced in the following speech of Leopold, which mistake was rectified in the second.

Will take you as her own, and use you graciously,
Make much of what you're mistress of, that beauty;
And expose it not to such betraying sorrows:
When you are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,
Then sit and sigh.
Zen. My autumn's not far off.

Enter Servant.

Leop. Have you told your lady?
Serv. Yes, sir; I have told her
Both of your noble service, and your present,
Which she accepts.
Leop. I should be blest to see her.
Serv. That now you cannot do: She keeps her chamber,
Not well dispos'd, and has denied all visits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,
So please you render her.
Leop. With all my service.
But fain I would have seen——
Serv. 'Tis but your patience;
No doubt she cannot but remember nobly.
Leop. These three years I have lov'd this scornful lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of service;
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With sight of her blest beauty.—When you please, sir,
You may receive your charge; and tell your lady,
A gentleman, whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.—
And, fair one, now, your help: You may remember
The honest courtesies, since you were mine,

I ever did your modesty. You shall be near her;
And if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

Zen. What in my power lies, so it be honest—

Leop. I ask no more.

Serv. You must along with me, fair.

Leop. And so I leave you two; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate: You shall enjoy her.[4]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the same, splendidly furnished.

Enter ZABULON *and Servants.*

Zab. Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet there![5]

[4] *And so I leave you two; but to a fortune Too happy for my fate: You shall enjoy* her.] Mr Sympson, with his usual fondness for alteration, cavils at this passage, and for *her* reads *here*. Till this gentleman made Leopold talk downright nonsense, he said, sensibly enough, "I leave you to a better fortune than fate allows me; the enjoyment of Hippolyta's presence."—Ed. 1778.

Mason is not satisfied with this amendment, and charges Sympson with having interpolated "to" in the preceding line, as it is not "in the old copies." It is not in the second, but it is in the first, and must therefore be retained. The explanation of the last editors will scarcely be found necessary, if the emphasis is laid upon the pronouns "my" and "you" in the last line.

[5] *Out with the* banquet *there.*] A banquet is set out in about eight lines after this, as we find by the marginal direction. The oldest folio in 1647, when this play was first printed, has it, *out with the* bucket *there;* and then it must relate to the vessel that

These scents are dull; cast richer on, and fuller;
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the music?

Serv. Here they stand ready, sir.

Zab. 'Tis well. Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And amber'd all.[5]

Serv. They are.

Zab. Give fair attendance.
In the best trim and state make ready all.
I shall come presently again.

[*A banquet set forth.*

held the perfumes. I only mention the variations of the copies; for, as the sense of the text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the words we espouse. *Theobald.*

The reading of the second folio is certainly varied with great propriety.

5 *And* amber'd *all.*] Not only wines, but all kinds of victuals seem to have been seasoned with ambergris formerly. Dr Newton has a curious note on the following passage of Milton's Paradise Regained:

> "In pastry built, or from the spit or boiled,
> *Gris amber* steamed."

He observes, that "ambergris or grey amber is esteemed the best, and used in perfumes and cordials. A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this passage to Mr Peck, which we will here transcribe:—'Grey amber is the amber our author speaks of, and melts like butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet; viz. to fume the meat with, and that whether boiled, roasted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding;—which last I have ate of at an old courtier's table. And I remember, in our old chronicles, there is much complaint of the nobility's being made sick at Cardinal Wolsey's banquets, with rich-scented cates, [eatables,] and dishes most costly dressed with ambergris. I also recollect I once saw a book, writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's age, where ambergris is mentioned as the hautgout of the age."

Ambergris was considered also as a provocative; and this explains the anxious inquiry in the text, whether the wine was highly ambered.

2 *Serv.* We shall, sir.— [*Exit* ZAB.
What preparation's this? Some new device
My lady has in hand.
1 *Serv.* Oh, prosper it,
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?
2 *Serv.* They are ready to attend. [*Music.*
1 *Serv.* Sure, some great person;
They would not make this hurry else.
2 *Serv.* Hark, the music.

Enter ZABULON *and* ARNOLDO.

It will appear now, certain; here it comes.
Now to our places.
Arn. Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end
Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game
Has Fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,
And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real.
What wealth and state!
Zab. Will you sit down and eat, sir?
These carry little wonder, they are usual;
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That, that will strike indeed, strike with amazement:
Then if you be a man!—This fair health to you.
[*Drinks.*
Arn. What shall I see? I pledge you, sir. I was never
So buried in amazement! [*Drinks.*
Zab. You are so still:
Drink freely.
Arn. The very wines are admirable!

Good sir, give me but leave to ask this question,
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, sir;
And undervalue not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: Think well of these,
They shall be more, and greater.
Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou'rt pleas'd
To play thy game out wantonly——
Zab. Come, be lusty,
And awake your spirits.
Arn. Good sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I would die in this dream. Pray whose servants
Are all these that attend here?
Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.
Arn. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.
Zab. Now you are, and shall be.
Arn. You'll say this house is mine too?
Zab. Say it? swear it.
Arn. And all this wealth?
Zab. This is the least you see, sir.
Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty years?
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy
Till this hour; never dream'd of house and servants:
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor gentleman.
I may eat boldly then?
Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you.
[Arnoldo *sits down and eats.*

Arn. The taste is perfect, and most delicate:
But why for me? Give me some wine:—I do drink,
I feel it sensibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd
too.—
Good gentle sir, give me leave to think a little;
For either I am much abus'd——
Zab. Strike, music;
And sing that lusty song.[6] [*Music, and a Song.*
Arn. Bewitching harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

Enter HIPPOLYTA.

Happy and blest; Arnoldo *was* unfortunate.—
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of na-
ture
To poze the world?
Zab. I told you, you would see that,
Would darken these poor preparations.

[6] *And sing that* lusty *song.*] *Lusty*, at first view, may seem an odd epithet appropriated to music; but it means that wanton, invigorating song, inciting to amorous pleasures. So, before, in this very play,

No merry noise, nor lusty songs, *be heard here.*

So, again;

——— *Come, be* lusty,
And wake your spirits.

So, towards the conclusion of Wit without Money;

—— *Come, boy, sing the* song *I taught you,*
And sing it lustily.

And, in the Mad Lover, songs in this free strain are expressed by another, but equivalent term:

Fool. ——*What new* songs, *sirrah?*
Stre. *A thousand, man, a thousand.*
Fool. ———— Itching airs,
Alluding to the old sport. *Theobald.*

What think you now? Nay, rise not; 'tis no vision.

Arn. 'Tis more; 'tis miracle.

Hip. You are welcome, sir.

Arn. It speaks, and entertains me; still more glorious!
She is warm, and this is flesh here: How she stirs me!
Bless me, what stars are there!

Hip. May I sit near you?

Arn. No, you're too pure an object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon and live;
I must remove.

Zab. She is a woman, sir.
Fie, what faint heart is this!

Arn. The house of wonder!

Zab. Do not you think yourself now truly happy?
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.
Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;
Fortune has made her mistress of herself,
Wealthy and wise, without a power to sway her;
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.

Arn. And all this is——

Zab Hippolyta, the beauteous.

Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,—
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship
Of this fair gentleman.—Pray ye, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and courtesy,

I will sit by you.
Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am; nor to what end consider
Why you do use me thus.[7]
Hip. Are you angry, sir,
Because you're entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd?
Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A stranger, and a man of no desert,
Should find such floods of courtesy.
Hip. I love you,
I honour you, the first and best of all men;
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love you, though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you.
Though you be handsome, and the only man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn you;
And with as much contempt pursue your person,
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,

7 —— *nor to what end consider*
Why you do use me thus.] The old folios place a semicolon after consider, and a point of interrogation at the end; and read, "Why do you."——The emendation in the text is Mason's, and is, in my opinion, a very happy one. The former editors place a semicolon after "end," and make Arnoldo ask, "Consider, why do you use me thus?" which appears a very absurd question. In the present reading, "consider" means conceive, as in the following passage of the Spanish Curate, quoted by Mr Mason:

"—— he may be any where
For ought that I *consider*."

It is with great hesitation that the usual rule of the present editor, not to alter, but for the very strongest reasons, is departed from in the present instance. But this seems to afford one of those reasons.

At least, I think, more master of your fortune;
And so I drink your health.
Arn. Hold fast, good honesty;
I am a lost man else!
Hip. Now you may kiss me;
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.
Arn. That I dare do, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*
Hip. You do it well too;
You are a master, sir; that makes you coy.
Arn. 'Would you would send your people off.
Hip. Well thought on.—
Wait all without.
Zab. I hope she is pleased thoroughly.
[*Exeunt* ZAB. *and Servants.*
Hip. Why stand you still? there's no man to detect you;
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;
The spirit you would raise is here already;
Look boldly on me.
Arn. What would you have me do?
Hip. Oh, most unmanly question! have you do?
Is't possible your years should want a tutor?
I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.
Arn. Fie, stand off;
And give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you;
Imagination never made a sweeter;
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,[8]

[8] *Can it be possible, this frame should* suffer,
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?] Seward and Mason wish to read *totter*, but I cannot see the great im-

And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.[9]
Would you have me love you?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.
Nor for your wealth; although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his conquest.
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty;
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

Hip. Could any one that lov'd this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more? You make me fonder.
You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament,
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you?
If you imagine I'm too free a lover,

provement, in point of beauty, which is urged by both for the adoption of the reading.

9 ——— *make 'em appear still nobler,*
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.] Because the blessings are entrusted to a keeper who has so much weakness as Hippolyta had just shewn, in wishing to throw them away. The comparative is not always very correctly used by the old dramatists. Seward would read *wealthy;* and Mr Mason is, as usual, delighted with the emendation. Theobald preferred the old text, and supposes the words of Scripture, of woman being the weaker vessel, are alluded to.

And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:
Mine eyes shall speak my blushes, parley with you;
I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal
To put me off as that; and when I covet
To give such toys as these—— [*Giving jewels.*

Arn. A new temptation!

Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop 'em,
Which past once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent vice!

Hip. Will you be won? Look stedfastly upon me,
Look manly, take a man's affections to you;
Young women, in the old world, were not wont, sir,
To hang out gaudy bushes[1] for their beauties,
To talk themselves into young men's affections.
How cold and dull you are!

Arn. How I stagger![2]
She's wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;
I'll choke before I yield.

Hip. Who waits within there?
Make ready the green chamber.

Zab. (*Within.*) It shall be, madam.

Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.

Hip. What music do you love?

Arn. A modest tongue.

[1] *Bushes.*] A metaphor taken from the bushes formerly hung out as ale-house signs. See p. 35 of this volume.

[2] *How I stagger.*] Modern editors read, without authority, "How *do* I stagger."

Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fie, fie, how lumpish!
In a young lady's arms thus dull?
Arn. For Heaven's sake,
Profess a little goodness.
Hip. Of what country?
Arn. I am of Rome.
Hip. Nay then, I know you mock me;
The Italians are not frighted with such bugbears.
Pr'ythee, go in.
Arn. I am not well.
Hip. I'll make thee;
I'll kiss thee well.
Arn. I am not sick of that sore.
Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee;
I shall be famous for the first example:
With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, sir.
Arn. My strength? Away, base woman, I abhor thee!
I am not caught with stales.[3] Disease dwell with thee! [*Exit.*
Hip. Are you so quick? and have I lost my wishes?—
Ho, Zabulon! my servants!

Enter ZABULON *and Servants.*

Zab. Called you, madam?
Hip. Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many sued for?

[3] *Stales.*] Tired-out strumpets. In this sense the word is used as a verb in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Age cannot wither her, nor wisdom *stale*
Her infinite variety."

So many princes? By a stranger too?
Must I endure this?

Zab. Where's the gentleman?

Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon;
He has broke from me. Jewels I have giv'n him:
Charge him with theft. He has stol'n my love, my freedom:
Draw him before the governor, imprison him!
Why dost thou stay?

Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing fast and loose with such a lady.—
Come, fellows, come!—I'll execute your anger,
And to the full.

Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Sulpitia *and* Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?

Ja. 'Faith, mistress,
You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.

Sul. Where's the Frenchman?

Ja. Alas! he's all to fitters;[4]

[4] *He's all to* fitters.] *i. e.* All to pieces, fragments. So in the Pilgrim:

"None of your pieced companions, your pin'd gallants,
That fly to *fitters* with every flaw of weather."

And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe.[5]
He's chin'd, he's chin'd,[6] good man; he is a mourner.

Sul. What is become o' th' Dane?

Ja. Who, goldy-locks?
He's foul i' th' touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock;
He lies at the sign o' th' Sun, to be new-breech'd.

Sul. The rutter, too, is gone.[7]

Ja. Oh, that was a brave rascal;
He would labour like a thresher. But, alas!

[5] *Taking the height of his fortune with a syringe.*] Alluding to judicial astrology, and the astrolabe.

[6] *He's chin'd.*] *i. e.* Broken-backed. A term of horsemanship.

[7] *The* rutter, *too, is gone.*] I suspect this word should be *rutter*, which in French signifies an old beaten soldier. And they have a phrase, *C'est un vieux routtier*, He's an old dog at it; meaning, I suppose, at the game that is here discoursed of. *Theob.*

Rutter, we do not doubt, is the right word, alluding to *deer*, the *rutting-time*, &c. This man, by a cant term, to denote his superiority, was nicknamed *the Rutter*, which is humorous.—Ed. 1778.

I have no doubt that *rutter* is here used in a double sense, the one that from which Theobald's explanation is derived, a *reuter*, a German horseman; and from these being frequently employed in the French service, the term *routier*, *rotier*, *rutier*, acquired such numerous significations as "*Garde-chasse, messier; soldat peu discipliné; troupe legère; enfans perdus.*"—(Roquefort Glossaire de la langue Romane. Paris, 1808, tom. II.) In Williams's Actions of the Low Countries, the German horsemen are called reysters, which is also corrupted from reuter. It is evident, from the other personages mentioned in the text, as the Frenchman, Dane, and Englishman, that the powers of these nations were intended to be characterised; and that the German horseman served to represent his countrymen in general. The more common meaning of rutter, as explained by the last editors, was undoubtedly in the poet's mind at the same time. Hence the epithet *universal*.

What thing can ever last? He has been ill-mew'd,[8]
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the hospital.

Sul. There was an Englishman.

Ja. Ay, there was an English man;
You'll scant find any now, to make that name good.
There were those English, that were men indeed,
And would perform like men; but now they are vanish'd:
They are so taken up in their own country,
And so beaten off their speed by their own women,
When they come here they draw their legs like hackneys.
Drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.

Sul. I must have one that's strong,—no life in Lisbon else,—
Perfect and young: My custom with young ladies,
And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break else.
I want myself too, in mine age to nourish me.
They are all sunk I maintain'd.—Now, what's this business?
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter RUTILIO *and Officers.*

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your justice! let me loose.

1 *Offi.* Not so, sir.

Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,

[8] *Ill-mew'd.*] Not sufficiently confined and kept up. An epithet from falconry. So in King Richard III.:

"And for his meed, poor lord, he is *mewed* up."

And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open.
But he must be us'd thus rascally?

1 *Offi.* What made you wand'ring
So late i' th' night? You know, that is imprisonment.

Rut. May be, I walk in my sleep.

1 *Offi.* May be, we'll wake you.
What made you wand'ring, sir, into that vault,
Where all the city-store, and the munition lay?

Rut. I fell into't by chance; I broke my shins for't:
Your worships feel not that. I knock'd my head
Against a hundred posts; 'would you had had it!
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence?

2 *Offi.* This will not serve; you cannot put it off so:
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' th' city.

Rut. Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought your city had sunk.

1 *Offi.* You did your best, sir,
We must presume, to help it into the air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's the law;
He that is taken there, unless a magistrate,
And have command in that place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture, or his present death,
Must either pay his fine for his presumption,
(Which is six hundred ducats) or for six years
Tug at an oar i' th' galleys. Will you walk, sir?

For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.

Rut. Row in the galleys, after all this mischief?

2 *Offi.* May be, you were drunk: they'll keep you sober there.

Rut. Tug at an oar? You are not arrant rascals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?

Sul. A lusty-minded man.

Ja. A wondrous able.

Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To speak a few words with your prisoner,
And I shall thank you.

1 *Offi.* Take your pleasure, lady.

Sul. What would you give that woman, should redeem you,
Redeem you from this slavery?

Rut. Besides my service,
I'd give her my whole self; I'd be her vassal.

Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering
The great sum she pays for it; yet take comfort:
What you shall do to merit this, is easy,
And I will be the woman shall befriend you;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies,
And young fair gentlewomen: You guess the way:
But giving of your mind———

Rut. I am excellent at it;
You cannot pick out such another living.
I understand you: Is't not thus? [*Whispers.*

Sul. You have it.

Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll dispatch 'em.
I will be none but yours: Should another offer
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty;

Not to be taken down: Would you have children?
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.
Sul. I admire him, wonder at him!
Rut. Hark you, lady;
You may require sometimes—
Sul. Ay, by my faith.
Rut. And you shall have it, by my faith, and handsomely.—
This old cat will suck shrewdly!—You have no daughters?
I fly at all.—Now am I in my kingdom!
Tug at an oar? No; tug in a feather-bed,
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water!—
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;
I will so furbish you![9]
Sul. Come, follow, officers;
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.
Rut. And when you catch me in your city powdering-tub
Again, boil me with cabbage.
1 *Offi.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

9 *I will so* furbish *you.*] Old copies and modern editions—frubbish. Corrected by Mr Mason. I believe there is no such word as frubbish.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Hippolyta's *House.*

Enter Hippolyta *and* Zenocia, Leopold *behind.*

Zen. Will your ladyship wear this dressing?
Hip. Leave thy prating;
I care not what I wear.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty
To know your pleasure, and my worst affection [1]
To see you discontented.
Hip. Weeping too?
Pr'ythee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,
And speak I know not what. To make thee amends,
The gown that I wore yesterday is thine;
Let it alone a while.
Leop. Now you perceive,
And taste her bounty.
Zen. Much above my merit.
Leop. But have you not yet found a happy time
To move for me?
Zen. I have watch'd all occasions;
But, hitherto, without success: Yet, doubt not
But I'll embrace the first means.
Leop. Do and prosper.——
Excellent creature, whose perfections make
[*Coming forward.*

[1] *My worst* affection.] So the oldest folio; the second, and all the subsequent editions, *affliction*. I make no doubt that the alteration was unnecessary; for affection is continually used for passion in the old writers, and passion frequently for grief.

Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,
What would your smiles do?

Hip. Pox o' this stale courtship![1]
If I have any power——

Leop. I am commanded;
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. [*He retires.*

Hip. To be forc'd to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me:
But bringing, for my advocates, youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be denied too,
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarser feature,
As weak t' allure, but in my dotage stronger.
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slights my favours;
And, as I were some new Egyptian,[2] flies me,

[1] Pox *o' this stale courtship!*] To modern ears this expression will appear exceedingly gross and vulgar; but that it conveyed no such meaning in the days of our authors, may be proved from several instances. In Shakspeare's Love's Labour Lost, Act V., Sc. II., the Princess exclaims, "*Pox* of that jest!" a mode of speech that Mr Theobald was much offended at. But, as a judicious critic, Mr Farmer, observes, there needs no alarm; the *small-pox* only is alluded to. Davison has a canzonet on his Lady's Sicknesse of the *Poxe;* and Dr Donne writes to his sister, "At my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *poxe.* I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." It may be added, that the *small-pox* is still spoken of in the same manner, to this day, in many parts of the north of England. *Reed.*

In Scotland, amongst the lower classes, it is termed so, at the present period, universally.

[2] *And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me.*] This alludes to the story of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joseph. The circumstances in the following lines prove it; for Potiphar's wife,

Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall find, that, in my fell revenge,
I am a woman; one, that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.
Hip. What's done?
Zab. Th' uncivil stranger
Is at your suit arrested——
Hip. 'Tis well handled.
Zab. And under guard sent to the governor;
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,
That he is sentenc'd——
Hip. How?
Zab. To lose his head.
Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching heat
Of my enrag'd desires? Must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? Or is my love so fatal,
That of necessity it must destroy
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despis'd! that by his death
Thou shouldst gain that,[4] which only thou canst hope for
While he is living! My honour's at the stake now,
And cannot be preserved, unless he perish.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever

'tis well known, failing in her design of seducing Joseph to wantonness with her, accused him to her husband of an attempt upon her chastity. *Theobald.*

[4] *Thou shouldst* gain *that.*] In the first folio—*give* that. Corrected in the second.

Have prized above my fame: Why doubt I now
then?
One only way is left me to redeem all.—
Make ready my caroch!

Leop. What will you, madam?

Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay.—
Bind up my hair!—Fie, fie, while that is doing,
The law may cease his life![5] Thus as I am then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a bacchanal.
My frantic love transports me. [*Exit.*

Leop. Sure, she's distracted.

Zab. Pray you follow her; I will along with
you:
I more than guess the cause. Women, that love,
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave,
What in another they refuse to have. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Street.

Enter CLODIO *and* CHARINO, *disguised.*

Clod. Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd
From what I was: The tempests we have met
with
In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,
Compared to those the memory of my lusts
Raised in my conscience: And if e'er again
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue

[5] *The law may* cease *his life.*] To cease is frequently used as a verb active for to destroy, to stop, to end. When the second folio was published, (in 1679), this meaning was become obsolete; for which reason the editors substituted "seize his life;" and their reading has been followed by modern editors, who only consulted the first edition when their wise heads were puzzled.

And seek [6] to her as a lover, and a servant;
And not command affection, like a tyrant.
Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change in you,
In setting of a period to our dangers,
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon,
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.
I have received assured intelligence,
Such strangers have been seen here; and though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place
Of their abode, I have a soul presages
A fortunate event here.
Clod. There have pass'd
A mutual interchange of courtesies
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly
We may presume of him, and of his power,
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,
I would not be known here; and these disguises
Will keep us from discovery.

Enter MANUEL, *Doctor,* ARNOLDO, *and Guard.*

Char. What are these?
Clod. The governor; with him my rival, bound.
Char. For certain, 'tis Arnoldo.
Clod. Let's attend
What the success will be.

6 ——— *I will* sue
And seek to her as a lover.] These terms, in the language of the time, were often used as synonyms. So in Coriolanus:
" What's their *seeking*?
Men. For corn at their own rates."
And again, in Act V., Scene II., of the present play:
" And, as I have been, be admired and *sought to*."

Man. Is't possible
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at first; but, the blood stopp'd,
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,
We found they were not mortal.
Man. Use all care
To perfect this unhoped-for cure; that done,
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall
Hear further from me, for some ends I have,
Conceal it from his mother.
Doct. We'll not fail, sir. [*Exit.*
Man. You still stand confident on your innocence?
Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, ZABULON, LEOPOLD, ZENOCIA, *and two Servants.*

Hip. Who bade you follow me? Go home!—and you, sir,
As you respect me, go with her!
Arn. Zenocia!
And in her house a servant!
Char. 'Tis my daughter.
[ZEN. *passes over the stage, and exit.*
Clod. My love!—[*To* CHARINO.] Contain your joy; observe the sequel.
Man. Fie, madam, how indecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus
In th' open streets! Why do you kneel? pray you, rise.
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now

Stands ready for his punishment.
Hip. Let it fall, sir,
On the offender: He is innocent,
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.
Man. What strange turn's this?
Leop. This was my prisoner once.
Hip. If chastity
In a young man, and tempted to the height too,
Did e'er deserve reward, or admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;
All engines I raised there to shake his virtue,
Which in th' assault were useless; he, unmoved still,
As if he had no part of human frailty,
Against the nature of my sex, almost
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And love-sick Daphne follow: All arts failing,
By flight he won the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be revenged; and from this grew
His accusation,[7] and the abuse
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,
(Thank Heaven) though wanton, I found not myself
So far engaged to hell, to prosecute
To the death what I had plotted; for that love,

[7] *His accusation.*] This word is used here as composed of five syllables; and by attention to this, the reader will, in this and many other places, both of these plays and others of the time, find the lines far smoother than they at first would appear.—On this subject see Mr Gifford's edition of Massinger, Vol. I., Introduction, p. li., note 3.

That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.
Man. [*To* ARNOLDO.] Whate'er you are, so much I love your virtue,
That I desire your friendship.—Do you unloose him
From those bonds you are worthy of. Your repentance
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.
Leop. [*Aside.*] I am made
A stale on all parts![8] But this fellow shall
Pay dearly for her favour.
Arn. [*Aside.*] My life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worse, succeeds it: What should Zenocia
Do in this woman's house? Can chastity
And hot lust dwell together, without infection?
I would not be, or jealous, or secure;
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.
That she lives is my bliss; but living there,
A hell of torments! There's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, through which
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must
And will make trial.
Man. Let me hear no more
Of these devices, lady: This I pardon,
And, at your intercession, I forgive
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.

[8] *A stale on all parts.*] A stalking-horse, as Steevens explains the word in the following passages of Shakspeare:
"Had he none else to make a *stale* but me?"—*Henry VI.*, P. iii.
"Poor I am but his *stale.*"—*Comedy of Errors.*

The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,
Towards the setting forth of the last navy
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.

Char. Now, sir, to him;
You know my daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, sir, though my lip
Be barr'd the ceremony, courtesy,
And custom too, allows of.

Arn. Gentle madam,
I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded;
And let me tell you, that I am ashamed
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
If you please to accept my ready service,
Wait on you to your house.

Hip. Above my hope!—
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
He should not be more welcome.

[*Exeunt* ARN. *and* HIP.

Clod. Now you know me.

Man. Yes, sir, and honour you; ever remembering
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cause to say, by some one service,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a suit to you, and an easy one,
Which ere long you shall know.

Man. When you think fit, sir;
And then as a command I will receive it;
Till when, most welcome.—[*To* CHARINO.] You are welcome too, sir;
'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much protestation.—At your better leisure,

I will inquire the cause that brought you hither;
I' th' mean time serve you.
Clod. You out-do me, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Doctor's House.

Enter DUARTE *and Doctor.*

Dua. You have bestow'd on me a second life,
For which I live your creature; and have better'd
What Nature framed unperfect: My first being,
Insolent pride made monstrous; but this latter,
In learning me to know myself, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.
Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to rest without alarm
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent: But when,
In the remembrance of our worser actions,
We ever bear about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even life's a burden.
Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace
With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,
To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
Pray, if you can, resolve me,—was the gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?

Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.
Dua. That's my grief.
Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?
Dua. No;
The stream of my swol'n sorrow runs not that way:
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n
It shall be my first care to seek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,
In opening my veins, which proud blood poison'd,
Gave the first symptoms of true health.
Doct. 'Tis in you
A Christian resolution. That you live
Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never
Was solemnized with more tears of true sorrow,
Than have been paid by your unequall'd mother
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
With your recovery.
Dua. For some few days,
Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguised,
I may abroad unknown.
Doct. Without suspicion
Of being discover'd.
Dua. I am confident,
No moisture sooner dies than women's tears;[9]
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose
Her further trial.

[9] ——— *I am confident,*
No moisture sooner dies than women's tears.] Moisture *dying* is stark nonsense: the insertion of a single letter gives the true sense, *dries.* *Sympson.*

Dies is *not* "nonsense," but rather more poetical here than *dries;* the *evaporation* or *drying-up* of moisture being, metaphorically, the *death* of it.—Ed. 1778.

Doct. That as you think fit;
I'll not betray you.
Dua. To find out this stranger,
This true physician of my mind and manners,
Were such a blessing—He seem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could find him!
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Precisians that way, but hot libertines;
And such the most are. 'Tis but a little travail.
I am unfurnish'd too: Pray, Master Doctor,
Can you supply me?
Doct. With what sum you please.
Dua. I will not be long absent.
Doct. That I wish too;
For, till you have more strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.
Dua. Fear not; I will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter LEOPOLD, ZABULON, *and a Bravo.*

Zab. I have brought him, sir; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell stood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't.
Leop. He has a strange aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a hangman
In a table of the Passion.[1]

[1] *In a* table *of the Passion.*] *i. e.* a picture. This confirms Mr Malone's explanation of a passage in All's Well that ends Well,

Zab. He transcends
All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd [2] ruffian,
That hath so often taken the strappado,[3]
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler. He hath perused too
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice seven years
Row'd in the galleys, for three several murders;
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,
And 'scaped unpunish'd.
Leop. He is much in debt to you,
You set him off so well.—What will you take, sir,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?[4]
Bra. To beat him, say you?
Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness;
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing,
That may disfigure him.
Bra. Let me consider:
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.
Zab. Five hundred!
Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.

which was controverted by Mr Steevens, who contended that the board on which a picture was drawn was called a table, and not the picture itself.

[2] *Fleshed.*] Cruel-minded, blood thirsty. Cotgrave explains *allouvi*, "as hungrie as a wolfe; also *fleshed*, or cruel as a wolfe."

[3] *Strappado.*] A punishment frequently mentioned in old plays, from the French *strappade, estrapade*, or the Italian *strappata*.

[4] ——— *What will you take, sir,*
To beat a fellow for me, that thus *wrong'd me?*] *Thus* wrong'd me? The nature and quality of the wrong are not in one syllable premised. The poet certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd me.—*Sympson.*

The acute Mr Sympson did not observe that *thus* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the bravo's interview with Leopold.—Ed 1778.

The latter explanation is undoubtedly right, notwithstanding Mr Sympson's amendment has the support of Mr Mason.

Bra. Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any man
For half the money.

Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?

Bra. Ay, sir,
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite:
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.

Leop. A good conclusion.
The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:
I'll run some other course. There's your reward,
Without the employment.

Bra. For that, as you please, sir.
When you have need to kill a man, pray use me;
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*

Zab. What's to be done then?

Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy
To my most near designs. This stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner
When the last virgin I bestowed upon her
Was made my prize; how he escaped, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.

Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw her,
His looks expressed so much; and, for more proof,
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practised with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promised.

Leop. And by all means perform it, for their meeting;
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress

(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.
Zab. To what end, sir?
Leop. This, Zabulon: When she sees
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,
The sight will make her scorn what now she dotes
on.
I'll double thy reward.
Zab. You are like to speed then:
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,
We serve them best that are most apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
And yet be unobserved.
Leop. That I desire too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in HIPPOLYTA'S *House, with a Gallery.*

Enter ARNOLDO.

Arn. I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,
The poison of this place should mix itself
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was
commanded,
Or my eyes failed me grossly; that youth, that
face,
And all that noble sweetness. May she not live
here,
And yet be honest still?

Enter ZENOCIA, *apart.*

Zen. It is Arnoldo,
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bless thee!
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me

But why in this place? what business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now,
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me!

Enter, above, HIPPOLYTA *and* ZABULON; *and below,* LEOPOLD, *concealing himself.*

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,
Without compare admired. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——
Arn. 'Tis she again; the same,
The same Zenocia.
Zab. There are they together;
Now you may mark.
Hip. Peace; let 'em parley.
Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,
I thank the gods! But that I meet you here——
Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that secret, madam,
When you commanded her to go home. Pray hear 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that, Arnoldo.
Your cunning comes too late:[5] I am a woman;

[5] *Your cunning comes too late.*] Thus the old reading. Mr Theobald proposes reading *coining*; which is preferable to the word we find in the text, but falls short of our authors' strength of expression, who, we do not doubt, wrote *cunning*; a confirmation of which occurs afterwards, in her saying he deals *wisely* with her.—Ed. 1778.

It is with great reluctance the alteration of the last editors has been allowed to stand in this place, but it seems unavoidable.

And one woman with another may be trusted.
Do you fear the house?
Arn. More than a fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honest.
Zen. What do you here then?
I' th' name of virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?
Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my Arnoldo?
What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?
I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;
But you, that have a love, a wife——You do well
To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,
Since you are pleased to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way, for shame, to love her:[6]
Wrong not her honesty——
Arn. You have confirm'd me.
Zen. Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,
And love your loves, though they be my destructions.
No man shall know me, nor the share I have in thee;
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:
For since I am a slave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow——
Arn. Be not blinded.

[6] *Study a nobler way, for shame, to* love *me.*] So the old copies. Some amendment is absolutely necessary, and it is hoped that the one in the text is more natural than Seward's, who reads—*to leave me.*

Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your service:
I will speak for you.
Arn. Speak for me? You wrong me.
Zen. I will endeavour, all the ways I am able,
To make her think well of you;—will that please?—
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.
So far, against myself, I will obey you:
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty,
This great obedience (few will buy it at my price)
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, Arnoldo.
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire [7] longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honest,
And only yours: Our infinite affections
Abused us both.—
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cause?
Zab. Attend it further.—
Zen. Did she invite you, do you say?
Arn. Most cunningly;
And with a preparation of that state
I was brought in and welcomed——
Zen. Seem'd to love you?
Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.
Zen. She is a goodly lady.
Arn. Wond'rous handsome.
At first view, being taken unprepared,

7 *Desire.*] This, like many other words having similar terminations, was often used as a trisyllable. So *fire*, *our*, and numerous others, are in many instances to be read as dissyllables.

Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seemed so glorious, sweet, and so far stirred
me——
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.
Zen. Pr'ythee,
Didst thou not kiss, Arnoldo?
Arn. Yes, 'faith, did I.
Zen. And then——
Arn. I durst not, did not.
Zen. I forgive you:
Come, tell the truth.
Arn. May be, I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.
Zen. Did you, 'faith?
Did you forget so far? [*Weeps.*
Arn. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen first in my grave; believe that.
Why will you ask those things you would not
hear?
She's too intemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly lascivious. Had she dealt
But with that seeming modesty she might,
And flung a little art upon her ardour——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceived.[8] No, my Zenocia,
My first love, here begun, rests here unreap'd yet,
And here for ever.
Zen. You have made me happy;
Even in the midst of bondage blest.—
Zab. You see now,
What rubs are in your way.
Hip. And quickly, Zabulon,
I'll root 'em out.—[*Whispers.*] Be sure you do this
presently.

[8] *And glad I was deceived.*] The word *glad* is here used as a verb, and means rejoice. *Mason.*

Zab. Do not you alter then.
Hip. I'm resolute. [*Exit* ZABULON.
Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.
Leop. I am glad of that; you have saved me so much vengeance,
And so much fear. From this hour, fair befal you! [*Apart.*
Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you;
'Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper,
Only her lust contemn.
Zen. When shall I see you?
Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,
'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.
Hip. [*Aloud.*] Shut all the doors.
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd;
The lady of the house has heard our parley,
Seen us, and seen our loves.
Hip. You courteous gallant,
You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at
Th' afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes?
Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that,
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish man,
And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted;
Redeem her then, and steal her hence.—Ho, Zabulon!
Now to your work.

Enter Zabulon *and Servants, some seize* Arnoldo, *others* Zenocia, *offering to strangle her with a cord.*

Arn. Lady! But hear me speak first,
As you have pity.
Hip. I have none. You taught me:
When I have hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon;
I'll pluck his heart-strings first.—Now am I worthy
A little of your love?
Arn. I'll be your servant;
Command me through what danger you shall aim at,
Let it be death!
Hip. Be sure, sir, I shall fit you.
Arn. But spare this virgin![9]
Hip. I would spare that villain first,
Had cut my father's throat.
Arn. Bounteous lady, [*Kneels.*
If in your sex there be that noble softness,
That tenderness of heart women are crown'd for—

[9] *But spare this virgin,* &c.] Mr Theobald reads,
But spare this virgin.
Hip. *I would spare that villain,*
Had cut my father's throat, first;
and says, "The metre here is so defective, that the transposition, and correction in the pointing which I have made, seem absolutely necessary." But we apprehend that, as the metre is so frequently licentious, the present defect does not warrant the change.—Ed. 1778.

There happens to be no deficiency of metre, if we read the word *bounteous* as a trisyllable; and as such it was probably placed here by the poet.

Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo; do her not that honour;
She is not worthy such submission:
I scorn a life depends upon her pity.—
Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody!
I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,
An innocence, shall outlook thee, and death too.
Arn. Make me your slave; I give my freedom to you,
For ever to be fetter'd to your service!
'Twas I offended; be not so unjust then,
To strike the innocent. This gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you:
She is your servant; pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your liking?
Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious devil!
Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted fury!
Arn. Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.
Zen. I'll speak nobly;
'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.—
Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider, how I weigh thy angers!
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour,
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr.
'Tis such a grace——
Hip. You shall not want that favour:
Let your bones work miracles!
Arn. Dear lady,

By those fair eyes——
Hip. There is but this way left you
To save her life——
Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it.
Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command——
Arn. I'll do it.—
Be comforted, Zenocia.
Zen. Do not do this!
To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you!
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me,
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,
By all your promises (take heed you keep 'em)—
Now is your constant trial! If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,
My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!
Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?
Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?
Go, and intwine thyself about that body!
Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,
Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; basely, most basely,
Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband![1]
Arn. What shall I do to save her?
Hip. How now? what haste there?

[1] *Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband!*] There is no occasion to read, with the second folio, and all the editions printed since, "Know thee *not* again;" for the negative in the second part of the sentence is sufficient, and the beautiful versification of Zenocia's speech is destroyed by the interpolated word.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor, attended with some gentlemen,
Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.
Hip. Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for this hour;
I shall have other time.
Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!
Hip. I'll meet 'em presently. Retire a while all. [*Exeunt* HIP. *and Servant*
Zab. You rise to-day upon your right side, lady.—
You know the danger too, and may prevent it;
And if you suffer her to perish thus,
(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her friend,—you know the way on't,—)
I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;
There are hours ordain'd for several businesses.
You understand——
Arn. I understand you bawd, sir,
And such a counsellor I never cared for.

Enter DON MANUEL *the Governor*, CLODIO, LEOPOLD, CHARINO *and Attendants, at one door*, HIPPOLYTA *at the other.*

Hip. Your lordship does me honour.
Man. Fair Hippolyta,
I'm come to ease you of a charge.
Hip. I keep none
I count a burden, sir.—And yet I lie too. [*Aside.*
Man. Which is the maid? Is she here?
Clod. Yes, sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;

The very same I sued to your lordship for.

Zen. Clodio again? More misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd!

Man. Come hither, maid: You are once more a free woman;
Here I discharge your bonds.

Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us!

Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly;
Against my will, to take away my bond-woman?

Man. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that country we hold friendship with,
And ever did; and, therefore, to be used
With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you must be pleased to think this honest.—
Did you know what she was? [*To* LEOPOLD.

Leop. Not 'till this instant;
For, had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

Man. There, take the maid; she's at her own dispose now:
And if there be aught else to do your honour
Any poor service in——

Clod. I am vow'd your servant.

Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;
And in a country now we stand, free people,
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.

Zen. I fear some trick yet.

Arn. Be not so dejected.

Man. [*To* HIP.] You must not be displeased; so, farewell, lady.—
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me too;

I have a little business.

Leop. I attend your lordship.—
Now my way's free, and my hopes lords again.[1]
[*Exeunt all but* HIP. *and* ZAB.

Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet——to make you howl both.

Zab. You might have done; you had power then;
But now the chains are off, the command lost;
And such a story they will make of this,
To laugh out lazy time——

Hip. No means yet left me?
For now I burst with anger! None to satisfy me?
No comfort? no revenge?

Zab. You speak too late;
You might have had all these your useful servants,
Had you been wise and sudden. What power, or will,
Over her beauty have you now, by violence
To constrain his love? She is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty;
And, while she's so, Arnoldo will despise you.

Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied,
Or I must die!

Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet; protect me from the law.

Hip. From any thing! Thou know'st what power I have,
What money, and what friends.

Zab. It is a devilish one:
But such must now be used. Walk in, I'll tell you;

[1] *Now my way's free, and my hopes. Lords againe.*] This is the reading of the oldest edition, from which the alteration in the text is formed. The second folio, and the modern editions, read —my hope's lord again. "My hopes are lords again, are predominant," is the meaning of the text.

And if you like it, if the devil can do any thing—

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Sulpitia, *the Bawd.*

Enter SULPITIA *and* JAQUES.

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself——

Ja. Give him breath, mistress;
You'll melt him else.

Sul. He does perform such wonders——
The women are mad on him.

Ja. Give him breath, I say;
The man is but a man; he must have breath.

Sul. How many had he yesterday?

Ja. About fourteen; and they paid bravely too:
But still I cry, give breath; spare him, and have him.

Sul. Five dames to-day: This was a small stage;
He may endure five more.

Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still;
Body o' me, give breath; the man's a lo stman else.
Feed him, and give him breath.

[3] *How many had he yesterday?*
And they paid bravely too.

Ja. *About fourteen.*] The necessary transposition here is so self-evident, that it wants no note in confirmation. The metre is lame and defective; and Sulpitia is made to say what belongs to Jaques, which quite destroys the sense. I decline saying more upon this occasion, because, as the subject is not a little dissolute, *pudet his nequitiis immorari.* A proper regard to decency is a respect due to the readers; and an editor ever ought to blush when he takes a voluntary liberty of offending them. *Theobald.*

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen;
You're very welcome.
1st Gen. We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd fellow,
That does rare tricks My sister and myself here
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both. There's for your courtesy. [*Give money.*
[*Exeunt* JA. *and Gent.*
Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in gold
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.
Oh, that his body were not flesh, and fading!
But I'll so pap him up——Nothing too dear for him.
What a sweet scent he has! [*Re-enter* JAQUES.]
Now, what news, Jaques?
Ja. He cannot last; I pity the poor man,
I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,
Are ready now to enter: And behind these,
An old dead-palsied lady, in a litter;
And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost!
You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins;
But, for his flesh——
Sul. These are but easy labours;
Yet, for I know he must have rest——
Ja. He must;
You'll beat him off his legs else presently.

Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself; I'm pleased too.
To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,
I would have him take pity o' th' old lady:
Alas, 'tis charity!

Ja. I'll tell him all this;
And, if he be not too fool-hardy—— [*Exit.*

Enter ZABULON.

Sul. How now?
What news with you?

Zab. You must presently
Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.

Sul. She may command.

Zab. You must not dream, nor trifle.

Sul. Which way?

Zab. A spell you must prepare, a powerful one;
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;
There is the picture too: Be quick and faithful,
And do it with that strength——When 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it

Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark ye,
Will you never lie at home again?

Zab. Excuse me;
I have too much business yet.

Sul. I am right glad on't.

Zab. Think on your business; so, farewell.

Sul. I'll do it.

Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again,
And give you greater lights.

Sul. I shall observe you.
This brings a brave reward; bravely I'll do it,
And all the hidden art I have, express in't.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter RUTILIO, *with a Night-cap.*

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden![4]
Fie, how my hams shrink under me! Oh me,
I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a body once, a handsome body,
And wholesome too: Now, I appear like a rascal,
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.
Fie, how I faint!—Women! keep me from women
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;
But women! women! oh, the devil! women!
Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women!
How devilishly my bones ache! Oh, the old lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies cross my back too;
Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me?—
Now, what are you? do you mock me?

Enter three Men. with Night-caps, very faintly.

1st Man. No, sir, no;
We were your predecessors in this place.

[4] *Crow-trodden.*] Rutilio compares his manner of walking to the waddling of crows. Or the allusion may be to the wooden legs of scarecrows, in our authors' time called crow-keepers.

2d Man. And come to see how you bear up.
Rut. Good gentlemen!
You seem to have a snuffing [5] in your head, sir,
A parlous snuffing; but this same dampish air—
2d Man. A dampish air, indeed.
Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your nose will ne'er endure it.—Mercy o' me,
What are men changed to here! Is my nose fast yet?
Methinks it shakes i' th' hilts.—Pray tell me, gentlemen,
How long is't since you flourish'd here?
3d Man. Not long since.
Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are tender.—
Nor long endured?
2d Man The labour was so much, sir,
And so few to perform it——
Rut. Must I come to this,
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.—
Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?
1st Man. No truly, sir,
The place has been too warm for our complexions.
2d Man. We have enough on't: Rest you merry sir!
We came but to congratulate your fortune;
You have abundance.
3d Man. Bear your fortune soberly;
And so we leave you to the next fair lady.
[*Exeunt.*
Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,
At the next hospital.—There's no living thus,

[5] *Snuffing.*] The modern editions read, silently and unnecessarily—*snuffling.*

Nor am I able to endure it longer:
With all the help and heats that can be given me,
I am at my trot already.[6] They are fair and young,
Most of the women that repair unto me;
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.—

Enter SULPITIA.

More women yet? 'Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock,
That I might be civilly merry when I pleased,
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills!
Sul. By this, the spell begins to work.[7]—You are lusty,
I see; you bear up bravely yet.
Rut. Do you hear, lady?
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:
Play me with some discretion; to-day, one course,
And, two days hence, another.
Sul. If you be so angry,

[6] *With all the helps and* heats *that can be given me,*
I'm at my trot *already.*] "I'm at my trot," means, I am reduced to a trot, I am off my speed. The heats that Rutilio means are the nourishing meats which were given him to warm his blood. —*Mason.*—See the second speech of Sulpitia after her entrance.

[7] *By this, the spell begins to work.*] She is speaking of the incantations which she is employed in at the instance of Hippolyta. The spell was undoubtedly the wax image of Zenocia, one of the strongest within the knowledge of witches. In Middleton's Witch, ed. 1778. page 10, Heccat proffers to destroy Almachildes in the following manner:

His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Pay back the money I redeemed you at,
And take your course; I can have men enough.
You have cost me a hundred crowns since you came hither,
In broths and strength'ning caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;
I'll chain you to't else.

Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'll keep your house, and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipp'd out o' doors! Do you mark me, lady? whipp'd!
I'll eat old shoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this house, I am told,
There is a stranger, of a goodly person;
And such a one there was [8]——If I could see him,
I yet remember him.

Sul. Your business, sir?
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;
I keep none here. [*Exit.*

Dua. Certain, this is the gentleman;
The very same.

Rut. 'Death! if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I'd thresh, set up a cobler's shop, keep hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes
And knights of ginger-bread;
Thatch for three half-pence a-day, and think it lordly,
From this base stallion-trade.—Why does he eye me,

[8] *And such a one* there *was.*] Mason proposes, with some plausibility, to read, "*that* was."

Eye me so narrowly?
Dua. It seems, you are troubled, sir;
I heard you speak of want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving, sir.
Dua. I do not think so;
You know me not.
Rut. Not yet, that I remember.
Dua. You shall, and for your friend; I am beholden to you,
Greatly beholden, sir. If you remember,
You fought with such a man, they call'd Duarte,
A proud distemper'd man: He was my enemy,
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak softly, sir; you do not mean to betray me?—
I wish'd the gallows; now they're coming fairly.
Dua. Be confident; for, as I live, I love you;
And now you shall perceive it: For that service,
Me and my purse command; there, take it to you;
'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand ducats:
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Dua. If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me.
In what else may I serve you, sir?
Rut. I thank you!
This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.
Dua. Trust me with it.
Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust you;
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady,
That saved my life once.
Dua. That will be most thankful;
I will do't with all care.

Rut. Where are you, White-broth?

Enter SULPITIA.

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money;
'Tis ready here:—No threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now!
Sul. You do not mean to leave me?
Rut. I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come quickly, come, dispatch! this air's unwholesome.
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't!
Sul Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.
Rut. And pick his bones, as you've done mine; pox take you!
Dua. At my lodging, for a while, you shall be quarter'd,
And there take physic for your health.
Rut. I thank you.—
I have found my angel now too, if I can keep him![9] [*Exeunt.*

[9] *I have found my angel now too.*] He considered Zabulon as Arnoldo's angel, and says to him, in the 315th page, when Zabulon offers money to Arnoldo,

"——— Take it, man;
Sure thy good angel is a Jew." *Mason.*

The same allusion is repeated again in the next scene.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter RUTILIO *and* DUARTE.

Rut. You like the letter?
Dua. Yes; but I must tell you,
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit
The mother (and the grieved one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you slew so lately.
Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost son, than speedily to help her
To a good husband; one that will beget
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recovered
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot one;
It fired and fired me; but, all thanks to you, sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.
Dua. What is done, sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore spare your thanks.
Rut. I'll no more whoring;
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one
Than all the exercise in the world besides.
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water to it; twenty surfeits
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this lady,

(As ten to one I shall; I was ne'er denied yet)
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,
And then instruct my family.—You are sad;
What do you muse on, sir?
Dua. 'Truth, I was thinking
What course to take for the delivery of your letter,
And now I have it. But, 'faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know
You kill'd her son?
Rut. Give me a book, I'll swear't:
Denied me to the officers that pursued me,
Brought me herself to th' door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges; and shall I make doubt then
But that she loved me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her: For then to have woo'd her,
Had been unseasonable.
Dua. Well, sir, there's more money,
To make you handsome. I'll about your business:
You know where you must stay?
Rut. There you shall find me.—
'Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew, his genius, or my Christian,
Has proved the better friend. [*Exit.*
Dua. Oh, who would trust
Deceiving woman?[1] or believe that one
The best, and most canonized, ever was

[1] *Oh, who would trust Deceiving woman?*] In writing this severe invective against the female sex, our authors seem to have had the well-known speech of Posthumus in their contemplation. See Cymbeline, Act II., Scene V. *Reed.*

It is more likely, that, in the latter part of this speech, the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, beginning, "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt," was in the mind of the author; but the imitation is highly worthy the imitator's genius.

More than a seeming goodness? I could rail now
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar,
My mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation,) she that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care,
And tenderness to a son; she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she owed her son![a] I fear her honour.
That he was saved, much joys me; I grieve only,
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or used to cloke her base hypocrisy. [Exit

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* SULPITIA, *in the dress of a Magician.*

Hip. Are you assured the charm prevails?
Sul. Do I live?
Or you speak to me? Now, this very instant,
Health takes its last leave of her; meagre paleness,

Good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she ow'd her son!] i. e. That she should give up the right and duty of vengeance which she ow'd for her son's murder, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his murderer out of the pursuit and reach of justice. *Theobald.*

Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies,
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face with.
To force affection is beyond our art;
For I have proved all means that hell has taught me,
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpose.
But, for your bond-woman——

Hip. Let her pine and die!
She removed, which, like a brighter sun,
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,
And, as I have been, be admired and sought to.
How long has she to live?

Sul. Lady, before
The sun twice rise and set, be confident
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found her.
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's sorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. All things have succeeded
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick home,
The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.
Let me adore this second Hecatè,
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,
That, as she pleases, can cut short,[3] or lengthen
The thread of life!

Hip. Where was she when th' enchantment
First seized upon her?

[3] *Can cut short.*] Other editions—" shut short." Corrected by Mr Mason The compositor undoubtedly caught the first two letters of the ensuing word.

Zab. Taking the fresh air,
I' th' company of the governor and Count Clodio;
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;
When, in a moment (so the servants told me)
As she was giving thanks to the governor
And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.
Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece,
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here;[4]
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more
Make trial of thy powerful art; which, known,
Our laws call death. Off with this magical robe,
And be thyself. [*They retire.*

Enter DON MANUEL *the Governor*, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Sul. Stand close; you shall hear more.
Man. You must have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we should question
What is decreed above, or ask a reason,
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.
Clod. Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell!
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of crime,[5]

[4] *Which I will so reward, that* thou shalt fix here, &c.] *i. e.* I'll reward thee so liberally, as to set thee above all the necessities of life, and thou shalt rest in this last trial of thy pernicious destructive practices, which, once discovered, are death by the laws. *Theobald.*

[5] *Suspicion of crime.*] Suspicion is here a word of four syllables, and therefore there is no occasion for reading, with the modern editors, (who, as in innumerable other instances, interpolate, without making any mention of it,)—" Suspicion of *a* crime." Three

As rather she deserves a saint's place here,
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.
Char. Not for her fault, but mine, sir, Zenocia suffers.
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals.
Clod. All ancient stories, of the love of husbands
To virtuous wives, be now no more remember'd!
Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believed!
Man. I have heard there has been
Between some married pairs such sympathy,
That the husband has felt really the throes
His wife, then teeming, suffers: This true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.
Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now
All possible means to help her.
Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting.
Make use of any means or men.
Char. You are noble.
[*Exeunt* MAN. CLOD. *and* CHAR.
Sul. Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.
Her fate is in your hand.
Hip. Can I restore her?
Sul. If you command my art.
Hip. I'll die myself first!
And yet I will go visit her, and see

lines afterwards they have, equally unwarrantably, struck out the word *sir*.

This miracle of sorrow in Arnoldo:
An 'twere for me, I should change places with her,
And die most happy! Such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument; but too good for her
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,
You shall along with me. Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.
Zab. I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Guiomar's *House*

Enter DUARTE *and a Servant.*

GUIOMAR *seated in the back ground.*

Serv. I have served you from my youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful. That you live is a treasure
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth
But when you give me warrant.
Dua. I rely
Upon thy faith.—Nay, no more protestations;
Too many of them will call that in question,
Which now I doubt not. She is there?
Serv. Alone too;
But take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.
For the displeasure I shall undergo,
I am prepared.
Dua. Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.—
[*Exit Servant.*
The silence that's observed, her close retirements,

No visitants admitted, not the day,
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give leave!—She sits upon the ground;
By Heaven, she weeps; my picture in her hand too;
She kisses it, and weeps again.

GUIOMAR *comes forward.*

Gui. Who's there?
Dua. There is no starting back now.—[*Aside*]—Madam.[6]
Gui. Ha!
Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more sons.
Dua. Your pardon, lady;
There's no such foul fact taints me.
Gui. What mak'st thou here then?
Where are my servants? Do none but my sorrows
Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee hither?
Dua. A will to give you comfort.
Gui. Thou'rt but a man,
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou couldst raise the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!
But that's impossible.
Dua. Please you but to read this;
You shall know better there why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it.
Gui. From whom comes it?

[6] The pointing of this line is adopted from Mason's Commentaries. Hitherto the whole line was addressed to Guiomar, and only a comma placed before the word *madam*.

Dua. That will instruct you.—I suspect this stranger; [*Aside.*
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance
With his reports, I know not what to think on't.—
What a frown was there! She looks me through and through,
Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.
These are strange changes!—Oh, I understand it!
She's full of serious thoughts.

Gui. You are just, you Heav'ns, [*Aside.*
And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,
Under which, as a mountain, my heart groans yet,
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.
The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!——
Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the gentleman
That sent these charms.

Dua. Charms, lady?

Gui. These charms;[7]
I well may call them so; they've won upon me
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it)
And, therefore, I'll be open-breasted to thee:
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desired of all men! Let me blush,
And then I'll say I love him.

Dua. All men see,
In this, a woman's virtue! [*Aside.*

Gui. I expected,

[7] *These charms.*] Modern editions—"*Ay,* these charms."

For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen him;
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large distance.
But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my son
Fell by his hand.

Dua. And reason, lady.

Gui. No;
He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning!
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends' sake partly; but especially
For his long absence.

Dua. Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*

Gui. Therefore,
Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him;
Deliver that, and bring him.

Dua. I am dumb: [*Aside.*
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
And something I shall do!—I wait upon you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Palace of Manuel de Sousa, *the Governor.*

Enter Manuel, Clodio, Charino, Arnoldo, Zenocia *brought in in a chair, two Doctors.*

Doct. Give her more air; she dies else.

Arn. Oh, thou dread power,
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship

This virgin wife, the master-piece, look down on her!
Let her mind's virtues, cloth'd in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her!
Or, if those are deny'd, let innocence,
To which all passages in Heav'n stand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
And mediate for her! Or, if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun
In his diurnal progress never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on!

Man. Wonders are ceas'd, sir; we must work by means.

Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians are:
To you thus low I fall then! So may you ever
[*Kneels before the Doctors.*
Be styl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's restorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your success,
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world,[8] as now
You use your saving art! For know, good gentlemen,
Besides the fame, and all that I possess,

[8] *Your great* opinion *in the world.*] That is, the great opinion conceived of you in the world. *Mason.*

Mr Mason is wrong. "Your great opinion" signifies, in old language, "Your great reputation." So in Thierry and Theodoret:

"What *opinion* will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom!"

And in Shirley's Gamester:

"Patience! I mean you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight, and maintain your honour against odds."

For a reward, posterity shall stand
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the want of her example.

1 *Doct.* Were all the world to perish with her, we
Can do no more than what art and experience
Give us assurance of. We have used all means
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot:
How should we, then, promise the cure?

Arn. Away! [*Rises.*
I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
The power of doing: Ye are mere names only,
And even your best perfection accidental.—
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us)
As love already makes me sensible
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will swear thou'rt merciful!

2 *Doct.* Your hand, lady.—
What a strange heat is here!—Bring some warm water.

Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours; my sorrow
Provides her of a better bath; my tears
Shall do that office.

Zen. Oh, my best Arnoldo!
The truest of all lovers! I would live,
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow
With my true service; but since that's denied me,
May you live long and happy! Do not suffer—
By your affection to me, I conjure you!—
My sickness to infect you; though much love
Makes you too subject to it.

Arn. In this only

Zenocia wrongs her servant: Can the body
Subsist, the soul departed? 'Tis as easy
As I to live without you! I am your husband,
And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,
Bandying us from one hazard to another,
Would never grant me so much happiness
As to pay a husband's debt. Despite of fortune,
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me!

Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly
Express'd, I never read of.

Man. I am struck
With wonder to behold it, as with pity.

Char. If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,
Being tied no further than humanity
Leads you to soft compassion; think, great sir,
What of necessity I must endure,
That am a father!

Enter HIPPOLYTA, *speaking to* ZABULON *and* SULPITIA *at the door.*

Hip. Wait me there; I hold it
Unfit to have you seen. As I find cause,
You shall proceed.

Man. You're welcome, lady.

Hip. Sir,
I come to do a charitable office.
How does the patient?

Clod. You may inquire
Of more than one; for two are sick and deadly:
He languishes in her; her health's despaired of,
And in hers, his.

Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle:

With what a patience they sit unmov'd!
Are they not dead already?
Doct. By her pulse,
She cannot last a day.
Arn. Oh, by that summons
I know my time too!
Hip. Look to the man!
Clod. Apply
Your art to save the lady; preserve her,
A town is your reward![9]
Hip. I'll treble it
In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo;
For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, madam? Now
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections, or hardness,
(Give it what name you please,) you are revenged
of;
For now you may perceive our thread of life
Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo
Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia,

[9] *A* town *is your reward.*
Hip *I'll* treble *it*
In ready gold.] Mr Sympson "can't think how a town should be trebled in ready money;" that a town cannot be rated except where it serves as a hostage; that Clodio had no town; and that neither the doctor nor the bawd would know what to do with it, if they had it. If the commentator had lived in the present times, the latter objection would have fallen away easily. He then assures us that Clodio offers a crown, (not a five shilling piece, but) a coronet! If the governor promises merely a golden coronet, his offer is a very beggarly one; but if Sympson meant a peerage, more difficulty would be found in valuing such a gift, than in appreciating a town. The editor may be arraigned for noticing such needless propositions, but as commentators like Sympson often carry away the prize from such as are more faithful to the task assigned to them, it is necessary sometimes formally to refute their

And not to serve the use of any other;
And, in that, she may equal;[1] my lord Clodio
Had long since else enjoy'd her: Nor could I
Have been so blind as not to see your great
And many excellencies, far, far beyond
Or my deservings, or my hopes. We are now
Going our latest journey, and together:
Our only comfort we desire—pray give it!—
Your charity to our ashes—such we must be—
And not to curse our memories.

Hip. I'm much mov'd.

Clod. I'm wholly overcome. All love to women
Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon;
And yours, sir! Had she many years to live,
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,
But as a lover never. And since all
Your sad misfortunes had original
From the barbarous Custom practis'd in my country,
Heav'n witness, for your sake, I here release it!
So, to your memory, chaste wives and virgins
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you;
And wish she were so now, as when my lust
Forc'd you to quit the country.

Hip. It is in vain
To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends!
Look up, Zenocia! Health in me speaks to you;
She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,

[1] *And, in that, she* may *equal.*] "Mr Sympson and I both saw," says Mr Theobald, "that the poets wrote *my* equal."

The first folio has only a comma after equal. The editor of the second, to make sense, substituted a semicolon. Theobald and Sympson's alteration is greater nonsense than the present reading. Arnoldo had said that he was made to enjoy no other than Zenocia, and continues, "In that respect, in her being made to enjoy only me, Zenocia's destiny may be said to equal my own; if not, lord Clodio would have enjoyed her long since."

So lóng has kept him from you ! And repent not
That you were once my servant ; for which, health,
[And] in recompence[2] of what I made you suffer,
The hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower.

Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.

Hip. It is, believe it.—
Sulpitia !

Enter SULPITIA *and a Servant, who whispers* MANUEL.

Sul. Madam.

Hip. Quick, undo the charm !
Ask not a reason why ; let it suffice
It is my will.

Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*

Man. Is to be married, say'st thou ?

Serv. So she says, sir,
And does desire your presence.

Man. Tell her I'll come.[3]

Hip. Pray carry them to their rest ; for tho already
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not.

[ZENOCIA *and* ARNOLDO *are borne off in chairs.*

Man. What you have warranted,
Assure yourself, will be expected from you ;
Look to them carefully ; and till the trial——

Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.

[2] [*And*] *in recompence.*] The first word is absolutely necessary to the sense. The editors of 1750 and 1778, place it, without mentioning the variation, at the beginning of the next line ; but the present reading is far more natural.

[3] And *tell her I'll come.*] So the old copies read.

Man. Let me
Entreat your companies: There now is something
Of weight invites me hence.
All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the House of Guiomar.

Enter GUIOMAR *and Servants.*

Gui. You understand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithful promise
You've made me all.
All. We do, and will perform it.
Gui. The governor will not fail to be here presently.
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;
And bring me word when they arrive.
All. We shall, madam.
Gui. Only stay you to entertain.
1 *Serv.* I am ready. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Gui. I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice
Men ever have o' foot against our honours;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,
No shape put on so pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,
Never so laden with admir'd example)
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded!
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,
Whose life I sav'd—at what dear price sticks here yet—
Why should he hope? He was not here an hour;

And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
I gave him no loose look; I had no reason!
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,
The killing of my son a kindness to me,—
Why should he send to me, or with what safety,
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)
Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The gentlemen are come.
Gui. Then bid 'em welcome. I must retire. [*Exit.*

Enter Rutilio, *and* Duarte *disguised.*

Serv. You are welcome, gentlemen.
Rut. I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.
Serv. I'll let her understand.
Rut. It shall befit you.— [*Exit Servant.*
How do I look, sir, in this handsome trim?
Methinks I am wondrous brave.[4]

[4] *I am wondrous* brave.] *i. e.* As the word is used by our ancient writers, *fine, handsome, magnificent.* So Shakspeare:

" What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet clothes; rings put upon his fingers;
A most delicious banquet by his bed;
And *brave* attendants near him." *Taming of the Shrew.*

And Rowley, in the comedy of A Match at Midnight, makes the Welshman say, " Randall will be no serving-mans now; hur will buy hur *prave* parrels, *prave* swords, *prave* daggers, and *prave* feathers, and go a wooing to *prave*, comely, pretty maid." In Philaster, where he says to Bellario, who is *new drest* by Arethusa, " Why, boy, she has made thee *brave*." *Reed.*

Dua. You're very decent.
Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,
And where their first aims light. I'll lay my head on't,
I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me;
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her!
I have her in a nooze, she cannot 'scape me;
I have their several lasts.[5]
Dua. You are thoroughly studied.
But tell me, sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confess you are——
Rut. That's not an hour's work;
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.
Dua. She being set in years, next; none of those lustres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;
Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins——
Rut. I love old stories: Those live believ'd, authentic,
When twenty of your modern faces are called in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she sav'd me,
She sav'd my life; have I not cause to love her?
She's rich, and of a constant state,[6] a fair one;
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient,

[5] *I have their several* lasts.] "I know what burden or tonnage they carry." A metaphor taken from the last, or burden of a ship. It may, however, be derived from the shoemaker's implement so termed. It is now, and possibly may have been in the time of our authors, a vulgar saying, "to know the length of one's foot;" which indicates that sort of knowledge here boasted by Rutilio.

[6] ——*state.*] The word seems, in the present instance, to mean conduct, behaviour.

All your young fillies; I think, this back has try'd 'em,
And smarted for it too: They run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;
A stay'd pace now becomes my years, a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.

Dua. How miserable, [*Aside.*
If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.—
Here comes the lady, sir.

Enter GUIOMAR.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To shew I am a creature bound to your service,
And only yours——

Gui. Keep at that distance, sir;
For if you stir——

Rut. I am obedient.—
She has found already I am for her turn:
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me!
Mark, how she musters all my parts.
[*Aside to* DUARTE.

Gui. A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly set I never look'd on. [*Aside.*

Rut. Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage of 'em!

Gui. [*Aside.*] How happy am I now, since my son fell,
He fell not by a base unnoble hand!
As that still troubled me. How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice
I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy
A son's untimely loss, and a mother's sorrow!

Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own:
I told you what a spell I carried with me.

All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thankful
to you;
And if you please to know my house, to use it,
To take it for your own——

Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard and Servants; they seize upon RUTILIO, *and bind him.*

Rut. How now? what means this, lady?

Gui. Bind him fast.

Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare for
me?
The colours that you give?[7]

Dua. Fie, gentle lady;
This is not noble dealing.

Gui. Be you satisfied;
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;
You shall not be so long.

Rut. Do you call this wooing?—
Is there no end of womens' persecutions?
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction?[8]
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the devil's teeth?—You are not mad,
lady?
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,
To offer you that honour——

[7] *The* colours *that you give.*] An allusion to the coloured ribbons given to this day at weddings.

[8] *Must I needs fool* into *mine own destruction?*] I think, verily, we ought to read,

Must I needs fool it, *to, &c.*

It appears to me much the more natural expression. *Seward.*

Seward's proposed alteration says the same thing as the original, and says it, "verily," in much feebler language.

Gui. You are deceiv'd, sir;
You come, besotted, to your own destruction;
I sent not for you. What honour can you add to
me,
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on?
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul!
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs
o'er thee,
Thou desperate fool! Who bade thee seek this
ruin?
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover
Thy cursed face to me again? Was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my house,
When misery and justice close pursued thee?
When thine own bloody sword cried out against
thee,
Hatch'd in the life of him?[9] Yet I forgave thee.
My hospitable word, even when I saw
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopp'd from
me,
Did I not seal still to thee?
Rut. I am gone.
Gui. And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery,

[9] Hatch'd *in the life of him?*] Hatch'd, among cutlers, is used to mean when the hilts of a sword are *gilt*: So she would say that Rutilio's bloody sword was *hatch'd*, or *gilt*, in the life of her son Duarte. *Theobald.*

Numerous notes upon this word may be found in the Variorum edition of Shakspeare, Vol. XV. p. 265, edition 1803; and a very long one upon the passage in the text in Mason's Commentaries, p. 55. From all the instances adduced, it certainly would appear that *hatched* did not merely signify engraved, as Dr Johnson supposes, but that some ornaments, generally in gold or silver, with which the sword was decorated, constituted the difference between a sword hatched and one that was not so.

Did I not give thee means?[1] But hark, ungrateful!
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory,
Thy cursed blood and kindred? Did I not swear then,
If ever, in this wretched life thou hast left me,
Short and unfortunate, I saw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredst,
To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,
With all the miseries a mother suffers?

Rut. I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it.

Gui. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here,
Walk like the winding-sheet my son was put in,
Stained with those wounds?[2]

Dua. I am happy now again [*Apart.*
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor's come in.

Gui. Oh, let him enter.

[1] ——— *to* imp *thy misery,*
Did I not give thee means?] *i. e.* Did I not furnish thee with money, to *assist thy flight?* It is a term in *falconry:* to *imp* is said, when a fresh feather of a *hawk* is put to an old broken stump. *Theobald.*

When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called *to imp a hawk.* *Steevens.*

[2] Stand *with those wounds!*] So the old editions read. Corrected in 1778.

Rut. I have fool'd myself a fair thread! Of all my fortunes,
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it.

Enter MANUEL, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. Are these fit preparations for a wedding, lady?
I came prepar'd a guest.
Gui. Oh, give me justice!
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
Do justice, justice, sir!
Man. You need not ask it;
I am bound to it
Gui. Justice upon this man,
That kill'd my son!
Man. Do you confess the act?
Rut. Yes, sir.
Clod. Rutilio?
Cha. 'Tis the same.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be sorrow for the good Arnoldo!
Man. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well;
I am the man! Nor is it life I start at;
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,
That I've not two lives lent me for this sacrifice;[3]
One for her son, another for her sorrow!—
Excellent lady, now rejoice again;
For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance;
(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that)

[3] *That I have not two lives lent me for* his *sacrifice.*] So the old editions. Corrected by Sympson.

Yet let the world believe you lov'd Duarte!
The unmatch'd courtesies you have done my miseries,
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.

Gui. Shall I have justice?

Man. Yes.

Rut. I'll ask it for you;
I'll follow it myself, against myself.—
Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly:
The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with
Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me!
Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I'd draw one tear more from that virtue.

Gui. Be not too cruel, sir—and yet his bold sword—
But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too
Of a fair promise—but, alas! my son's dead!—
If I have justice, must it kill him?

Man. Yes.

Gui. If I have not, it kills me.—Strong and goodly:
Why should he perish too?

Man. It lies in your power;
You only may accuse him, or may quit him.

Clod. Be there no other witnesses?

Gui. Not any.
And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,
I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly.

Clod.[4] Pity, so brave a gentleman should perish!
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.

[4] This speech is given to Hippolyta in the old editions, who is not present.

Gui. Will you pronounce?—Yet, stay a little, sir.

Rut. Rid yourself, lady, of this misery,
And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,
With which you are already too much shaken.

Gui. Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.

Dua. You shall not! [*Discovering himself.*
Yet turn and see, good madam.

Man. Do not wonder:
'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte,
He's well, is safe again.

Gui. Oh, my sweet son!
I will not press my wonder now with questions.—
Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty
I urg'd against you.

Rut. Madam, it was but justice.

Dua. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again;
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect:
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,
Sav'd me; for which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.

Gui. You sent this letter?

Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.

Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And, with this kiss, I take you for my husband.
Your wooing's done, sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.

Rut. You have it.

Dua. You have ended my desire to all my wishes.

Man. Now 'tis a wedding again. And if Hippolyta
Make good, what with the hazard of her life

She undertook, the evening will set clear,
After a stormy day.

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* LEOPOLD, *leading* ARNOLDO *and* ZENOCIA, *with* ZABULON *and* SULPITIA.

Char. Here comes the lady.
Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life again
Restored unto her.
Zen The gift of her goodness.
Rut. Let us embrace; I am of your order too,
And though I once despair'd of women, now
I find they relish much of scorpions;
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too.
But what have been your fortunes?
Arn. We'll defer
Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,
Or for her sake Arnoldo's, join with us
In th' honour of this lady.
Char. She deserves it.
Hip. Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter:
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;
For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them
To any course of life but what the law
Shall give allowance to.
Zab. and *Sul.* Your ladyship's creatures.
Rut. Be so, and no more, you man huckster [5]—

[5] —— *You man-huckster*] Mr Mason wishes us to read, with Theobald, "your man-huckster" But Sulpitia was certainly the *man-huckster*, and to Rutilio that epithet never could apply.

Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with such fervour
So long have sought me, and in that deserved me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travels,
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance.
And though my violent dotage did transport me
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste art,
Heav'n knows, I am free.[6]

Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.

Rut. Do so, sir;
A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.

Man You shall be all my guests;
I must not be deny'd.

Arn Come, my Zenocia,
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
To instruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heav'n still guides such as are good.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

6 ——— *from unchaste* art,
Heav'n knows, I am free.] The editors of 1778 concur with those of 1750, in reading *act* for *art*. But, as Mr Mason observes, "the word *art* is frequently used by the ancient dramatic authors to express practice, practical knowledge, or act. So, in the Beggar's Bush, Goswin says,

Not all the anger can be sent unto her
In frown or voice, or other *art*, shall force her."

THE EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
For which they were made, was t' entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators: In this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know,
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say
In the behalf of us, and of the play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or silence it.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

I SPAKE much in the prologue for the play,
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or excuse. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

RULE A WIFE

HAVE A WIFE.

FLETCHER

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

THIS Comedy was the sole production of Fletcher, and one of the last written by him. According to Sir William Herbert's office-book, it was licenced for exhibition the 19th of October, 1624, about a year before the poet's death. The first edition was printed in quarto, in the year 1640, with the following title: "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. A Comedy. Acted by his Majesties Servants. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the University. Anno 1640." To the honour of the University press, this edition is far more correct than the quartos of other old plays printed in London. Kirkman extracted from this comedy one of his farces, which he entitled "The Equal Match." Mr Garrick, with whom the play was a great favourite, made some judicious alterations in the catastrophe; and his excellent representation of the character of Leon has obtained a great share of celebrity. The popularity of the comedy has not been diminished in our days, for it is frequently performed every season at both the theatres.

It is indeed difficult to speak in terms of appropriate praise of this comedy, the merit of which is hardly exceeded by the production of any dramatist, ancient or modern. There is none of Shakspeare's performances in this line which is so unexceptionable in point of general construction and comic effect, though our author certainly cannot enter the lists with that prince of poets, when single passages and situations in the comedies of both are contrasted. Great objections have been made against some expressions which have a very coarse sound to the ears of modern times; but the same delicacy did not prevail in the time of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Massinger. The general tendency of the plays of that age is far more moral than that of Dryden's, Congreve's, and Vanbrugh's; and if the evil produced by the false sentimentality and amiable vice pourtrayed in many comedies produced in the present day be put in the scale against the few pru-

rient expressions of our old dramatists, very little doubt can be entertained on which side the preponderance of mischief would take place.

The mock-simplicity of Leon, and his return to his usual vigour of mind when in possession of Margarita; his spirited behaviour towards her and the Duke, create a truly dramatical surprise, and have every merit, in point of language and expression, which could be desired. The second plot forms an admirable contrast to the reformation of the wanton Margarita; and the characters of the Copper Captain and Estifania are inimitably conceived, and well supported throughout. Little can be objected to the morality of the play. The reformation of Margarita, in consequence of the manly nobleness of Leon's conduct, and the exposure of the Duke, are calculated to arouse our best feelings, and give better and more practical instructions than the most glittering theoretical maxims of the modern stage.

Some share of the reputation which the poet has so deservedly earned by the excellency of this part of the comedy, he is indebted for to Cervantes. The eleventh of his Exemplary Novels, entitled, "El Casamiento Engannoso," is undoubtedly the original of the plot of the Copper Captain and Estifania, as will appear from the following short abstract of that novel.*

"The Alferez Campuzano one morning issued from the Hospital of the Resurrection in Madrid. His yellow countenance, and the thinness of his legs, showed that he had been long under the care of the surgeon. He was met by his friend the licentiate Peralta, who, astonished at his appearance, and wondering that he had not joined the army in Flanders, expressed a wish to be informed how his friend came into so strange a situation. Campuzano said that he had been thus reduced by a woman whom he had espoused, and related the following woful adventures. Being one day in company with the captain, Pedro de Herrera, two women entered the room, one of whom taking the captain aside, requested him to carry some letters to her brother in Flanders. In the mean time the Alferez addressed himself to the second lady, whose face was partly covered by her mantle. He was, at that time, gallantly attired, and had a heavy chain about his neck, which Peralta recollected to have seen him wear. The heart of the Alferez was immediately inflamed by the beauty of the lady's shape, and the whiteness of her hand. His request, that she would uncover her

* I do not believe that this tale was ever translated, for it does not occur in Mrs Heywood's novels, where most of those produced by Cervantes are to be found. Langbaine does not mention this source from which Fletcher borrowed.

face, was denied; but she directed him to send a page after her, and then to proceed to her house, where he was promised to be gratified with the view he so much desired. He readily obeyed her directions, and when he entered the room, found a lady about thirty, of considerable, though not superlative beauty. After many fruitless visits, the fair one, whose name was Donna Estifania de Cayzedo, consented to share her large fortune with his. They were accordingly married in the presence of two friends of Campuzano, and a youth whom Estifania stated to be her cousin. The goods of the husband, consisting of his great chain and other articles, were transferred to the dwelling of the lady, to whom he also paid a sum of 400 reals, for the maintenance of the house. After six days had passed in every kind of luxury, one morning, before the lovers had arisen, they heard a loud knocking at the door, and a servant girl informed Estifania that Donna Clementa Bueso, accompanied by Don Lope Melendez de Almendarez, was at the door. Estifania had scarcely time to assure her new husband that every thing he would see was mere fiction, when her mistress entered, who was not a little surprised to find her bed occupied. The poor gulled Alferez, having put on his clothes, hastened out of the room, and was informed by his spouse that the whole was a mere deception, to make Don Lope believe that the house belonged to Donna Clementa, in order to induce him to espouse her; and that, after their marriage, every circumstance would be discovered, and the mansion restored to herself, whom she represented as the rightful owner. The couple then retired to a mean house in the neighbourhood, whither the trunk of the Alferez was carried, and where, for six days, he continually reproached his wife with the absurd promise she had made to her friend. One morning, in the absence of Estifania, the hostess inquired the reason of these frequent quarrels, and having heard the tale of the marriage, and the subsequent adventures, she vented herself in exclamations upon the cheat practised by Estifania, and could only excuse her when she reflected upon the excellent husband she had obtained by the trick. She assured him that Donna Clementa was the actual owner of the house; upon which he was on the point of desperation. He immediately took his sword, and pursued his frail spouse, but was unable to find her; and a visit to the mansion of Donna Clementa only confirmed the relation of the hostess. Upon his return, the latter told him that Estifania had been there, and, hearing that her plot was discovered, and of the rage of her husband, had opened the trunk, emptied it of its contents, and left the house.

"At this period of the relation the licentiate interrupted his friend, and expatiated upon the loss he had sustained, particularly that of the large golden chain, which he supposed worth two

hundred ducats. But Campuzano assured him that the total value of his chains, jewels, and other possessions, was not above ten or a dozen dollars, though they were excellent imitations of real gold; and that he considered it as mere justice that he who had endeavoured to deceive, had himself been cheated so lamentably. He discovered that the pretended cousin, who had acted as witness at the marriage, was the lover of his spouse, whom he immediately abandoned to her fate. But he soon discovered more serious consequences of his marriage; and, on account of having no property but his sword, was obliged to enter the hospital, in order to be cured of a distemper which he owed to his unfortunate connection."

The rest of the tale is merely an introduction to the twelfth and most admirable of Cervantes's novels; a conversation Campuzano is supposed to have overheard between Berganza and Scipion, two of the hospital dogs, which is replete with the same transcendent satire for which the author has obtained such universal renown in his Don Quixotte.

PROLOGUE.

PLEASURE attend ye! and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir ye up! Do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day we're Spaniards all again,[1]
The story of our play, and our scene Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cause hate;
Now we present their wit, and not their state.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain;
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:
You're vestals all,[2] and tho' we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slipt aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
A cruel scene did never lady please.
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Tho' we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free;
We tax no further than our comedy;
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see!

[1] *Nor to remembrance our late errors call,*
Because this day we're Spaniards all again.] This part of the Prologue seems to refer to the ill success of some tragedy, founded on a Spanish story, which had then been presented to the public.—Ed. 1778.

There is strong reason to believe that the play alluded to was Middleton's Game of Chess, a very singular production. Under the disguise of the different black and white chessmen, the English and Spanish monarchies are very ingeniously typified, and such strong reflections are made upon the intrigues and boundless ambition of the latter, that the Spanish faction got the author imprisoned, and the play suppressed, after it had enjoyed a run of nine nights, wherein the actors took above fifteen hundred pounds; a very uncommon thing in that age. The play was published about 1625, but was probably acted a year or two before, which suits very well to the time when Rule a Wife and have a Wife was produced.

[2] W' are *vestals all.*] The context very evidently requires the change which Mr Sympson first suggested here. *Seward.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke *of Medina.*
Juan de Castro, *a colonel.*
Sanchio, } *officers in the army.*
Alonzo, }
Michael Perez, *the Copper Captain.*
Leon, *brother to Altea.*
Cacafogo, *a rich usurer.*

Margarita.
Altea, *her servant.*
Clara.
Estifania.
Three old ladies.
An old woman, and maid.

SCENE, Valladolid,[1] and a Country-house near it.

[1] I have fixed the scene at Valladolid, because the story of Cervantes, abridged in the introduction, is transacted there, and because the court is frequently mentioned, which, at the time, was held at Valladolid. Seville is mentioned in the last scene of the first act, in a manner which would lead one to suspect that the poet had fixed upon that city as the place where the plot was transacted: but the allusion there is most probably to the tapestry manufactured in that city.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Valladolid. The Lodgings of Juan de Castro.

Enter Juan de Castro *and* Michael Perez.

Perez. Are your companies full, colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?
Perez. We pick up still,
And, as our monies hold out, we have men come:
About that time I think we shall be full too.
Many young gallants go.
Juan. And unexperienced:
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits;
Time and experience will allay those visions.
We have strange things to fill our numbers:
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,[1]
Recommended to me from some noble friends,
For my Alferez;[2] had you but seen his person,
And what a giant's promise it protesteth!
Perez. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.

[1] *A strange goodly fellow.*] It was proposed by Theobald to read, "a *strong* goodly fellow," but the text is far better, and signifies "uncommonly well-looking," as Mr Mason observes.

[2] *Alferez.*] Ensign. Spanish. *Reed.*

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good one,
And good clothes too; he's whole-skin'd, has no hurt yet;
Good promising hopes; I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Perez. Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace if need be.
Many as strong as he will go along with us,[3]
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,
Their mouths charged with six oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heiress?

Perez. I hear every hour of her, tho' I never saw her;
She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,

[3] *Many as* strong *as he will go along with us.*] Mr Theobald for *strong* would substitute *strange;* and Mr Seward, who alters the text to *stout*, says, "I believe whoever fully considers the context, where *strength of body* had before been mentioned as joined with cowardice, will think, with me, that *stout* either was, or OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN, the original." This *belief* of what *ought to have been* betrays Mr Seward into numberless arbitrary variations, though he seldom is ingenuous enough to mention them.—We apprehend *strong* to be the right word, and to be used here *ironically*.—Ed. 1778.

And live at ease! She's fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He, that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Perez. 'Would I were married! I would find that wisdom
With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever woman
Of the most subtlest mould[4] went beyond me,
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o' th' parish.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir,
There be two gentlewomen attend to speak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Perez. Are they two handsome women?

Serv. They seem so, very handsome; but they're veil'd, sir.

Perez. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!
I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit Servant.*

Perez. Don Juan!

Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish!
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?

Perez. There be two.

Juan. Say honest;

[4] *Of the most* subtlest *mould*—] So the quarto reads, according to the phraseology of the age. The modern editors read, with the folio 1679—subtile.

What shame have you then ![5]

Perez. I would fain see that:
I've been i'th' Indies twice, and have seen strange things;
But, two honest women !——One I read of once.

Juan Pr'ythee, be modest.

Perez. I'll be any thing !

Enter Servant, CLARA, *and* ESTIFANIA, *veil'd.*

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Perez. Both hooded ! I like 'em well tho'.
They come not for advice in law sure hither !
May be they'd learn to raise the pike ; I'm for 'em.
They're very modest ; 'tis a fine preludium. [*Aside.*

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady ?

Clara. With you, sir, as I guess ; Juan de Castro. [*Unveils.*

Perez. Her curtain opens ; she's a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,
I may do any service to your beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To serve the Catholic king.

Juan. I am, sweet lady.

Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars ; may be, sir, you know him ;
Don Campusano,[6] captain of carbines,

[5] *What* shame *have you then !*] The meaning, as the last editors explain it, is probably " how will you be *disgraced*, if you offer gallantry where it will not be accepted."

[6] In the novel of Cervantes this is the name of the Copper Captain.

To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*
Juan. I shall do it;
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.
Clara. Something in private.
Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.
[*Exeunt* JUAN *and* CLARA.
Perez. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.
Estif. Sir, you must pardon me:
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memòries,[7]
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.
Perez. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd, lady:
You may to me.
Estif. You must excuse me, signior;
I come not here to sell myself.
Perez. As I'm a gentleman!
By th' honour of a soldier!
Estif. I believe you;
I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you!
Indeed, I will not.
Perez. I shall love you dearly;
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—Will not this oyster open? [*Aside.*]
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—

[7] *Fair* memories.] *i. e.* Fair characters.—Ed. 1778.

She will draw sure—[*Aside.*]—so deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others——
Quickly, before they come!
Estif. Indeed, I dare not:
But, since I see you're so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——
Perez. It must needs be excellent.
Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me;
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter; thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,
I shall be able to give welcome to you——

Enter Juan, Clara, *and Servant.*

She hath done her business; I must take my leave, sir.
Perez. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you, lady:
My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.—
Sirrah, come near; hark! [*Whispers.*
Serv. I shall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*
Juan. You will command me no more services?
Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,
That I may ever honour you.
Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down there! [*Exeunt Ladies and Servant.*
Perez. You had the honour to see the face that came to you?
Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don Michael?

Perez. Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;
But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome;
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.
Juan. You know none of 'em?
Perez. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.—
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught:
I fear a fly.[8] [*Aside.*
Perez. Were those she brought love-letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.
Perez. Some young unmanaged thing;
But I may live to see——
Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter SANCHIO *and* ALONZO.

Sanc. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?
Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me.

[8] *I fear a fly.*] "A metaphor taken from fishing with *flies*," says Seward; and, as Mr Mason observes, he is, in the present instance, right, and his conjecture confirmed by the following passage in the second act, where Estifania says,

—— "He is mine own; I have him.
I told you what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I cast it, so I wrought him daintily."

If I find peace among the female creatures,
And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;
I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches
And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

Sanc. Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in. Wilt thou never
Leave whoring?

Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio:
Tho' we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;
Besides, it breaks no limbs.

Sanc. But it disables 'em; dost thou see how thou pull'st
Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

Sanc. Fie, fie! 'tis base.

Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honour.
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.

Sanc. As thou hast done, I'm sure. But I perceive now
Why you desire to stay; the Orient heiress,[9]
The Margarita, sir!

9 *The* Orient *heiress,*
The Margarita, *sir.*] A quibble upon the name. Margarita is Spanish for a pearl; and Marguerite was used in the same sense in our author's days. So in Fisher's Fuimus Troes:

——— "I long to view
This unknown land, and all their fabulous rites,
And gather *margarites* in my brazen cup."

The same quibble occurs in the third act of this play:

"The pearl of Spain, the Orient fair one."

Alon. I would I had her.
Sanc. They say she'll marry.
Alon. Yes, I think she will.
Sanc. And marry suddenly, as report goes, too!
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.
Sanc. They say too
She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
With more than one man's meat.
Alon. 'Would she were mine!
I'd cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,
There be too many great men that adore her;
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
Sanc. Yet those stand off i' th' way of marriage;
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.[1]
Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.
Sanc. I've heard so.
Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!
Sanc. When comes she to it?
Alon. Within these two days; she's i' th' country yet,
And keeps the noblest house!
Sanc. Then there's some hope of her.
Wilt thou go my way?
Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
Sanc. Send thee good fortune! but make thy body sound first.

[1] *To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.*] To obtain a man's pleasure is the first labour; to be tied to it, a second. This appears to be Sanchio's meaning. *Mason.*

Alon. I am a soldier, and too sound a body
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Servant of MICHAEL PEREZ.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;
They're both fair buildings. She walk'd plaguy fast;

Enter ESTIFANIA.

And hereabouts I lost her.—Stay! that's she,
'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy.
Let me note the place; the street I well remember.
She's in again. Certain some noble lady:
[*Exit* ESTIFANIA *into a house.*
How happy should I be if she love my master!
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune!
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Country.

An Apartment in the Villa of MARGARITA.

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?
2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some business
She'd break to us in private.
3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.
2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.
3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.[1]

Enter ALTEA.

Altea. Good morrow, ladies!
All. Morrow, my good madam!

[1] *Well away with.*] This mode of expression needs no explanation: we shall only observe, that it is frequently to be found in our ancient writers. In the Second Part of Henry IV., act iii., scene ii., Shallow says, "she could never *away with me.*" And among "The orders thought meete by her majestie to be executed throughout the counties of this realme, in such townes, villages, and other places, as are or may be hereafter infected with the plague, for the stay of further increase of the same," B. L. 4to. printed by Barker, is a receipt "for women with child, or such as be delicate and tender, *and cannot away with* taking medicines." *Reed.*

1 *Lady*. How does the sweet young beauty, Lady Margaret?

2 *Lady*. Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1 *Lady*. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Altea. All's well;
She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady*. She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;
Our years have run thro' many things she knows not.

Altea. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady*. 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?

Altea. That's left to argue on. I pray come in,
And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings; then she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady*. And good wine breeds good counsel; we'll yield to you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

Valladolid.

The Street.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO *and* LEON.

Juan Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.
Juan. What office bore you?
Leon. None; I was not worthy.
Juan. What captains know you?
Leon. None; they were above me.
Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray ask me no long questions; I've an ill memory.
Juan. This is an ass.—Did you ne'er draw your sword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?
Leon. No, I run away,
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ache.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?
Leon. I think not;
But I am loving, sir.
Juan. What a lump is this man!——
Was your father wise?
Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make shift, sir;
But I am bashful.
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not;
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, sir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?
Leon. Why, by chance;
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, sir.
Juan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk, that strike me;
He cannot be all fool.—

Enter ALONZO.

Welcome, Alonzo!
Alon. What have you got there? Temperance into
Your company? the spirit of peace? we shall have wars
By the ounce then.—

Enter CACAFOGO.

Oh, here's another pumpion;
Let him loose for luck sake, the cramm'd son
Of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo;
Both their brains butter'd cannot make two spoonfuls.
Cac. My father's dead; I am a man of war too,
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.
Juan. Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your ships may leak else.
Cac. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my drunkards.
Alon. Put up your gold, sir; I will borrow it else.
Cac. I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come out; I know thee;
Meet mine anger instantly!

Leon. I never wrong'd you.
Cac. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour;
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously;
I'll make it good.
Juan. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.
Cac. Thou won'st my money too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously;
This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes him.*
Alon. You struck too low by a foot, sir.
Juan. You must get a ladder when you'd beat this fellow.
Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray pardon me! [*Kicks him.*
Cac. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.
I leave thee as a thing despis'd! *Beso las manos à vuestra sennoria!* [3] [*Exit.*
Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle; there is not, in all Spain,
A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.
Leon. I see he's hasty; and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.
Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?
Alon. Turn him off:
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.
Juan. About some week hence, sir,

[3] *Assoles manus a vostra siniare a maistre.*] I have put Mr Theobald's correction of this into the text. *Seward.*

Mr Theobald's correction, however, stood itself in need of being corrected.

If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.
Leon. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A splendid Apartment in Margarita's *Town House.*

Enter ESTIFANIA *and* PEREZ.

Perez. You've made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage[3] when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide you, but it shall be thus.
[*Kisses her.*
No other anger ever touch your sweetness!
Estif. You appear to me so honest and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.
Perez. Now let me ask your name.
Estif. 'Tis Estifania;
The heir of this poor place.
Perez. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!
Is all that plate your own too?
Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it.
The suits you see of all the upper chambers,

[4] *Carriage.*] *i. e.* Behaviour.

Are those that commonly adorn the house:
I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

Perez. [*Aside.*] Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.—
Are you a maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

Perez. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,
—If I can get her, I am made for ever—[*Aside.*
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort! Will you walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
Above there are day-beds,[6] and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.—

Perez. She's excellent wise withal too.—[*Aside.*

Estif. You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict, sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, (for so I've vow'd he shall be)

——— *as fair*, *as* civil,
As *any town in Spain can parallel.*] The first quarto reads,

——————— *as* civil,
Or *any town in Spain can parallel.*

The second folio, in attempting to correct this, made tolerable sense, by changing *or* to *as*, though Mr Sympson and I agree that they mistook the real corruption: the change of the adjective *civil*, to the name of the city, gives so much better a reading, that we doubt not of its being the original. Upon consulting Mr Theobald's margin, I find the same correction there. *Seward.*

6 *Day-beds.*] i. e. Couches. See a note on act iii., scene i.

Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him;
But, above all, he must love.
Perez. He were base else.—
There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier.
How sweetly should I live! [*Aside.*
Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir.
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction; to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.
Perez. Sweet, rich, and provident! now fortune stick to me!— [*Aside.*
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely:
They that use many words, some are deceitful;
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too;
If't please you know, try me, before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet an equal wealth
With you; but jewels, chains, such as the war
Has giv'n me, a thousand ducats I dare presume on
In ready gold, (now as your care may handle it)
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady!
Estif. You're a true gentleman, and fair, I see by you;
And such a man I'd rather take——
Perez. 'Pray do so!
I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.
Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Perez. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss! [*Kisses her.*
Estif. You're a flatterer;
But I must say there was something when I saw you first,
In that most noble face that stirr'd my fancy.
Perez. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to you,
Into your own dispose, before I bed you;
And then, sweet wench——
Estif. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Country.

An Apartment in the Villa of Margarita.

Enter MARGARITA, *two Ladies, and* ALTEA.

Marg. Sit down, and give me your opinions seriously.
1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady?
Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit;
Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies;
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question:

Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;[7]
But when my money's gone, when the law shall
Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of all?
1 *Lady* D'ye find your body so malicious that way?
Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,
Lazy, and high fed; I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.
2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have;
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.
1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep you single?
You take away variety in marriage,
Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then;
Is't not abundance that you aim at?
Marg. Yes;
Why was I made a woman?
2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?
Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?
1 *Lady.* You're still i' th' right; why should you marry then?
Altea. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.
2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?
Altea. A husband of an easy faith,[8] a fool,

[7] *Money will* imp it.] A metaphor taken from falconry. To imp a hawk was artificially to supply any feathers which were dropped, or forced out by accident.

[8] Altea. *A husband of an easy faith.*] This part of Altea is given to the Fourth Lady in the first quarto. She is the plotter, and sister to Leon; but the players, probably to contract the number of characters, gave her whole part to Altea; and with so much

Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.
2 *Lady* You grant there may be such a man.
1 *Lady*. Yes, marry;
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection?
2 *Lady*. They must be chosen so; things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.
Marg. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.
2 *Lady*. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.
Marg. No, there's no trusting them; they are too subtle;
The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.
1 *Lady*. Then, some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

judgment, that I question whether they had not the author's approbation, and therefore I shall not alter it. *Seward.*

We should be glad to know how this approbation, which Mr Seward makes no question of the author's giving, was communicated; as it must have been sent from the Elysian Fields; since Fletcher died fifteen years before this first quarto was printed; subsequent to which the variation of the interlocutors was made. But perhaps Mr Seward "*intended* the anachronism," to render the circumstance "more droll and laughable." The approbation, however, was totally undeserved; for, in this first quarto, the characters are strangely jumbled together; the same person being, in the very same scene, sometimes called *Altea*, sometimes *Fourth Lady*. This Mr Seward does not seem to have known. The plot, however, seems to give the whole part to Altea —Ed. 1778.

The matter would have been settled at once, if the contending editors of 1750 and 1778 had attended to the direction at the head of the scene, "Enter Margaretta, and *two* ladies, and Altea." There were thus four ladies together; and the editors of the quarto, to save their types, designated Altea by the number 4.

Marg. If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none such:
I'll have a lusty man; honour will cloy me.
Altea. 'Tis fit you should, lady;
And to that end, with search, and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect;
He's made as strong as brass, is of brave years too,
And doughty of complexion.
Marg. Is he a gentleman?
Altea. Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you'd wish him;
A good fellow, wears good clothes.
Marg. Those I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little?
Altea. Very little.
Marg. 'Tis the better.
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?
Altea. No;
He will not quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.
Marg. He has no capacity what honour is?
For that's the soldier's god.
Altea. Honour's a thing too subtile for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Marg. Is he so goodly a man, d'ye say?
Altea. As you shall see, lady;
But, to all this, he's but a trunk.
Marg. I'd have him so,
I shall add branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;
If he be that motion [9] that you tell me of,

[9] *If he be that* motion.] i. e. *Puppet*. The word occurs in the same sense in Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. In the play of Bartholomew Fair, Master Pod is mentioned as Master of the *Motions*. *Reed.*

And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
Let him be here.

Altea. He shall attend your ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Valladolid.

The Lodgings of Don Juan.

Enter JUAN, ALONZO, *and* PEREZ.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed?

Perez. No, no; 'pray think so.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye!

Alon. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

Perez. No, indeed!
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet!
I can cut up my pye without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i' th' veil?

Perez. Basta![1] 'twas she;
The prettiest rogue that e'er you looked upon,
The loving'st thief!

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Perez. A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.
I am an ass, a bashful fool! Pr'ythee, colonel,

[1] *Basta.*] Enough. Many Spanish phrases were become familiar in the time of King James I., on account of the numerous embassies to and from the court of Spain.

How do thy companies fill now?
Juan. You're merry, sir;
You intend a safer war at home, belike now?
Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel;
I find myself given to my ease a little.
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They're things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers me, [*Aside.*
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench; and I, that have consum'd
My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fool'd alchemist, blow up my hopes still!—
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?
Perez. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have a house to entertain an army.
Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.
Perez. But where they'll get entertainment is the point, signior;
I beat no drum.
Alon. You need none but her tabor.
Perez. May be I'll march,[2] after a month or two,
To get me a fresh stomach. I find, colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with;
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plates,[3] and fooleries, molest me;

[2] Alon. *You need none but her tabor;*
May be I'll march, &c.] This whole speech, all but the first line of which so evidently belongs to *Perez*, was given to *Alonzo* in all the former editions. Mr Sympson and Mr Theobald agreed with me in the emendation. *Seward.*

[3] *Plates.*] Mr Mason proposes to read *plate*, but the text is correct, according to the phraseology of the age.

To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth!
Before, I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're absent;
She mourns, and will not eat.
Perez. Alas, my jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee.—Gentlemen, your fair leaves!
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke;
'ray pardon me! 'would ye had both such loving wives!
Juan. I thank you [*Exeunt* PEREZ *and Serv.*
For your old boots!—Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune!
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.
Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country.

An Apartment in Margarita's *Villa.*

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and Ladies.*

Marg. Is he come?
Altea. Yes, madam; he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man:

He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!
Marg. Have ye search'd him, ladies?
All. He's a man at all points, a likely man!
Marg. Call him in, Altea.

Exit ALTEA, *and re-enters with* LEON.

A man of a good presence! [4]—Pray you come this way,—
Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame?
Altea. Pray ye question him; and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm done.
Marg. Can you love a young lady?—How he blushes!
Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to th' lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.
Marg. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend you,
And money in your purse.
Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry!
Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,

[4] *A man of a good* presence.] *i. e.* of good appearance; a handsome man. So in Pericles:

"——— Welcome, fair one:
Is't not a goodly *presence*?"

And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.
Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.
Marg. Let me try your kisses. [*Kisses him.*
How the fool shakes!—I will not eat you, sir.—
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!—
Can you do any thing else?
Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.
Marg. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects you,
Nay, say I marry you——
Altea. Hark to the lady.
Marg. What money have you?
Leon. None, madam, nor friends.
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.
Marg. You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk i' th' house as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.
Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill spoil your head. I take you upon charity,
And like a servant you must be unto me;
As I behold your duty I shall love you,
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with you.
Can you mark these?
Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.
Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take you in I put you from me,

Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me;
Scarce know me, when I call you not.

Leon. I will not.
Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

Marg. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please you.

Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint you.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Marg. Kiss me again.—A strong fellow!
There is a vigour in his lips:—If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No,
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented;
It will the better teach me how to please you!

Altea. I told you, madam!

Marg. 'Tis the man I wish'd for.—
The less you speak——

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.

Marg. Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.—
But when you're married, sir, you must wait upon me,
And see you observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Marg. I'll give you better clothes when you deserve 'em.——
Come in, and serve for witnesses.

All. We shall, madam.

Marg. And then away to th' city presently;
I'll to my new house and new company.

[*Exit with Ladies.*

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; and I'm a made man.
Altea. Do not break out too soon!
Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Valladolid.

A Room in Margarita's *House.*

Enter CLARA *and* ESTIFANIA, *with a paper.*

Clara. What, have you caught him?
Estif. Yes.
Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?
Estif. Yes, too;
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content! He's sound as old wine,
And to his soundness rises on the palate;
And there's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.
Clara. Hast thou married him?
Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools:[5] He is mine own, I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.
Clara. Does thy lady know this? She's coming now to town,

[5] *I bob for fools.*] A technical term in angling, and frequently used in the sense of fooling or jeering a person.

"He sat upon a rock, and *bobb'd* for whales,"

is part of a well-known description of a giant's occupation.

Now to live here in this house.
Estif. Let her come;
She shall be welcome, I'm prepared for her;
She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.
Clara. Dost thou not love him?
Estif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays, and looks no further
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.[6]
[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings]
How to decline[7] their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

6 *And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him,*
How to decline their wives, &c.] Mr Sympson agrees with me that there is certainly a line or more lost between these two. The sense necessary is very clear from what Perez says of himself,

Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profest to tame the pride of ladies?

From the sense of these lines, therefore, I have ventured to form one, which I doubt not to be the sense of that which is lost, and I shall keep as close to his words here as I can. And for this reason, in the line I have inserted I have us'd *lady-tamer* instead of *woman-tamer*, and *warnings* instead of *lectures*. *Seward.*

The line thus formed by Seward, it must be confessed, is a very happy one, and completely in the style of our authors.

7 *How to* decline.] *i. e.* lower, or subdue. So, in the False One, Cæsar says to Ptolemy,

"And now you've found the nature of a conqueror
That you cannot *decline* with all your flatteries."

Enter PEREZ.

Oh, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.
Perez. My Estifania! shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.
Estif. I cannot eat else.
Perez. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.
Estif. You're welcome to it, sir.
Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench;
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,
In one o' th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.—
Who's that?
Estif. A friend of mine, sir.
Perez. Of what breeding?
Estif. A gentlewoman, sir.
Perez. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?
Estif. More than I know, sir.
Perez. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.
Estif. What need all this? why are you troubled, sir?
What d'you suspect? she cannot cuckold you;
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.
Perez. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Toward the matter; for, though she cann't perform it

In her own person, she may do't by proxy:
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. 'Cry you mercy, husband! you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me?

Perez. No, indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more cause,
And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,
May be taught tricks.

Perez. No, no, I do but jest with you.

Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave you
'Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with you.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Estif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?

Perez. Who knocks there?
Is't for the king you come, you knock so boist'rously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. [*Apart to* Estif.] My lady! as I live, mistress, my lady's come!
She's at the door; I peeped through, and saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon; but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

Perez. What are they at door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,

As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good!

Perez. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me:
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I'm asham'd I'm angry;[8]
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. [*Apart.*] I'll wise your worship
Before I leave you!—'Pray you walk by, and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir:
I was born to make you a man. [*Exit.*

Perez. The rogue speaks heartily;
Her good will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender natures;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works now;
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter MARGARITA, LEON, ALTEA, ESTIFANIA, *and Ladies.*

Who are these? what flanting things? A woman
Of rare presence![9] excellent fair! This is too big
For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.

Estif. My husband, lady!

[8] I'm *angry.*] The modern editors, without giving notice of the variation, read, unnecessarily and unmetrically—" I *was* angry."

[9] *Presence.* Appearance, form. See p. 442.

Marg. You've gain'd a proper man.

Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. [*Kisses her.*

Estif. [*Apart to* Perez.] Sir, be rul'd now, and I shall make you rich:
This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on her,
Even to death; see how he observes her.

Perez. She is a goodly woman.

Estif. She's a mirror,
But she is poor; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and upon my courtesy,—
(Conceive me short)—he knows not but she's wealthy:
Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He's so far gone.

Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield unto her for four days.

Perez. Yield our house up,
Our goods, and wealth?

Estif. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the lover on. D'you see this writing?
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good: The time's unfit now;
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Perez. All the house?

Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him;
They'll into th' country suddenly again
After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.

Perez. The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.
A part o' th' house——

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,

And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, sir,
A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?
Perez. If easily it would come back—
Estif. I swear, sir,
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity
To let [1] such a gentlewoman for a little help?
You give away no house.
Perez. Clear but that question.
Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.
Perez. Well then.
Estif. And you shall keep them safe.
Perez. I'm satisfied.
Would I'd the wench so too.
Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.
Perez. I'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days.
Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we'll be.
Perez. 'Tis well then.
Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.
Perez. Well.
Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after,
And a boy to guide you. Peace, and we are made both! [*Exit* PEREZ.

[1] *is it not pity*
To let *such a gentlewoman for a little help*?] i. e. "To *obstruct* or hinder the advancement of such a lady, for want of some little assistance." Here the verb *let* is used according to its ancient acceptation.—Ed. 1778.

Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?

Estif. They're sweet and neat.

Marg. Why, where's your husband?

Estif. Gone, madam.
When you come to your own, he must give place, lady.

Marg. Well, send you joy! You would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget you.

Estif. Thank your ladyship! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and* Boy.

Altea. Are you at ease now? is your heart at rest,
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?

Marg. I'm at peace, Altea:
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,

Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy!
Altea. You're a made woman.
Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd?
Altea. 'My life, an innocent.[a]
Marg. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule him;
For innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to breakfasts and collations,
When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms
Made ready to entertain my friends?
I long to dance now, and to be wanton;
Let me have a song. Is the great couch up
The duke of Medina sent?
Altea. 'Tis up and ready.
Marg. And day-beds[1] in all chambers?
Altea. In all, lady;
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures;
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Marg. Let 'em gaze on;
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,

[a] *An innocent.*] *i. e.* a natural fool, an idiot. So in Ben Jonson's Epicœne, "—— she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me *innocent*, and lets me go."

[1] *Day-beds.*] *i. e.* couches. Malvolio, in his reveries, among other imagined enjoyments, mentions, "Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a *day-bed*, where I left Olivia sleeping."

And handsome servants[4] at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?
Altea. He knows his distance, madam;
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar,
Amongst his fellow-servants, or asleep,
'Till your command awake him.
Marg. 'Tis well, Altea;
It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.[5]—

Enter LEON *and Servant.*

Who sent for him? how dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!
Altea. Sure he sees you not.
Marg. How scornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels, to give lustre?
Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and richer;
It is her will.
Leon. Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels, and masques?

[4] *Servants.*] *i. e.* lovers. See p. 262 of this volume.

[5] *My ward I must preserve him.*] Idiots, as well as minors, were formerly put under the guardianship of some one. Sir William Blackstone says, "By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not: which must be tried by a jury of twelve men; and if they find him *puras idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them."—*Commentaries*, I. 303.

Serv. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir!
I must not call you master (she has warn'd me)
Nor must not put my hat off to you.
Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow.
I may cut first?[6]
Serv. That's as you shall deserve, sir.
Leon. And when I lie with her——
Serv. May be I'll light you;
On the same point you may do me that service.

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.
Marg. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfum'd. Now I shall take my pleasure,
And not my neighbour Justice maunder[7] at me.—
Go, get your best clothes on; but, 'till I call you,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourself cleanly, sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia——

[6] *I may cut first.*] *i. e.* I may be allowed to carve first at the servants' table.

[7] *Maunder.*] Grumble, murmur.

Leon. That's a bawd, [*Apart.*
A three-pil'd bawd,[8] bawd-major to the army.
2 Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery!
Marg. Tell her, no;
I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.
2 Lady. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be sewer to the first course.—
A portly presence!—Altea, he looks lean;
'Tis a wash knave,[9] he will not keep his flesh well.
Altea. A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring.
Leon. 'Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about you, that may speak well of you,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now? what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to persuade you:
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of marchpane men,[1] that will not last, madam;

[8] *A* three-pil'd *bawd.*] Velvet was the most fashionable stuff worn by the gallants of the time, and *three-piled* velvet being the most costly kind, was metaphorically applied to any person, without the substantive to which it originally belonged. A three-piled bawd, therefore, is one of the first order, one supremely excellent in her trade.

[9] *A* wash *knave.*] *Washy* is a term still in use, and stands in need of no explanation.

[1] *Marchpane men.*] Men formed of that celebrated confection. See p. 116 of this volume.

An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,
And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potabiles.
Marg. The fellow's mad!
Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.
Altea. He breaks out modestly. [*Apart.*
Leon. Pray you be not angry;
My indiscretion has made bold to tell you
What you'll find true.
Marg. Thou dar'st not talk?
Leon. Not much, madam:
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your husband!
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such deformities;[2]
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,
To rent out lust.[3]
Marg. D'you hear him talk?
Leon. I've done, madam;
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders!

[2] Mr Mason, with some degree of plausibility, proposes to transpose this and the preceding line.

[3] *And bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,*
To rent out last.] A most beautiful metaphor has been here entirely lost in all the former editions by the change of a single letter, which, when once hit upon, appears self-evident. *Seward.*

'Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. [*Exit.*

Marg. First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman,
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me,
And mated [4] my commands! this was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!
What think you now?

Altea. I think him an ass still;
This boldness some of your people have blown into him,
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Marg. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,
To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind,[5] but obedience;
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband!

[4] *Mated*] Shakespeare uses this word in the same sense it bears here; *i. e.* to *oppose*, or *contend with*; and this signification it also carries at the game of chess.—Ed. 1778.

[5] *Mankind.*] This word was sometimes used for the male sex, as in the text, and in the following passage of Ford's Lover's Melancholy, where Eroclea, who had been disguised in male attire, had revealed her sex to Thamasta, the latter enquires,

Are you not *mankind* then?

Altea. He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

Enter LEON.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?
Marg. No, your old clothes,
And get you into th' country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good too.
Altea. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance:[6]
You see now he's come round again.
Marg. I see not what I expect to see.
Leon. You shall see, madam, if it shall please your ladyship——
Altea. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.
Marg. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Have you yet no feeling?
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady! [*Exit.*
Marg. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.
Altea. [*Aside.*] I hope to see you so too; I've wrought ill else. [*Exeunt.*

[6] Altea. *Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.*] This line Mr Seward gives to *Leon* very absurdly.

SCENE II.

A Room in a mean Hovel.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Shall I never return to mine own house again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalet;
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!
Never return to mine own paradise?—
Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!
Estif. [*Within.*] I'm going presently.
Perez. Make haste, good jewel!
I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:[7]
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.
The inhabitants we have are two starved rats,
(For they're not able to maintain a cat here)

[7] *That live in the sweet islands.*] *Sweet islands* may at first seem an odd comparison to the stenches of the dog-hole here spoke of; but *sweet* means the sugar-islands, Barbadoes, St Kitts, *&c.*, the heat and unwholesomeness of which, at particular seasons, is well known. Mr Theobald, not seeing this, reads, *sweat islands.* *Seward.*

And those appear as fearful[8] as two devils;
They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,
(Which is but three tiles, rais'd like a house of cards)
The true proportion of an old smok'd sibyl;
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
She has a husk about her like a chesnut
With laziness,[9] and living under the line here;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter ESTIFANIA.

Mercy, deliver me!—Oh, are you come, wife?
Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going,
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

[8] *As* fearful *as two devils.*] *Fearful* is here the same as *frightful*, or *furious*; so the verb to *fear* is often used actively, *i. e.* to *frighten*. If *fearful* is understood in its usual sense, the passage will lose all its humour. *Seward.*

So in the Tempest,

"Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not *fearful.*"

[9] *Laziness.*] Both the quarto and folio read—basiness.

Perez. Break my neck rather! Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!
Let's have our house again immediately;
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled!
Estif. Not a pin, I warrant you.
Perez. And let 'em instantly depart.
Estif. They shall both,
(There's reason in all courtesies) they must both,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too; she sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.
Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living.
An hour hence I'll expect you.
Estif. I'll not fail, sir.
Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me!
I stink like a stall-fish, shambles,[1] or an oil-shop.
Estif. You shall have all—[*Aside*] (which some interpret nothing.)—
I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.

[1] *I stink like a* stall-fish shambles.] A *stall for fish* and a *fish shambles* seems to differ but as a part from the whole; I therefore read, *a stale fish shambles.* *Seward.*

The old reading gives a further sense, only inserting a comma. *I stink like a* stall-fish, shambles, *or an oil-shop:* That is, "I smell as strong as a fish stall, a butcher's shambles, or an oil-shop."—Ed. 1778.

Not like a fish-stall, but like a fish which has long lain upon a stall for show, and has not been kept fresh in water. Mr Mason approves of Seward's amendment, but the quarto and folio both connect the words by a hyphen, as in the text.

Perez. Let 'em be known and honest;
And do my service to your niece.
Estif. I shall, sir;
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy.
And pray you be brave,[2] for my sake!
Perez. I observe you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHIO, *and* CACAFOGO.

Sanc. Thou'rt very brave.
Cac. I've reason; I have money.
Sanc. Is money reason?
Cac. Yes, and rhyme too, captain.
If you've no money, you're an ass.
Sanc. I thank you.
Cac. You've manners; ever thank him that has money.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a farthing, captain;
Captains are casual things.
Sanc. Why, so are all men;
Thou shalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:

[2] *And pray you be* brave.] *i. e. well-dress'd;* a request peculiarly humorous; Estifania having pillaged Perez's trunks, and left him but that "one civil suit" which was upon his back. *J. N.* —Edit. 1778.

My money is mine own; I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What dost thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are those hospitals?
Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build; those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name still.
Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the wars, sir?
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward [3] a bullet:
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. You have said wisely.
Cac. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it, colonel; I'd rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing:
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.
Sanc. A right state usurer; why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend justice?
Cac. Is't not nobler
To command a reverend justice, than to be one?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?
Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?
Cac. I will go,

[3] *To ward.*] i. e. to *ward off*.

And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,[4]
The rich one too, and I will be respected;
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.
Juan. The duke dines there to-day too,
The duke of Medina.
Cac. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own,
captain.
Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously.
Cac. Like a true-born Spaniard;
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows!
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.
Juan. If we should play now, you must supply
me.
Cac. You must pawn a horse-troop,
And then have at you, colonel!
Sanc. Come, let's go.
This rascal will make rare sport! how the ladies
Will laugh at him! Leave anger![5]
Juan. If I light on him,
I'll make his purse sweat too.
Cac. Will you lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt*

[4] *The pearl of Spain.*] A quibble on the name of Margarita. See p. 424. note 9.

[5] *Leave anger.*] So the old quarto reads. The words are omitted in all subsequent editions, and indeed their application is not very obvious.

SCENE IV.

The Street before the mean Hovel.

Enter PEREZ, *an Old Woman, and Maid.*

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks open?
And my goods gone? what picklock spirit——
Old Wom. Ha! what would you have?
Perez. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?
Old Wom. Are your trunks open?
Perez. Yes, and my clothes gone,
And chains, and jewels!—How she smells like hung beef!—
The palsy and pick locks! [6]—Fie, how she belches.
The spirit of garlic!
Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Perez. What's that to my question?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

[6] *The palscy and* pick locks, *fye, how she belches.*] The emendation which Mr Sympson, Mr Theobald, and I, have all made here, will seem obvious and necessary to every reader. *Seward.*

The emendation is *pick looks*. What this means I cannot divine, though this sage triumvirate seem to have understood it completely. The text is perfectly intelligible. "Picklock spirit" occurs but a few lines before; and Perez in the present passage exclaims, "What, can palsied hands, like the old woman's, pick locks?"

Maid. Is she your wife, sir?
Perez. Yes, sir; is that wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is she truly,
Truly your wife?
Perez. I think so, for I married her.
It was no vision, sure!
Maid. She has the keys, sir.
Perez. I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.
Perez. The devil she has!—I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.
Old Wom. You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman![7]
It is a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench?
Maid. The lady Margarita; she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd—
Perez. Plague o' the devil!
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean?—What kind of lady
Is that that owes the house?
Old Wom. A young sweet lady.
Perez. Of a low stature?
Old Wom. She's indeed but little,
But she is wondrous fair.
Perez. I feel I'm cozen'd;

[7] *'Tis none of hers, good* gentleman.] Mr Seward chooses to read, *gentlewoman.*—Ed. 1778.

Now I am sensible I am undone!
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the house hers:—I'm entreated sweetly![8]

Maid. When she went out this morning, (that I saw, sir)
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were——I heard your trunks too open,
If they be yours.

Perez. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.
Was she her mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, sir, and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.

Perez. No plate,
No jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing;
She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing!

Perez. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!

Perez. I am mad now!

[8] *I'm* entreated *sweetly.*] *i. e.* used, treated. From hence the word *entreatments*, occurring in the following passage of Hamlet, was probably formed. Polonius is speaking to Ophelia:

"—— From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Let your *entreatments* at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley."

I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide else.[9]
One civil suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—
Where does she use?[1]

Old Wom. You may find truth as soon:
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in;
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

Perez. Is she a whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman; I dare not say
She is so, sir, because she is yours, sir;
But these five years she has firk'd[2] a pretty living,
Until she came to serve.——I fear he will knock
My brains out for lying.[3] [*Apart.*

Perez. She has serv'd me faithfully;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,

[9] *I'm* wide *else.*] *i. e.* wide of the mark: a technical term in archery, when the archer missed his aim. "Surely he shoots *wide* on the bow hand, and very far from the mark."—*Spenser's State of Ireland.*

[1] *Where does she* use?] *i. e.* frequent, lodge.

[2] *She has* firked *a pretty living.*] Mr Steevens says, that this verb, in the present passage, means, "to cohert by low and dishonest industry." I should rather suppose it was used obscenely, as in the Alchemist of Ben Jonson, and in Middleton's Game of Chess.

[3] *I fear he'll knock my brains out* for lying.] Mr Seward discards the words *for lying*, because "most of the things spoke of Estifania are true, with only a little exaggeration;" and because they "destroy all appearance of measure." Mr Mason observes, in answer to this, that "exaggeration is lying. Some part of the old woman's story was true; but it does not appear that Estifania was a whore, or had twenty husbands."

And courted by all women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trick'd now?
Caught in mine own noose?—Here's a ryal left yet;
There's for your lodging and your meat for this week!
A silk worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great grandmother!
If I do find you were an accessary,
('Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)
I'll hang you presently.

Old Wom. And I'd deserve it.[4]
I tell but truth.

Perez. Nor I, I am an ass, mother! [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

A Hall in the Town House of Margarita.

Enter the Duke MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO, ALONZO, SANCHIO, CACAFOGO, *and Attendants*.

Duke. A goodly house!

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly!—I like that preparation;

[4] *And I deserve it.*] So all the editions have read hitherto.—The correction is Mr Mason's, and needs no defence.

It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.
Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.
Cac. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *Ladies, and Servants.*

Marg. All welcome to your Grace, and to these soldiers!
You honour my poor house with your fair presence.
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
I do beseech your Grace command; they're yours;
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight you.
Duke. I thank you, lady! I am bold to visit you,
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty.
'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.
Marg. Bring in the duke's meat!
Sanc. She's most excellent.
Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Cac. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.
Say, I should marry her? she'll get more money
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it.

She appears the most infallible way of purchase.
I could wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter,
For I am like a lion where I lay hold ;—
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither ; that Sir Time has taught us.—
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her ;
The arrant'st shamefac'd ass !—I broil away too.

Enter LEON.

Marg. Why, where's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the guests too ;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my alferez? He looks another thing.
Are miracles afoot again?
Marg. Why, sirrah!
Why, sirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, saucy woman ;
And, as you are my wife, command your absence!
And know your duty ; 'tis the crown of modesty.
Duke. Your wife!
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband ;
And 'pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Cac. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold ;
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal ;
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.
Alon. This is miraculous!
Sanc. Is this the fellow

That had the patience to become a fool,
A flirted fool, and on a sudden break
(As if he'd shew a wonder to the world)
Both into bravery, and fortune too?
I much admire the man; I am astonish'd!
Marg. I'll be divorc'd immediately.
Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool; you had thought you'd found a coxcomb:
I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to you;
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Marg. I do command you from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool!
Leon Thou cozen'd fool? 'Tis not so;
I will not be commanded: I'm above you!
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your state [5] you never shall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use; the law allows it!
And then maintain your wantonness; I'll wink at it.
Marg. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it; I rule it,
And all that's in't. You've nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my further will to do me service;
And so I'll keep it.

[5] *State.*] *i.e.* estate. See p. 7 of this volume

Marg. As you love me, give way![6]

Leon. It shall be better, I will give none, madam:
I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it. You shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at,
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with;
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief!
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
In his own house; and it becomes me well too.
I think your Grace would grieve, if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own,

[6] Mar. *As you love me, give way.*
Leon It shall be better,
I will give none, madam.] Thus all the editions, but I can affix a very faint meaning to the first part of what *Leon* says, *It shall be better that I do not give way.* I think it much more probable that the words are a part of *Margarita's* speech, who, finding her *menaces* vain, endeavours to *coax* her husband into obedience, by conjuring him by love, and promising that it should be better for him. I therefore have restored it to her. *Seward.*

The words belong to *Leon,* who may very properly say, "he will do better than give way, by opposing her."—Ed. 1778.

Seward's proposal is, however, very plausible, and is supported by the circumstance that, both in the quarto and folio, the words "I will give none, madam," begin a new line, which renders it very probable that the speaker's name was accidentally placed a line higher than intended.

(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command you.

Juan. Brave!
A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, sir?

Leon. Not now, my lord; my fortune makes me even;
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Marg. Get me my coach!

Leon. Let me see who dare get it
'Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach too,
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will.—Or, take your coach, lady;
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with you;
Take all these freely, but take me no more;
And so farewell!

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it [*Draws.*
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it:
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep.

Leon. They're tears of anger,
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity;
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not;
(She would swoon now, if she could not cry)
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor orient.
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me:

All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me! is this princely?
Then to my guard; and if I spare your Grace, [*Draws.*
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,—
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)—[7]
Mercy forsake me!

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech you!
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour!
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him!—
Now, sir, fall on! I'm ready to oppose you.

Duke. I've better thought. I pray, sir, use your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir.—
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to dinner:
This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. [*Aside.*

Juan. I've seen a miracle! hold thine own, soldier!

---

[7] *I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye*, mercy forsake me.] The last words are evidently misplaced, and the measure is by that means confused. *Seward.*

The old reading is far best, only putting *I have a cause*, &c., between parentheses.—Ed. 1778.

Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

Sanc. He has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o' the husk.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. 'Save ye!
Which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, sir,
That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael, Leon; another darer come?

Perez. 'Pray do not know me; I am full of business:
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.—
It is the woman.—Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Estifania?

Marg. Yes, truly, had I.

Perez. Was she a maid, d'you think?

Marg. I dare not swear for her;
For she had but a scant fame.

Perez. Was she your kinswoman?

Marg. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better,
I think you married her: Give you much joy, sir!
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

Perez. Give me a halter!—Is not this house mine, madam?
Was not she owner of it? 'Pray speak truly!

Marg. No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it;
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.

Perez. The hangings and the plate too?

Marg. All are mine, sir,
And every thing you see about the building:
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Sanc. What a devil ails he?
Juan. He's possess'd, I'll assure you.
Perez. Where is your maid?
Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now; why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.
Perez. I saw her later; 'would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!
Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?
Sanc. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.
You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!
Perez. Pr'ythee leave fooling;
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.—
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?
Marg. Yes, many times,
So often that I was asham'd to keep her;
But I forgave her, sir, in hope she'd mend still,
And had not you o' th' instant married her,
I had put her off.
Perez. I thank you; I am bless'd still!
Which way soe'er I turn, I'm a made man.
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery!
Juan. You'll stay and dine?
Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass! But I must leave you;
I am in haste, in haste!—Bless you, good madam,
And [may] you prove [8] as good as my wife! [*Exit.*

[8] *And* [may] *you prove.*] The word in brackets does not occur in the old copies. It is properly inserted in the modern editions, but without taking the proper notice of it in a note.

Leon. Will you
Come near, sir? will your Grace but honour me,
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome.
All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.
Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. I'll go to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat,
This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women!
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.—

Enter ESTIFANIA, *with a casket.*

It is my evil angel; let me bless me![9]
Estif. 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand to it stoutly,
And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost!
Perez. My worthy wife,

9 *Let me* bless *me.*] Alluding to the superstition that an evil spirit disappears at signing the body with a cross.

I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I've found you; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.

Perez. I've been in bawdy-houses.

Estif. I believe you,
And very lately too.

Perez. 'Pray ye pardon me;—
To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
At puppet-shows (you're mistress of the[1] motions!):
At gossipings I hearken'd after you,
But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;
But they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourn for ye:
And last I went to church to seek you out;
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——

Perez. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, sir.——
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too:
From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found quarrels
Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and candlesticks,

[1] *You're mistress of the* motions.] Perez puns upon the more obvious sense of the word, and another which was very usually affixed to it,—puppet-shows.

Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to th' chirurgeon's went; he will'd me stay,
"For," says he learnedly, "if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too."
I sought you where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour!
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: And here I've found you.

Perez. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty;
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.— [*Aside.*
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd?[2]

Estif. Why am I abus'd?

Perez. Thou most vile, base, abominable——

Estif. Captain!

Perez. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor, pocky——

Estif. Captain!

Perez. D'ye echo me?

Estif. Yes, sir, and go before you,
And round about you! Why d' you rail at me
For that that was your own sin, your own knavery?

Perez. And brave me too?

[2] Estif. *Why am I cozen'd?*
Why am I abus'd?] The reading of all former editions. *Why am I cozen'd?* we think are the words of Perez; *why am I abused?* the rejoinder of Estifania.—Ed. 1778.

Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain!
Perez. A plague upon thee! answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?
Estif. To be my husband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.
Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
A house and riches, when they are but shadows,
Shadows to me?
Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, sir)
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me
So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?
Perez. Thou hast 'em, rascal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure.
Estif. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles: Is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!
A man would think now, these were worthy matters. [*Opens the casket.*
Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over,—how it scenteth!
Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it serv'd for:
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't!
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for you.
Perez. A fire subtle ye!
Are you so crafty?
Estif. Here's a goodly jewel:

Did not you win this at Goletta,[3] captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!
And fills each room with light—like a close lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
To cozen pilgrims.

Perez. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a chain of whitings' eyes for pearls;
A muscle-monger would have made a better.

Perez. Nay, pr'ythee, wife, my clothes, my clothes!

Estif. I'll tell you;
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,
A kind of candlestick; these you thought, my husband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Perez. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate, nor hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet husband;
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.
Can you rail now? 'Pray put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words; you are a soldier; thunder!

Perez. I will speak little; I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, sir;
And now I see you are so conformable,
I'll heighten you again: Go to your house,

[3] *Goletta.*] The memorable siege of Goletta, on the coast of Barbary, is well known, from the immortal work of Cervantes, where the captive gives a very animated account of it. See Don Quixote, Ed. Madrid, 1788, 8vo, vol. III. p. 234.

They're packing to be gone; you must sup there;
I'll meet you, and bring clothes, and clean shirts after,
And all things shall be well.—I'll colt you once more,[4]
And teach you to bring copper! [*Aside.*
Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, wife;
(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest?
The beldame swore——
Estif. I bid her tell you so, sir;
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!
The lady told you too——
Perez. Most strange things of thee.
Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your sufferance:
And she denied the house?
Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.
Estif. 'Twas well carried.
No more; I'm right and straight.
Perez. I would believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my heart is. Will you follow me?
Estif. I'll be there straight.
Perez. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it.[5] [*Exit.*

[4] *I'll* colt *you once more.*] To *colt,* in our authors' time, signified to *fool,* to *trick,* or to *deceive.* So, in First Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene ii. Falstaff says, "What a plague mean you to *colt me* thus?" Again, in the Discovery of the Spanish Inquisition, p. 8, "For the other was departed from him but two days before, and left his testimonial behind him in this man's hands to keepe: whereby he was in good time preserved, and they *colted* like knaves, very prettily." *Reed.*

[5] *I'm* fool'd, *yet dare not* find *it.*] The Copper Captain means to say that he was certainly fooled, but was afraid to search into the full extent of the trick that had been played upon him.

Estif. Go, silly fool! thou mayst be a good soldier
In open field, but for our private service
Thou art an ass; I'll make thee so, or miss else.—

Enter CACAFOGO.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.—
May I crave your leave, sir?
Cac. Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave;
I'm in my meditations; do not vex me!—
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on, it look'd so;
The next, Sir Palmerin:[6] Here's fine proportion!
An ass, and then an elephant; sweet justice!
There's no way left to come at her now; no craving;
If money could come near, yet I would pay him;
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much! a thousand ducats?
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.
Estif. Pray you hear me.
Cac. I know thou hast some wedding ring to pawn now,
Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy in't,
"Love and a mill horse should go round together,"
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain:
I'll none of 'em.—I would she did but know me,

[6] *Sir Palmerin.*] Either Palmerin of England, or Palmerin de Oliva, both equally redoubted knights, and both very popular in this island in Fletcher's days, through the medium of Anthony Munday's translations. See the Knight of the Burning Pestle, act i. scene ii. where a quotation is introduced from the latter romance.

Or 'would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!
Estif. I'm gone, sir;
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to you,
The lady Margarita——
Cac. Stay, I pr'ythee;
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to you,
And talk now till thy tongue ache; I will hear you.
Estif. She would entreat you, sir——
Cac She shall command, sir!
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman;
Do not forget thyself.
Estif. She does command then
This courtesy, because she knows you're noble——
Cac. Your mistress, by the way?
Estif. My natural mistress——
Upon these jewels, sir——they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em right——
Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.
Estif. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.
Cac. Long may he be so!
Estif. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person;
And, when you please to do her so much honour—
Cac. Come, let's dispatch.
Estif. In troth I've heard her say, sir,
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir——
Cac. Let's do it first,
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.
Estif. All secrecy she would desire; she told me
How wise you are.
Cac. We are not wise to talk thus;
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel

Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy lady,
Long monstrously!—Now, valour, I shall meet
you,
You that dare dukes!

Estif. [*Aside.*] Green goose, you're now in sippets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter the Duke, SANCHIO, JUAN, *and* ALONZO.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him;
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him. [*Gives him a paper.*

Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded [7] out of charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This must
not be.

Sanc. That such an oyster-shell should hold a
pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she made
To be the matter of her own undoing,[8]

[7] *Founded.*] i. e. Living upon a charitable foundation.

[8] *Was she made to be the* matter *of her own undoing?*] Thus the former editions. The confusion of the measure is easily adjusted; but I suspect a more material corruption; for unless *matter* may be allowed to signify *cause*, I can make no sense of the passage. *Materia*, in Latin, is sometimes used in this sense: I therefore let

To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;
She should shine where she might shew like herself,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her beams upon her friends. We're gull'd all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravish'd thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon
A new song from him; let's attend a little.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Margarita's *House.*

Enter Leon, *and* Juan *with a Commission.*

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.

it stand, though I doubt whether the original might not have run,—

Was she
Made to be th' maker *of her own undoing?*

i. e. The *maker of* Leon, as the Duke had before called her.
Seward.

I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;
(And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd you)
It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company;
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. D'ye hear, ho!
Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir,
And let her see how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.
[*Exit Servant.*
[Lorenzo!] [9]

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sir.

Leon. Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,

[9] *Lorenzo!*] This exclamation is casually omitted in the old copies.

And all the furniture that's portable.—
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.—
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-spit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.

Lor. Why then, St Jaques, hey! you've made us all, sir;
And, if we leave you——Does my lady go too?

Leon. The stuff must go to-morrow tow'rds the sea, sir;
All, all must go.

Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!
Come, help me; come, come, boys; soldadoes, comrades!
We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues! come away quickly! [*Exit.*

Juan. He has taken a brave way to save his honour, [*Apart.*
And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly.
By th' life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman!

Enter Margarita, *led by two Ladies.*

Leon. Why, how now, wife? what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Marg. No sooner love you,
Love you entirely, sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from you?
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweetheart!

Marg. If he were married but four days, as I am——

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aside.*

Marg. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Marg. I'll to the duke my cousin,
He shall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now
To undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.

Marg. 'Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace; you shall not.
[*Knocking within.*

Marg. What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n, my head! why, rascals!
I think the war's begun i' th' house already.

Leon. The preparation is; they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Must the coach go too, sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to th' sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Marg. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of you;
I know you're sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend you.

Marg. 'Would I were able!

Leon. Come, I warrant you;
Am not I with you, sweet?—Are her clothes pack'd up,
And all her linens?—Give your maids direction;
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Marg. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark!

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant you;
Curvet it may sometimes.

Marg. I am with child, sir.

Leon. At four days warning? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?[1]
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady;
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with you.

Marg. Pray, do not swear; I thought I was a maid too;
But we may both be cozen'd in that point, sir.

Leon. In such a straight point, sure I could not err, madam.

Juan. This is another tenderness to try him;
Fetch her up now. [*Apart.*

Marg. You must provide a cradle,
And what a trouble's that!

[1] The Spanish jennet engendered by the wind is a favourite fiction in romance. Of this kind is the celebrated Frontino in Ariosto.

Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together;
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!
Marg. 'Faith, let me stay, I shall but shame you, sir.
Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall along with me;
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back; you are mine; I'll sweat for you.

Enter Duke, ALONZO, *and* SANCHIO.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care:
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;—
Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin;
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and huswifely——
Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness;
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her; she shall go along, sir.
Duke. By no means, captain!
Leon. By all means, an't please ye.
Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults;

A sickly lady too!
Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir;
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.
Sanc. Away, it must not be.
Alon. It ought not, sir;
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears; fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war!
I dare swear, if she were able——
Leon. She's most able:
And 'pray ye swear not; she must go, there's no remedy;
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,—
And, I must tell you, sir, 'tis most unnoble,—
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit,
As her weakness and your hot will would work her to.—

Enter PEREZ.

What masque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my sufferance?
What cousin's this?
Juan. Michael van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or [1] tod of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid?

[1] *Tod.*] A bush. The text alludes to the following rhyme, popular to this day:

Perez. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal, and shine again.—
You're welcome hither, as your friend may say, gentlemen;
A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a French tailor,
That has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.
Perez. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so;
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.
Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir? what do you mean?
Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous:
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Perez. They are mine, sir, and you know it;
My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.
The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses;
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures

" How Cain, in the land of Nod,
When the rascal was all alone,
Like *an owl in an ivy tod,*
Built a city as big as Roan."

That are of under place. You're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum.*

Leon. Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Marg. I can tell you nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so fantastic——All the house?

Perez. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely, as you ought, coz,
But you must ride o' th' top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Perez. I'll tell you presently; I could have done, sir.

Leon. For you must law and claw before you get it.

Juan. Away; no quarrels!

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, if you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in love, (for that's a lunacy)
No great state left you that you never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper)
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for you;
And then I yield.

Perez. He's half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:
I have ne'er a bush[3] at my breech? Are not we both mad?

[3] *I have ne'er a* bush.] An allusion to the bush, one of the attributes of the man in the moon. So in the speech of a pretended

And is not this a fantastic house we're in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out, sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal
cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away im mediately.

Marg. Why then, the house is his, and all that's in it;—
I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you! [*Aside.*
I gave it to his wife: You must restore, sir,
And make a new provision.

Perez. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound[4] kinsman, what quirk
now?—
You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, sir,
Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are you blank[5] at this? then I must tell
you, sir,
You've no command! Now you may go at plea-
sure,
And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I us'd
To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,

madman in Middleton's Changeling:

"Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of *us* to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll kick the dog, and beat the *bush*
That barks against the witches of the night."

See p. 256 of this volume.

4 *Mahound.*] Mahomet. A very common exclamation in old English.

5 *Blank. i. e.*] Confounded.

And saving[6] of your wife.
Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.—
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray you:
'Tis done; we must go.
Marg. Now thou art a brave gentleman,
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.—
The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir;
[*To* Perez.
Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you vanish;
I tell you plain, you've no more right than he has;[7]
That, senseless thing, your wife has once more fool'd ye;
Go you, and consider!
Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin!

[6] *Saving*] Perhaps we should read *craving*

[7] *I tell you plain, you have no more right than he*
Has, that senseless thing, your wife has once more fool'd you.] Who can be the person meant here by *he that senseless thing*? Cacafogo is absent, and no other will answer the character. The measure is evidently confused, and the omission of the pronoun will restore both that and the sense. I read therefore,

——— *than has*
That senseless thing.

pointing to a chair, table, or any thing near her. *Seward.*

The reading we have adopted in the text is with no alteration of the words, and a very small variation of the stops. It is Perez whom she calls *senseless thing*, and tells him his wife has duped him again; and that he has no more right *than he has*, pointing to any indifferent person in company.—Ed. 1778.

Mr Mason proposes to read "*Thou* senseless thing," and his conjecture carries some plausibility with it.

I should be glad, sir——

Perez. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her! [*Exit.*

Juan. These are fine toys.

Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too;
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try you.—
Good morrow to your grace; we've private business.

Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler. [*Aside.*

Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;
Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a fellow.

Alon. I have seen visions! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter LEON *with a letter, and* MARGARITA.

Leon. Come hither, wife; d'you know this hand?

Marg. I do, sir;
'Tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,

An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal)
Is mortally fallen in love with you——

Marg. He is a monster: Deliver me from mountains!

Leon. D'you go a-birding for all sorts of people?—
And this evening will come to you and shew you jewels,
And offers any thing to get access to you:
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him;
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will.

Marg. I shall not fail, sir.

Leon Will the duke come again, d'you think?

Marg. No, sure, sir,
He has now no policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife!
Let's in to dinner. [*Exeun.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from [the] contagion,[8]

[8] —— the *contagion.*] The article is not to be found in the old copies.

I had my wish: 'Would it were most high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry!
I mean for any man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now—
'Pox, they love bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't—
Cut her a-pieces? ev'ry piece will live still,
And ev'ry morsel of her will do mischief;
They have so many lives, there is no hanging 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders.
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO, *with a casket.*

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she-moth,
That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds! to be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!
Perez. Who's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!
But art thou cheated? minister some comfort!
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, pr'ythee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb
To be undone? do not dissemble with me;
Tell me, I conjure thee.
Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!

Cac. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Perez. By whom, good spirit? speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!

Cac. I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack—by a rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.
Dost thou laugh still?

Perez. I must laugh; pr'ythee pardon me;
I shall laugh terribly.

Cac. I shall be angry,
Terrible angry; I have cause.

Perez. That's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?

Cac. I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.

Perez. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd?
A real woman?

Cac. A real devil;
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell!

Perez. Sweet cozen'd sir, let me see them;
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cac. Pray you take it; [*Gives him the casket.*
You are the merriest undone man in Europe:
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,[9]
When our own miseries can make us merry?

[9] *Bawdy songs and* sack.] We have not disturbed the text; but as *sack* and *sherry* are supposed to have been, in Fletcher's time, the same wine, it is very probable the poet wrote,

Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen these jewels; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had next your heart? You will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats——

Cac. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I'll take-

Perez. To clear your bargain now?

Cac. I'll take some ten,
Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.

Perez. An excellent lapidary set these stones sure;
D'you mark their waters?

Cac. Quicksand choak their waters,
And hers that brought 'em too! But I shall find her.

Perez. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her;
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
It is at some time too a fine variety)
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.—
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*

Cac. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow;
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

Nor is it unlikely that these two lines are a quotation from some ballad, then well known.—Ed. 1778.

A more idle conjecture is scarcely to be found, even among the notes to the two last editions of Beaumont and Fletcher.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Margarita's *House.*

Enter Leon *and* Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly:
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.
Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.[1]
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And thro' the world we hold our current virtues;
Alone, we're single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.

[1] *And your sick will aims at the* care *of honour.*] I have often observed that corruptions that leave tolerable sense are less discoverable than those that destroy the sense utterly. I make no doubt but *cure* here is the true word, as it directly answers in metaphor to the sickness of Estifania's will and honour. *Seward.*

We think *care* right, and understand the meaning of the passage to be, "Now your will, *sick* of its former pursuits, aims to take *care* of your honour." Her *honour*, not having been wounded, could not want *cure*. It is not, however, wonderful for a clerical gentleman to reject *the care*, and retain *the cure*.—Ed. 1778.

Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant:
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all; visit acquaintance,
Go at your pleasure, now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness!
[*Clashing of swords. A cry within,* Down with their swords!
What noise is this? what dismal cry?
Marg. 'Tis loud too:
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out there.
Leon. Look out, and help!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, sir, the Duke Medina——
Leon. What of the Duke Medina?
Serv. Oh, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain.
Marg. Away, away, and help him!
All the house help! [*Exeunt* MARG. *and Serv.*
Leon. How! slain?—Why, Margarita! why, wife!—
Sure, some new device they have afoot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ship imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, led in by MARGARITA, SANCHIO, ALONZO, *and Servant.*

Marg. How came you hurt, sir?
Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel;
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour,
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers:

And he has left me thus. For charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That ere I perish, I may shew my penitence!
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank you, noble sir.

Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Doctors and surgeons——

Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

[*Exeunt Duke*, SANCHIO, ALON. MARG. *and Serv.*

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited!

Juan. True, it is so, sir;
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil you.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour you.—
Never be quiet? [*Exit* JUAN.

Enter MARGARITA.

Marg. He's most desp'rate ill, sir;
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted!
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?
Marg. What ail you, sir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?
Marg. You have done handsomely, I must confess, sir.
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow?
Marg. Alas, I pity you.
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about you.
Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad;
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate!
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are you so hot that no hedge can contain you?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire you;
Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid
To all those servile labours that she reaches at,*

* *And all* those *servile labours* that she *reach at.*] This not being grammar, Mr Sympson concurred with me in reading *thou*

And go thro' cheerfully, or else sleep empty;
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by, to humble you,
And grieve for what you lose.
Marg. I've lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience;
[*Kneels.*
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness——
Leon. I take you up,
And wear you next my heart; see you be worth it.

Enter ALTEA.

Now, what with you?
Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.
Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; go, and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.
Marg. I shall observe you.

shalt for *that she*. But he has some exception to the verb *reach*, or at least thinks *sweat* might better express the idea required; but *reach* is used in another play exactly in the same sense, and is therefore undoubtedly the true word. *Seward.*

Mr Seward reads,

And all her *servile labours* thou shalt *reach at,*

without mentioning the variation of *those* to *her*.

The reading in the text was suggested to me by a friend, and is less arbitrary than any proposed before. The compositor might easily catch the monosyllable *and* from the beginning of the ensuing line. Before the conjecture was communicated to me, I had persuaded myself that a line had been lost at the press.

Leon. I have a rare design upon that gentleman;
And you must work too.

Altea. I shall, sir, most willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place,
From the duke's sight; and keep the duke in too;
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA.

Perez. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel, [*Draws.*
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'st to invite me, and com'st upon me:
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th' manner,[3]

[3] *Taken i' th'* manner.] *Taken in the manner*, or with the manner, means, in the language of the law, taken with the thing stolen about you. *Mason.*

And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've mercy. [*Kneels.*

Perez. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new trick's now afoot, and what new houses
Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing;
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,
And pray a little!

Perez. Do; a very little,
For I have further business than thy killing;
I've money yet to borrow. Speak when you are ready.

Estif. Now, now, sir, now!—[*Shews a pistol.*]—Come on! do you start off from me?
Do you sweat, great captain?—have you seen a spirit?

Perez. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Perez. Let me see,
Pr'ythee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, sir; you shall feel.

Perez. Hold, hold, you villain!
What, thine own husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband then
Be in's own wits.—There, there's a thousand ducats!— [*Shows a purse.*
Who must provide for you?—And yet you'll kill me.

Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You see for what;—we must keep touch.

Perez. I'll kiss thee,
And, get as many more, I'll make thee famous.—
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.

Perez. I see I am an ass, when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Chamber in Margarita's *House.*

Enter LEON, MARGARITA, *and* ALTEA, *with a taper.*

Leon. Is the fool come?

Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,
And there he stays his good hour till I call him;
He will make dainty music 'mong the sack-buts.
I've put him just, sir, under the duke's chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea. He has giv'n me royally,

And to my lady a whole load of portigues.[4]

Leon. Better and better still.—Go, Margarita,
Now play your prize :—You say you dare be honest ;
I'll put you to your best.[5]

Marg. Secure yourself, sir ;
Give me the candle ; pass away in silence.

[*Exeunt* LEON *and* ALTEA. MARG. *knocks.*

Duke. [*Within.*] Who's there ? Oh, oh !

Marg. My lord !

Duke. [*Within.*] Have you brought me comfort ?

Marg. I have, my lord :
Come forth ; 'tis I. Come gently out ; I'll help you ;—

Enter Duke, in a gown.

Come softly too. How do you ?

Duke. Are there none here ? [*Noise below.*
Let me look round ; we cannot be too wary.
Oh, let me bless this hour ! Are you alone, sweet friend ?

Marg. Alone, to comfort you.

[CACAFOGO *makes a noise below.*

4 *Portigues.*] These are again mentioned in The Sea Voyage

"Here is a pestle of a *portigue*, sir !
'Tis excellent meat with sour sauce :
And here's two chains ; suppose 'em sausages."

A portague was a Portuguese coin worth four pounds ten shillings. So in Lord Cromwell : "Hold, Bagot, there's a *portague* to drink."

5 *Your* best.] Seward and the last editors, very unnecessarily, read, "I'll put you to your *test*." The text means the same thing, and the word is used in nearly the same manner in the epilogue to our author's Loyal Subject.

Duke. What's that you tumble?[6]
I've heard a noise this half hour under me,
A fearful noise.
Marg. The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar, [*Aside.*
And stumbles from one hogshead to another;
Two cups more, and he ne'er shall find the way out.—
What do you fear? Come, sit down by me cheerfully;
My husband's safe.—How do your wounds?
Duke. I've none, lady;
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,
And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet:
Let's lose no time.—[*Noise below.*]—Hark, the same noise again!
Marg. What noise? why look you pale? I hear no stirring.-
(This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!)
[*Aside.*
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body's ill at ease; your wounds——
Duke. I've none;
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
High in my blood——
Marg. Weak in your blood, you would say.
How wretched is my case, willing to please you,
And find you so disable!
Duke. Believe me, lady——
Marg. I know, you'll venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?

[6] *What's that you* tumble?] I have inserted a conjecture of Mr Sympson's here, as more proper to the context than the old reading. *Seward.*
The variation is, *What's that* RUMBLE? The old text, though awkwardly expressed, means, "Who are you that tumble about?"

Is it, my love, do you think?
Cac. [*Below*] Here's to the duke!
Duke. It nam'd me certainly;
I heard it plainly sound.
Marg You art hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure.
What starts you make! I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's wealth.—Have I secur'd my husband,
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?
Cac. [*Below.*] I come, I come.
Duke. Heav'n bless me!
Marg. And bless us both, for sure this is the devil!
I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch you'
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd me.
You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts you:
'Would you were out o' th' house!
Duke. I would I were,
O' that condition I had leap'd a window.
Marg. And that's the least leap, if you mean to 'scape, sir.
Why, what a frantic man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper!
Duke. Are you honest then?
Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever; and excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew you,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches.
'Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in, sir!

I wish it like a friend that loves you dearly;
For if my husband take you, and take you thus
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,
Out of his honour he must kill you presently;
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:
And for me to entreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any mind to a lady now?

Duke. 'Would I were off fair!
If ever lady caught me in a trap more——

Marg. If you be well and lusty—fie, fie! shake not!
You say you love me; come, come bravely now;
Despise all danger; I am ready for you.

Duke. She mocks my misery: Thou cruel lady!

Marg. Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou betray my honesty,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my husband,
Like a night thief, thou dar'st not name by day-light?

Duke. I am most miserable.

Marg. You are indeed;
And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.
Could not your own discretion tell you, sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a circle and secure;
Your spells nor pow'r can never reach my body.
Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miserable;
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.

Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt you.

Marg. You cannot go; 'tis not in me to save you:
Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the duke Medina I would fight now,
For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong if you sneak off, sir,
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward;
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour, and your state,
And all those dear delights you worshipp'd here.
Duke. The noise again! [*Noise below.*
Cac. [*Below.*] Some small beer, if you love me.
Marg. The devil haunts you, sure; your sins are mighty;
A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.
Duke. Preserve me but this once!
Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning:
It is but death.
Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.
Marg. Out of a garret-window I will let you down then;
But say the rope be rotten? 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no mercy?
Marg. Now you are frighted thoroughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,[7]
And see with clear eyes your detested vice,
I'll be your guard.
Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously to love you,

[7] *And find what 'tis to* play the fool in folly,
And see with clear eyes your detested folly.]

This is the reading of the old copies; evidently a mistake of the compositor, who caught the word *folly* from the preceding line. The conjecture of Seward, who reads, "your detested *crime*," suggested the one in the text.

Chastely and modestly to look upon you,
And here I seal it. [*Kisses her.*

Marg. I may kiss a stranger,[8]
For you must now be so.

Enter LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, *and* SANCHIO.

Leon. How do you, my lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? you were well before.
'Pray, sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too.—Wife, you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare trust you.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord; they never prosper.

Enter ALTEA *and* CACAFOGO, *drunk.*

Leon. Who's this? the devil in the vault?

Altea. 'Tis he, sir,
And as lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.

[8] This was the usual custom of the age, and wherever a salute is mentioned, the kiss of ceremony is to be understood. Marston, a very severe satirist, lashes this custom in the following words, which he puts into the mouth of a lady:

"By the faith, and trust I bear to my fall, 'tis grown one of the most unsauorie ceremonies: boddie a' beautie, 'tis one of the most unpleasing injurious customs to ladyes: any fellow that has but one nose on his face, and standing collor and skirtes also linde with taffety sarcenet, must salute us on the lipps as familiarly: Soft skins saue us, there was a stubbearded John-a-stile with a ploydens face, saluted me last day, and stroke his bristles through my lippes, I ha' spent 10 shillings in pomatum since to skinne them again. Marry, if a nobleman or a knight with one locke visit us, though his uncleane goose-turnd greene teeth ha' the palsy, his nostrells smell worse than a putrified marybone, and his loose beard drops into our bosome, yet we must kiss him with a cursy, a curse!"—*Marston's Dutch Curtesan*, act III. scene I.

Cac. Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me, lady!
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold!—
An ocean of sweet sack!—Shall we speak treason?

Leon. He's devilish drunk.

Duke. I had thought he had been a devil;
He made as many noises, and as horrible.

Leon. Oh, a true lover, sir, will lament loudly.—
Which of the butts is your mistress?

Cac. Butt in thy belly!

Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.

Cac. Butt in thy face!

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep.
A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

[*Exeunt* CACAFOGO *and Servant.*

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA.

Leon. Who's this? my Mahound cousin? [9]

[9] *My* Mahound *cousin.*——
My Termagant *coz.*] In an old play, called Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, Tafata says,

"———— I am so haunted
With a swaggering captaine, that sweares (God bless us)
Like a very *Tarmagant*," &c.

And Bishop Hall's Satires begin thus:

"Nor lady's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhymes all richly dight;
Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt
Of mightie *Mahound*, and great *Termagaunt*."

Hamlet says, "I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing *Termagant*." *Termagant* likewise occurs in King and No King. *Reed.*

Perez. Good, sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I'd a house, too!
(For there's no talking in the open air)
My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell you,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too; I have miss'd both:
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!
Do me the courtesy to let me see it.
See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger!
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you,
And, for my foollery, sell soap and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little,
And now I've done.—Coz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz; the world shall not divorce us.
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want
Will this content thee?

Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you:
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.—
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest;
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.[1]

Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

In the Renegado of Massinger, Gazet says,

"I'll swear by *Mahomet* and *Termagant*,
That this is mistress to the great duke of Venice."

The ingenious editor's conjecture, as to the latter of these being a Saxon divinity, is completely wrong. Trivigante occurs frequently in Italian romances, as well as in the old French poets.—See Ritson's Romances, iii. 257.

[1] *At thy peril.*] Mr Mason says, we should read, at *my* peril; and observes, that, after what had past, Perez could not mean to *threaten* Estifania! This is a most singular objection. Why should not Perez say that he will believe in his wife's fidelity, at her peril, if she ever abused his confidence?

Leon. [2]Hold, this is yours; some recompence for service: [*Gives money to* ESTIF.
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, sir. [*To* LEON.
Now you are a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, sir;
And now a soldier, gentlemen.[3]

Omnes. We all rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Altea. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sister?

Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, my own blood, and my mistress.

Marg. Is she your sister?

[2] The two first lines are printed in the old copies as part of the speech of Estifania. The mistake is very evident, and they were consequently given by Seward to Leon, who gives the money he had got from Cacafogo.

[3] *And now a soldier, gentleman, we all rejoice in't.*] I at first corrected this line thus:

And now a soldier, gentlemen.
Omnes. *We all rejoice in't.*

But this, as well as the old corrupt text, makes three redundant syllables to the verse. The observation of this immediately discovered a more probable corruption, viz. that the word *gentlemen*, only denotes the speakers, and is not a part of *Leon's* speech.
Seward.

Mr Seward therefore reads,

And now a soldier.
Gentl. *We all rejoice in't;*

but we think his first correction was right. Three redundant syllables often, very often, occur in the plays of our authors and their cotemporaries, and even in Rowe.—Ed. 1778.

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.
Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.
Marg. Well, I could chide you;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.——
I'll bring you on your way, and feast you nobly,
(For now I have an honest heart to love you)
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.
Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's servants.
Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.
[*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends! and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither! To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune send
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste!
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste!

END OF VOL. II.

Edinburgh:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.